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ALAIN OF HALFDENE.



BY

ANNA ROBESON BROWN,

AUTHOR OF "A FELINE FATE," "A BEGGING LETTER," ETC.

For yet to laugh is somewhat, and to weep,
To feel delight of living, and to plough
The salt-blown acres of the shoreless deep.

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LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1895.

ALAIN OF HALFDENE.

CHAPTER I.

I AM SENT FOR.

THE morning after my return from the Bahamas, I got a communication from the owner of the ship which I commanded, requesting an immediate interview with me. It was a fair day in early June. My schooner, the Bunker Hill, lay at ease in the Delaware, while a score of porters were busily unloading her cargo, sending it to shore in small boats. I was not best pleased at this note of Mr. Lyndale's, for I had been over three months absent from home, and would have liked a few days' leisure wherein to attend to my own matters. But I had no choice; so, after seeing the unloading of the Bunker Hill well under way, I betook myself to Mr. Lyndale's house.

My employer was a merchant, enriched first by East India and China trade, and later by advantageous bargains with the government during the late War of Independence. He was an excellent friend of Mr. Washington's, and in the town bore the reputation of a man of weight. For my own part, I had ever found him a just dealer, albeit one to drive a hard bargain when it was to his advantage, and this very commixture of shrewdness and liberality had gained him riches at no sacrifice of good will. Mr. Lyndale lived in a fine large house to the southward of Independence Square. The situation was considered a thought too far up town at the period (although I have lived to see it bear the opposite disadvantage), but it stood central, had wide gardens at the back, and moreover was but a stone's throw from the State-House. Newly landed as I was from the sea, the town air felt very sweet and mild to my nostrils, and hither I walked, glad that the earliness of the day ('twas but eight of the clock) prevented me from encountering any starers at my seaman's clothing. My thoughts were pleasant ones in the anticipation of a fortnight's idleness, and I felt joyful to

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be once more in company of my brother George, who was my only surviving relation. I knew, moreover, that the trade I had driven with the Bahamas had been an excellent one, and I half suspected that this interview with Mr. Lyndale might signify his approbation, or maybe an increase on my salary as master of his vessel.

Mr. Lyndale's mansion owned two entrances, one upon the square for his family's use, and one lower upon Fifth Street for those who came to transact business with him. This fashion, indeed, was needful, as he was forever engaging mariners, bespeaking ships, or entertaining merchants of all quality; and such a crowd, swearing, stamping, and chewing tobacco, would have created sad havoc in Mistress Lyndale's stately parlors. It was toward this lower entrance that I bent my steps, and had scarcely laid hand on the knocker when the door was opened by my patron himself. Mr. Lyndale was then in the fifty-eighth year of his age, of a mild benevolent countenance, yet bearing in his looks a certain pride and majesty. He was keen-featured, clean-shaven, with iron-gray hair that fell upon his collar, hands of a perfect whiteness, and a thin-lipped mouth that he had a way of primming like a girl. There was a deceiving gentleness in his face, not altogether the mettle of the man, which was indeed just, but as hard as stone; and in his black coat, unruffled, and with plain silver buttons, he had I know not what of a churchly appearance, so that a stranger would have sworn that he was in orders.

"You are prompt, captain. This is very well," he said, when I had doffed my cap and saluted him. "Come into the office at once, and let us to business."

Mr. Lyndale's house bore witness nobly to his wealth, but his office was that of a plain man who disliked frippery. It was well lighted, and the furniture exceeding solid and handsome, but without ornament. A clock stood in one corner, a tall press in another; the floor was uncarpeted, and the chairs were of leather. Upon a mahogany secretary which stood against the wall there was placed a decanter of sherry, a glass of which he offered me. This was so unlike his habit that, while I declined, not feeling in the humor for wine so early, I wondered vaguely what was in his thoughts. Upon my declining, he put himself into a chair opposite me, and fell to contemplating me for so long a time that I felt constrained to speak.

"I trust the trade was to your satisfaction, sir. There is not so much money in the Bahamas as formerly."

This I said to increase his notion of my shrewdness, since the prices I had brought home were fair for any trade.

"Very good, very good indeed," he said, starting as from a revery; "clear gain from start to finish. Would I could say as much of the rest!" With this exclamation he stayed a moment silent, and then said,—

"Your ship, has it suffered in this last voyage?"

"Not more than one may repair with a day's work," I replied, but sorrowfully, for I feared his purpose was to send me forth sooner than I desired.

"I am in great perplexity, Captain Halfdene, in very great per-

plexity," he pursued; "and were I not convinced by past dealings with you that I might rely upon your energy, I should scarcely know where to turn. I did not, indeed, purpose to send the Bunker Hill forth so soon."

"But you do now, sir?" I ventured, seeing him hesitate.

"I fear I must; and yet, to be plain with you, it is not in the matter of trade I wish to send her, but on a totally different errand."

I suppose I showed my surprise here, for he added, hastily,—

"I must make all plain to you, Captain Halfdene, and show you my inmost confidence, of which I am sure you are worthy."

I bowed, and waited while Mr. Lyndale seemed seeking to cast his thoughts into language.

"You have heard," he said, finally, "of the Niobe?"

"The Niobe, Captain Morgan?" I replied, remembering a schooner he had of that name.

"That is the name, the devil's name!" he broke out. "To mince no words, captain, I have strong proofs that this same Morgan is a villain, and the Niobe with her cargo as good as lost."

"Lost, sir? how lost?" I inquired, wondering more and more.

Mr. Lyndale drew his chair near to me, and laid his hand upon the desk.

"The Niobe sailed from London six weeks ago," he said, "under charge of the man Morgan. She was laden with fine silks and mercers' goods by my brother, Mr. Benjamin Lyndale of London, letters of whom, though in a different hand, have but lately reached me. The weather has, as you know, been wonderfully mild and fair; incoming craft report fair winds and no sign of storms. The Niobe is newly and stanchly built; 'tis almost out of credence, save in case of fire, that she should come to harm. Yet I should be driven to think so,—there is indeed no other course open to me," he continued, sinking his voice, and striking the table with his open palm, "had I not received word yesterday, from my cousin Abraham Goodrich of Boston, that a sloop of his had sighted the Niobe, with which he is well acquainted, not two hours out from Martha's Vineyard, and making northward under all sail."

Had not respect for my patron forbade me, I should have whistled. This, then, was a matter of piracy we had to deal with. "There can be no mistake in the ship?" I asked.

"None," replied my employer. "Goodrich knows the Niobe, and, indeed, has often seen to her cargoes in Boston. Moreover, he read name and port plainly on her stern."

"Pardon, sir," I said: "had this Morgan your perfect trust?"

"Not wholly. I will not deceive you, captain; not my entire trust," he answered; "and yet I had no cause to suspect him of such black villany as this. But do you see his drift? Once in the northern seas, or in the St. Lawrence, the Niobe is lost, and I must as well stand the loser for her cargo, which was of value."

"The Bunker Hill is a faster sailer than the Niobe," I cried, seeing his wishes at a glance.

"You understand? I can rely on you?" he said, delightedly. "But there must be no shifts, no delays, captain. This is a fair chance: do not waste it."

"I shall need one day," I replied, going over in my own mind the needs for such an expedition, "to victual the ship and make needful repairs. Better she should start in good case than break down in the heat of the chase. I shall want weapons, sir, and ammunition; these fellows are doubtless provided, and we should not be behind them."

"You shall have everything. State anything you wish," he returned, seating himself at his desk, and making note of the items.

"There are spars missing, and cordage. There should be new lockers in the forward cabin," I said, boldly asking for repairs I had long desired. "One of the life-boats is stove in: it should be replaced. We will need muskets and cutlasses for twenty men," I finished, and Mr. Lyndale wrote down my requirements.

"There is one thing more," I continued, with some hesitation. "This is an enterprise of some danger, sir, and I shall need a companion whom I can trust."

He turned, and fixed me with a look. "Beware of too much trust," he said, grimly, tightening his mouth. "But who is this companion?"

"My brother George, if you are willing, sir. I shall ask for nothing for him, but I should prefer his company on this occasion."

"Which is to say that you refuse to go without him," he said, smiling. "Very well, captain, have your brother along if you wish: only pray never put my vessel under the guidance of such an inexperienced youngster."

"I shall remember to take as good charge of your property as formerly," I answered, not angrily, for I knew the man. "And now, sir, I have the honor to wish you a very good morning, for I must see about this business."

"Wait a moment, Captain Halfdene," Mr. Lyndale said, as I arose to depart. "We have not spoken concerning your own share in this matter. I am ignorant of what is due in such a case, nevertheless I make this offer. Two thousand dollars if you regain the cargo of the Niobe, five thousand if you bring back the ship without the cargo, and ten thousand down if you succeed in saving both. Your salary, if you fail, shall remain at its present figure. Expenses, of course, if you should need help in Boston or elsewhere, are at my charge."

I thought this offer a very liberal one, and signified as much to my patron. With ten thousand dollars I might command my own ship and trade to my own advantage.

Mr. Lyndale discussed a few more details with me, such as the victualling and manning of the Bunker Hill, and then we parted, I betaking myself in all haste to seek my brother and let him know his share in the enterprise.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE MAKES PREPARATIONS.

WE Alains had been "of Halfdene" since the first record, and were proud of it. The name was Danish, and the little North-of-England settlement where Halfdene stood was one of the few which had an unbroken chain of purely Danish traditions. My ancestor had been knighted by Elizabeth, and the family was noted for its loyalty even under later difficulties. The name stood high in favor with the first Charles: an Alain had commanded a regiment of horse at Marston Moor, while the son of the house had loyally followed the Stuarts into exile. But by the time of the Restoration they had grown heartily sick of the wavering and ingratitude of princes, so they willingly gave up the barren title and the few acres of rocky land for freedom in a new country. My grandfather and father, however, were not willing that the distinguishing part of the family name should be altogether lost; therefore, although forced to drop the preposition, they kept Halfdene for a surname, using the family name in place of a baptismal one for the eldest son. In this manner, instead of being Sir Gregory Louis Cardiff Alain, of Halfdene, Yorkshire, I was plain Alain Halfdene, of Philadelphia, United States of America, commander of the trading schooner Bunker Hill. Being a stanch patriot and admirer of General Washington (whom I shall always consider as one of the world's greatest men), I did not at all regret the exchange; but the confusion was annoying to George, who kept the surname of Alain as the second son, and who was wont to twit me on what he termed my royalist inclinations. Nevertheless I saw no reason to alter a custom sanctioned by my forebears, so we continued to be Captain Alain Halfdene and Mr. George Alain to our acquaintances. Since our mother's death, some five years before this record opens, George and I lodged in the little house on Third Street near High, where her last days had been spent. True, I was absent a large part of the time, yet I willingly contributed to the maintenance of our modest establishment, thinking it well for both of us to have a settled home.

It was to this home I bent my steps, after my interview with Mr. Lyndale, and there I was warmly greeted by my brother, from whom I had been some while parted. George was just turned of twenty-one, six years my junior, a gay and lively lad enough, with the mettle and spirit of an older man. He was of a less studious nature than I, yet far readier; a great hand for the ladies, and much sought after in the first houses of the place, Mr. Chew's, Mr. Robert Morris's, indeed the President's as well. There was little likeness between us, for although we shared the common features of the Halfdenes,—blue eyes, big noses, and dark curling hair,—his features were far more delicate and regular than mine. Bronzed as I was by my seafaring life, stained by a dozen skies, and beaten upon by wind and wave, I had no touch of the beau in my appearance; whereas George always went finely clad, read the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and would have had a leaning to ape Beau Brummell, then in full glory on the Continent, had not his natural sense saved him from making so pitiful a fool of himself.

Moreover, I was little less than a savage, shy and uncouth, fonder far of my ship's deck than of the polished floor of a ball-room, and of the north star than of any wax-light; dreading a fog-bank more than anything under heaven, and a fine lady next perhaps. But we loved each other, George and I, notwithstanding this dissimilarity, with a true and steadfast affection. I found him in his apartment, razor in hand, but he grasped me heartily, lathered as he was, and gave me the kindest of brotherly greetings.

"Back again, Alain!" were his first words. "You have been sorely missed, I assure you. Had not town been gayer than usual, I had been in the dumps without you."

"Back again and off again," I replied, throwing myself into a chair. "But this time 'tis an adventure, George, and I shall want your help."

"I am ready for anything, my dear fellow," he returned, "and for an adventure readiest of all."

I laid before him my talk with Mr. Lyndale, and he listened with a deep interest.

"I shall go with you!—I must!" he cried, when I ended. "Why, I would not miss it for all Lady Washington's syllabubs! You must speak to Mr. Lyndale, Alain, and tell him I shall be of the party."

"That is already done," I said; "I felt I could rely on you for the part of knight-errant. But we start to-morrow night, George, and shall be gone indefinitely. Are you quite sure you can be prepared?"

"I can be ready in half an hour," he answered, shaving furiously; "throw my things into a chest, and there you are! I have the rarest new coat, Alain: De Puys got it for me, and 'tis the exact model of Mr. Brummell's."

"You will have no use for it on this expedition," I rejoined, laughing. "But I must be off, for there is much to do. Has Lamoral been here?"

"He is waiting for you now," said my brother, who had cut himself in his haste and was patching up his wounds. "Plague on this razor! I am all scarred.—I would have had him up, but the old fool preferred a glass of Hollands in the kitchen."

"Have your chest ready as soon as may be," I said, rising: "the sooner we start the better. I shall return for dinner, but not before."

George nodded. He was already packing his shaving-case, so I left him to go to the kitchen, where, as I expected, I found the mate of the Bunker Hill over a glass of gin. Lamoral had sailed with me on four or five voyages; he knew me to be a person of activity when set to it, so he showed no surprise when I told him that we should set sail by to-morrow's tide.

"Get men and porters; stint nothing," I instructed him. "Have all put in train to victual the ship by night. Mr. Lyndale will send pacquets to the wharf at noon: see that the men are there to receive them."

"Murray and Jones take berth on another vessel, captain," he said, mentioning two of the men.

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"Engage others in their place, then, on the same terms. Mr. Lyndale has given me full authority."

Lamoral said nothing more, so I left him, knowing that what was to be done would be done well, and giving myself no further concern. In truth, I had enough to occupy my thoughts, for such a hasty start was no little of a strain, and required the greatest speed.

My morning was a busy one, but by the time I returned for dinner I had four carpenters and a shipbuilder at work on the Bunker Hill, and the unloading of her cargo well put forward.

I entered the house and went straight to my brother's room, pausing on the threshold as its interior met my eyes. The floor was strewn with arms and cutlery of every description, from musket and horse-pistol to broadsword and foil. A man from a well-known cutler in the town stood respectfully to one side, while George, in his shirt-sleeves, was selecting dirks from a case, and packing them into a chest that already held weapons for a dozen men.

"In heaven's name, what is all this?" I cried. "What are you doing with this armament?"

"These men are desperate, and I thought it best to be prepared," George made answer, choosing a murderous knife and stowing it with the rest.

I was seized with a fit of laughter which I could not contain. "Do you think that we are going to fight the Turks?" I said, when I could speak. "You are absurd as a child, I declare. Put away that stuff, and let the man take it out of the house, for we have no need of it, I promise you."

George was highly incensed at my laughter, and would have rebelled had I not pointed out to his common sense the needless expense he was incurring. He chose a handsome pair of pistols and a stout cutlass from the collection, for which I paid the man; and we then sat down to dinner in high good humor. I found, to my chagrin, that my brother, whose one fault was that he lacked discretion, had spread abroad that we were going in chase of pirates. This not being so strange an occurrence then as now, and the privateering adventures of the late war fresh in people's minds, we were therefore much interrupted by visitors, as well as by mariners of all descriptions. These I speedily rid myself of, and counselled my giddy brother to be more cautious of his speech.

"There is no piracy in the business," I told him, "but a simple voyage to catch a thief, whom, if we succeed, we shall doubtless overtake in Boston harbor. The romance of the affair lies wholly in your imagination."

"That I do not believe," he retorted, vexed. "From what you have told me, I gather that there is much to be feared from these men, and I do not think their capture will be as easy or as bloodless as you suppose."

As it turned out, George was in the right, and yet at the time I firmly believed in my own opinion. I thought it extremely doubtful, considering the start they had of us, that we should overtake Morgan and the Niobe; but I fancied that, if we did, their capture was simply

a question of superior force. The whole incident seemed to me plain and vulgar, a matter as devoid of romance as the pursuit of a pick-pocket, and I felt as though it was distorted into undue importance by the tissue of excitement in which George persistently clothed it. I had no time to argue the matter, so I left him, and betook myself to my work, which demanded my closest attention.

CHAPTER III.

WE TAKE A PASSENGER.

THE tide on June 11th, 1790, was full at near nine o'clock, and the first puff of the tide-wind filled the sails of the Bunker Hill, speeding her swiftly down the river. George and I stood upon the deck, wrapped in our sea-cloaks, for the night was cool, and looking back in silence upon the lights of the city. A moment before, we had been all jest and gayety, chatting and laughing, but with the coming of the breeze a stillness fell upon us, and hushed our merry mood. It had taken all that a man could do to make ready the schooner for such a start, and, now that it was done, a deep weariness and discouragement fell upon me. For the merest trifle, I should have turned the bow-sprit of the vessel once more towards home and told Mr. Lyndale that I decided to forego the wild-goose chase upon which I had embarked. In such case, George proved, as he had often proved before, a very speedy cure. No one could long rest melancholy under the influence of my brother's buoyant cheerfulness, and as we turned in for a bite of supper I was more convinced than ever of my wisdom in securing such a companion. Nor had I occasion to alter my opinion. I had decided not to enter New York harbor (where, indeed, there was naught to aid us), but to make straight for Boston, there hoping for news of the missing Niobe. The first five days were uneventful, under fair skies and moderate winds, and might have proved tedious had they not been ever brightened by the lively talk and grotesque imagination of my invaluable brother. He had provided himself with a vast quantity of baggage, in the shape of a chest for his effects, the bigness of which moved me to laughter, and a smaller chest containing pac-quets of every variety. A vast quantity of tobacco formed no small item in this latter receptacle, with a guitar, some books, and a portrait of Miss Eleanor Custis, Mrs. Washington's grand-daughter, with whom he had recently had the honor of dancing a minuet. Besides all this, we had been parted for so long a period that I took the utmost pleasure in his conversation, and was never weary of hearkening to his tales of the gay world, the society which the presence of our honored Presi-dent's family had so enriched. His intimate acquaintance with that great man was a source of continual interest to me, although at times I could have wished to spy in him marks of a more becoming reverence in that direction.

"You are not respectful, George," I cried on one occasion, after he had described with much merriment how the carelessness of a servant

had called forth a flash of anger from Mr. Washington. "Remember that you are speaking of the Protector of our Liberties."

"My dear Alain, is he not a man at best?" he retorted, merrily, "and a solemn one at that. Fancy, Alain, the stiffness of his levee! Oh, 'tis unendurable! You come in with your best bow, and he bows in return, very grandly to be sure. Then you step to the left on the end of a queue that is forming about the room. There you stand kicking your heels for perhaps an hour, till the room is full and the door closed. With that, the President begins at the left and goes solemnly round the circle, like a man at a round game, and if he stops at you to say three words you answer, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' or, 'Sir, I am honored by your interest.' Then all bow, and so out."

We had been six days out, when there befell us the first of those singular chances which were to distinguish our voyage. The night was sultry, with a light breeze, and a heaviness in the air that boded showers. George and I sat at supper in my cabin, when there was a clatter of feet on the companion-way, and Lamoral stood before us.

"Small boat with a man in it off the starboard bow, sir," he said, saluting, for he had preserved some remnants of military custom.

"Let go the life-boat, and bring the man on board," I directed, for I am prone to act first and investigate afterwards.

The night was thick, and the sky heavily overclouded, so that even when I gained the deck I could see but a little way in front of me. But on Lamoral's pointing to it I made out a floating object which indeed bore the shape of an open boat, and from which came a faint doleful sound as of one in distress.

George was at me to go in the ship's boat, which was already manned and about to set off; but I restrained him, not trusting overmuch to his prudence, and uncertain what manner of craft this might be. He had given me his word, before starting, not to dispute my orders as captain; so he let the boat depart without him, content with leaning on the bulwark and shouting impossible orders to Lamoral.

There was so little wind that the sails of the Bunker Hill hardly flapped as she was brought to, and we were able for a long way to hear the voices of the relief-party. I confess to much curiosity, as I strove to pierce the blackness of the night, but I was gratified only by the faint, firefly glimmer of the boat's lantern, rising and sinking over the swell.

They were not long in reaching the boat, if boat it was, and seemed, so far as I could guess by the swaying of the light, to waste no time in taking her in tow. George, at my elbow, cursed their slowness, but his impatience made him but a poor judge, for it was scarce fifteen minutes when the boat drew up in the circle of the schooner's lights.

Two of the crew supported between them a tall man, bent double with weakness, who seemed hardly able to grasp the rope that aided him up the schooner's side. At the first look I had of his face, sharpened and drawn, I saw the time was not one for words, but, George helping, dragged the poor wretch down into the cabin, set him on a seat, and put a cup of tea to his lips. The liquid seemed to revive him,

for he lifted up his head, and cried, "Water! Food! Give me something to eat. I am starving!"

I dipped a ship's biscuit in sherry, and put it into his mouth, for he appeared unable to help himself. He ate greedily, yet with more moderation than I should have expected, and carried in his behavior a measure of good breeding which told somewhat of his past habits. I had seen shipwrecked sailors fall on the food that was brought them like wolves and tear it with their teeth, but this fellow showed no such inclination. Determined in my own mind not to question him until his wants were thoroughly satisfied, I fed him in silence with what was on the table, until at length he waved me aside with his hand.

"What ship is this?" he asked, abruptly, fixing me with his sunken eyes.

"The Bunker Hill, of Philadelphia," I replied, "and I am her commander, Captain Halfdene."

All the blood that was in the man's poor starved body gathered in his face.

"The Bunker Hill!" he said, hoarsely, his voice breaking into a thin treble of excitement. "Not Mr. Andrew Lyndale's schooner Bunker Hill?"

"The same, sir," I said, marvelling at his disturbance.

"God be praised for all his mercies!" he ejaculated, lifting his hands to heaven. "I am John Morgan of the Niobe."

For a moment I sat stunned by the chance which had cast in my way the very man I had set out to seek, and my mind fell into such a tangle of possible happenings that I was mazed, as it were, and void of words. It was George who broke silence.

"If you are Morgan, where is the Niobe?" he cried, leaning over the table. "How came you in that little boat? How long have you been there? Where——"

I stemmed the torrent of questions with a gesture. "Wait," I said, and turned to the man, who sat his head bent on his hands. "It is well you should know who we are, Captain Morgan. I am at present, by Mr. Lyndale's request, searching the seas for you and your vessel. But it seems you do not travel together."

He gave a kind of broken groan, and raised his head. The swinging lamp in the cabin gave a clear view of his gray face, and of the manner in which he licked his dry lips before speaking.

"This encounter is indeed marvellous," he said, and, although his voice shook, he made an effort at composure; "and, as it has chanced, I take hope in believing it to be of Divine guidance. Captain, before God I am not guilty of aught that you may charge in your mind against me. Do you seriously believe that I left my ship of my free will to toss, starving, on the ocean in a cockle-shell like that?"

There was so convincing an earnestness in his voice, backed by the fact, that I was moved to listen to him.

"As I take it, then," I resumed, "either you have suffered shipwreck by fire or some accident, or else you are the victim of foul play?"

"I should have perished with my vessel had it been shipwrecked,"

he returned, with a kind of haughtiness, "for truly I loved her as the marrow of my bone. No; you are right, captain, in thinking me the victim of foul play, as you shall understand if you will hear me out."

"To-morrow, then, for you are much in need of rest," I suggested, for I feared to tax the man beyond his strength.

"Nay, here and now!" he cried, striking the table with his fist,—an act which showed us how his excitement had lifted him from his weakness. "I cannot rest till I am rid of this burden, or until I have put rescue in train for the poor young lady."

"A young lady? Who? What young lady?" cried out George, who had hitherto kept silence.

"That you shall hear. I have your permission, sir?"

I went to a locker, and, opening it, got out a bottle of brandy, and filled him a glass, after which we drew our chairs up under the light and I bade him proceed.

"The first and chief misfortune which overtook me," he began, setting down his glass, "after leaving Philadelphia, in February last, was the death of the mate of the Niobe, Mr. Tanson. He was taken with a convulsion just as we sighted Land's End, and we buried him at sea. Our trip had been stormy, and when we came up the Thames I found messengers from Mr. Benjamin Lyndale, the master's brother, waiting to carry news of our safe arrival. Mr. Lyndale, it appears, was in ill health, aggravated by anxiety on our account, and the good news did much for a time to improve his condition. We made the usual arrangements in London (I shall not weary you, captain, with the details), and Mr. Benjamin Lyndale charged himself with the disposal of our cargo, cotton and wheat, and with the reloading of our barque with silks and mercers' goods. For my part, I busied myself trying to find some one to fill poor Tanson's place, and had like to despair of the job, when there presented himself a big sailor giving the name of Aldorsen. He was a man of address, silent and shrewd in demeanor, and of the required knowledge. God knows I have little cause to praise him, and yet I have seldom seen a better navigator.

"We were within three days of sailing, when news came that Mr. Lyndale was dead of his complaint, leaving a daughter his sole surviving relation. Miss Lyndale became, on her father's death, the heiress to some fifteen thousand pounds, and, as she was left entirely alone, she took a sudden decision to embark with us and seek her uncle in America. He was her godfather and guardian under her father's will, and she had been named Andrea after him. I had a cabin put to her use, and on the day of our departure she came on board with her woman. Well, we set forth, under a very dirty sky, and for a week we had as ugly weather as we could well have borne. The new mate carried himself well, and gave us no cause for suspicion: Miss Lyndale kept her cabin. After a while the weather bettered, we made fair speed, and were within a day of land when this misfortune befell me. I was sitting over my chart in the cabin, when a hand was laid on my neck, and, looking up, I espied the man Aldorsen standing above me with a bare blade pointing downward.

"'If you stir, you are a dead man,' he cried.

"I am no coward in the happenings of my calling, captain, yet I confess that the sight of cold steel turns my joints to water. Briefly, the man had seduced the crew, and there was none to help me. I had no course but to yield.

"They bound me hand and foot and put me in the brig, while Aldorsen took command, turning the course northward. Of Miss Lyndale I saw and heard nothing, and her fate was a large part of my bitter musings. After two days they haled me forth and set me in a small boat with a tin of hard-tack and a stone jug of water. I made neither prayers nor resistance, knowing them useless. Aldorsen gave an order, and Miss Lyndale came forth, standing on deck. My heart was wrung for her, yet I admired her calm and steadfast bearing. She showed no signs of fear, and, for the villain's credit I say it, he treated her with all respect. 'You see this man,' he said, pointing to where I sat in the boat. 'If you wish, I will set you adrift along with him. Choose!'

"I could not blame the girl that she covered her eyes and fled back into the cabin. I was then shoved off and left to face my fate, which, God be thanked, after some days at sea, has been better than I could have hoped."

When he ended there was silence for a space, and he took another gulp of brandy, the glass shaking in his hand. I saw George opposite me, and his face under the light was very fierce and set. For myself, had all in my heart showed in my face, I must have been terrifying to look upon.

"Have you any clue to the course this Aldorsen intends to take?" I asked of Morgan.

"From what I gathered at odd moments, and what was spoken in my hearing," he made answer, "I understood that he proposed making for the St. Lawrence, and so to Quebec. But, as they were not victualled for so long a voyage, and were to hold Miss Lyndale at ransom, they were minded to flee for the Maine waters. You know the coast, captain?"

I nodded. What I knew of treacherous winds, unnoted reefs, and a maze of currents like a spider's web, gave me no desire for further knowledge.

"There is an island midway on that coast or thereabouts, in Frenchman's Bay," Morgan pursued, "very mountainous and desert, having three peaks, and covered with forest. A settlement of fishers lies on its farther coast, and there, from what I could learn, Aldorsen intends to take the Niobe. After that, I have no knowledge of his plans."

A cool puff of wind came down upon us through the open hatch, the thunder growled a little, and the Bunker Hill leaned over and began to make haste. I touched the bell, and Lamoral appeared. "Lamoral," I said to him, "we will not go into Boston Bay after all. This gentleman has given us new advices. Keep her to the northward, in the direction of the Maine coast."

CHAPTER IV.

CHANCE FAVORS US.

THE next morning I was able to see more clearly what manner of man was the late captain of the Niobe. He was very tall, dwarfing me completely, though I stood over six feet in my stockings, but ill built, stoop-shouldered, and with a shuffling gait. His face was the color of parchment, with a little nose, and sunken eyes that blinked before a steady gaze. Upon his chin was a fortnight's growth; his hair and moustachios were white, but whether by nature or from his recent experiences I had no means of telling. He seemed a simple, timid, quiet creature, yet in his shuffling shyness I was able to read the reason (though far from partaking in it) for Mr. Lyndale's expressed distrust. As the voyage proceeded we became companionable shipmates, and I grew to have a liking for the man, as well as a pity when I saw how he was cast down by his misfortune. He talked by the hour of the mutiny and the loss of his ship, and in especial was never weary of descanting upon the beauty and spirit of Miss Lyndale, whose fate seemed to affect him even more than his own troubles.

Although a far older and wiser man than I, he held me in authority from the first, treating me with a deference and kindliness that betokened honest esteem, yet lavish of aid if I required it. Indeed, he bore a spirit of meekness which bred a kind of contempt in me; and to this day I hold the man of light worth where there was peril to be faced or dispute upheld. He was no talker on matters unconnected with his calling, but he had a sweet singing voice, and ofttimes made music for us with the help of George's guitar.

Meanwhile we were rapidly nearing our destined port. The weather was against us, for since Morgan's rescue our luck had turned, and we moved with reefed sails, under grim and stormy skies. He was wont to refer to this with playful melancholy, seeming really to fear that his presence had brought us ill luck. At the period of which I am telling, there were few charts of these waters, and my course was of necessity a doubtful one. The constant succession of little islets and reaches, reefs and shallows, scattered round what is now known to mariners as Mount Desert, threatened our ignorance with hourly danger, to avert which mishap I was almost continuously at the wheel.

This was no small strain on my temper, as well as on my seamanship, so that I was by no means sorry when Morgan pointed out to me a faint blue outline which he declared to be our island. The day was a fair one after a week of fog,—fog in which we trusted ourselves in these unknown seas to almost certain shipwreck,—and the clouds rolled over our heads in great masses. There was a good breeze, even and strong, and the Bunker Hill tore through the green waves, pitching an unfalling feather of spray about her bows. The air had a salt-like sting which set the blood dancing in the veins, and now and anon it brought a whiff of warm pine branches to our gratified nostrils. Islands clothed in pine and alder and girdled with pink granite lay to right and left of us; a couple of sea-gulls wheeled in our tops, and the outlines of the mountain grew more and more clear-cut. We had

sighted but few craft since coming north of Boston Bay, and of these fishing-smacks, laden with cod, were by far the most frequent. One of these appeared now, on our port bow, and, the schooner going about at that instant, she was brought within hailing-distance. George, who had been observing her idly, seemed struck by a sudden thought, and, making a trumpet of his hands, yelled to the boat, "Halloo! Have you seen here the schooner Niobe?"

The man's reply was lost in the wind, and I was so put by myself with vexation that had I dared to leave the tiller I should have dealt my foolish brother a good shaking.

"For the devil's sake, George, look what you are about!" I cried, angrily enough. "Have you no discretion? Our only chance of securing these men lies in taking them unawares, and yet you bawl out our errand to every passer-by!"

"I but wished to ask," he said, seeming struck by my remonstrance.

"Then in future curb your wishes, I beg of you," I cried, not conciliated. "I cannot have our success put to daily hazard by your foolishness. I have too much at stake."

My brother made no reply, but moved apart, conscious, I think, of his imprudence. We made on in silence, all of us suffering more or less from excitement now that our goal was so near. But I had very soon enough to fill my mind and drive away my annoyance, for the wind backed round to the northeast during the night, and we gained the little harbor of the island in a raging storm of wind and rain. Now, as it chanced, the tempest was another lucky turn of Fortune's wheel, but at the time I cursed it for a very token of the spitefulness of things. I was the more vexed by the rain, because I realized that every day we waited idle in the place added to our chance of failure. We tried once or twice during the storm to make for shore, but the harbor is very ill protected from ocean surges, the waves, meeting the currents from the bay, run high, and our little boat would have been swamped ere an oar's length from the ship. The sweeping rain, spray, and fog hid the land completely from us, adding to our danger, and at the height of the storm we had much to do to keep the schooner from dragging anchor and splitting on the rocks. I have been in many inhospitable refuges in my time, but never in so devilish a witches' caldron as that,—surf beating the rocks on all sides, the sea boiling and seething under you, and the tide rushing out with such violence that it bared a long bar of sand and stones between island and island. No notice was taken of our presence by the folk on shore; we were left for two days in as great a solitude as if we had been miles at sea. Only as the shifting fog or wind-driven rain parted for a moment to let us behold the stern craggy mountains sloping to the ocean's edge, and the empty surf-girdled harbor wherein we tossed helpless, the sense of awe added tenfold to our loneliness.

At sunset on the second day, however, the wind shifted, the rain abated, a strip of clear sky widened visibly on the western horizon, and all signs betokened a fair morrow. After I had made all shipshape on deck, I went down into the cabin and called a council of war.

George had suffered greatly in spirit during the last few days, and the prospect of immediate action wonderfully cheered him. He and Morgan took chairs with much dignity, while I asked their opinion in turn as to the best course to pursue.

"My idea is," George began, eagerly, "that we should at once circumnavigate this island and if we come upon the Niobe surprise and attack her. We shall do no good here."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Alain, but that would be far from wise," said Morgan, as I turned in his direction. "Aldorsen has the start; he knows the coast and we do not; what is to prevent his enticing us upon some reef? Moreover, he has doubtless had his men in training for an encounter, and we do not outnumber them sufficiently to risk one if we can help it. No, no, we can get no good by blind attack, although, with you, I feel that it would be the happiest procedure."

"Morgan is right, George," I said. "A direct attack upon the Niobe, till we have further knowledge, is to be avoided, if only for the men's sake. Still, I am at a loss what to propose in place of it."

"I have a plan, captain," spoke Morgan, in that hurried affrighted way of his, "if you will listen to it. It is just this. We are very well here as we are, and have no present need to change anchorage, especially as we are ignorant of the Niobe's whereabouts. She may be around the point, and she may be twenty miles off. But she is bound to make this her head-quarters, as she is a slow sailer in the winds we have been having, and 'tis the only place she can get victuals in two days' sail. Why not send out spies, as it were, so that we shall not move so blind? To-morrow forenoon let the captain and one other go ashore, find out if there is any other port on the island, and go there, making careful investigations. This can do no harm, and put no man's life in jeopardy."

"'Tis well thought of," said I, for it struck me with some points of favor. "Only, which of you shall stay behind?"

"I know the island, sir," said Morgan, and "Your brother should go, Alain!" cried out George in the same breath.

"We shall never settle it between you," I said, shaking my head. "You must draw lots and abide by them."

I got a pack of cards from my locker, and bade them draw. The lot fell to Morgan.

"We will not be long ashore," I said, consoling my brother. "And now hearken, George, for much may hang on this. You will remain quietly here until we return, but if at any time you see a ship approaching as if it would speak us, give instant orders to up anchor, and get from the place with immediate speed. I will not risk an encounter when I am not aboard to take the weight of it."

"I hear and obey," said George; "but, in such case, where am I to go?"

"You must not leave the shores of this island on any account," I replied; "and you must make back to port as quickly as you can. I will await you there, and I have great hopes that you will not have to move at all."

"Deuce take your hopes!" grumbled George; "you would keep me out of it if you could. Well, I'll do my uttermost, but if harm befall, blame yourself."

The conference having ended, I trimmed the lamp, cleared the table to set sundry bottles thereon, and the meeting closed with a comforting glass of brandy-and-water.

CHAPTER V.

MATTERS GROW SERIOUS.

WHEN I stepped on deck at sunrise the following morning, I was met by a scene of such exceeding beauty that I stood spellbound. The island was very high and abrupt, covered on all parts with virgin forests that sloped on every side gently to the rocky shore. From its middle swelled three shining peaks, a trinity of mountain-tops, with their cliff-cut sides gleaming after the rain. The waves boiled white against the rocks, and ringed with white a half-dozen little islets scattered in the bay. A few fishermen's huts, and a boat or two dragged up on the stony beach, marked the settlement of the place, while a canoe laden with fish and paddled by two Indians sped across the water. The sky was a clear turquoise; the boom of the breakers far and near sounded like a deep-voiced chorus of praise. The place was so beautiful and so retired, so far hidden and so peaceful, a jewel set in the gold of the sunrise, that as I gazed my quest and the thought of the Niobe seemed to drop out of my mind.

We made a hearty breakfast, after which I changed my dress, doffing my sailor toggery for a voyageur's suit I had brought, with leather leggings. Morgan took a gun from our stock, while I stuck pistols and a knife in my belt, feeling that it was not well to be weaponless. I had amused my leisure during the wet weather in drawing a rough chart of the island as I took it to be, aided by Morgan, who had landed here before. He gave me the general outline, the forest boundary, and the position of a deep inlet or sound which divided it for some miles on the southern end. As I was a good draughtsman, I made a fair copy on parchment, and stuck the roll in my pocket, intending to verify it as I went along. I made a sort of knapsack out of tarpaulin to carry on my shoulders, and in this I put a flask of brandy, a cup, some pieces of dried meat, and ship's biscuit. Thus arrayed, I got into the boat with Morgan and Lamoral, bade adieu to my brother, who gloomily watched our departure, and pulled for the pebbly landing-place.

Meanwhile our movements had been observed with interest by the inhabitants of the place, and by the time we reached the shore quite a group of them stood on the rocks to help us pull in the boat. They were rough, hospitable people, tanned and shy as savages, but kindly disposed and liberal in their offers of provision. Cod-fishing was their trade, and a few of them owned sloops big enough to take the catch to Boston to be sold. They held friendly relations with the Indians on

the islets thereabout, a tribe of the Micmac nation, very mild and harmless, and from their isolated life had come to be most like Indians themselves. We were asked into the biggest cabin in the place, and food was offered us, cod, lobsters, potatoes, and a side of venison, which I gladly accepted for the vessel's use, bidding Lamoral see that it was taken on board. On our part we gave them tobacco and a knife or two, which they were delighted to receive, and we presently became on the friendliest terms. The news we gained from them was much less satisfactory. The Niobe had indeed been in the harbor once or twice, but she had not anchored long, and only two of her crew had come on shore. One of them was described as a big, yellow-bearded man, upon which Morgan whispered in my ear, "Aldorsen." They had bought food from the natives, but in meagre quantities, and must of need return for more, as there was no near place where it could be had. Since their departure men had been seen on the shore and in the woods, who were taken to be from the vessel, and, as several were noted no later than yesterday, it was gathered the Niobe herself could not be far distant. I asked where the main road, which I tracked out of the village, led. They told me there was another settlement on the island, overlooking the more fertile portion where cattle were pastured and fields laid out. Also they said, what I had felt sure of, that the bays, coves, inlets, and anchorage places of the island were innumerable, but that many were dangerous by means of the tides, and that there were many cliffs and sunken rocks unkindly to pass. All this helped us little, and gave us nothing of note to go upon; nevertheless I determined to waste no further time, but to set out along the roadway to the opposite settlement. There I had faint hopes of coming upon some tidings of the ship, and at all hazards it was worth nothing to remain where we were. So I bade farewell to the fisher-folk and their wives, and, walking between Morgan and Lamoral, started on the journey along the road. I had so many instructions to give my first mate that he decided to accompany us at least part of the way, and we marched ahead at a good pace, deep in converse. The road left the sea soon after quitting the settlement, and plunged into a gorge between two mountains clad heavily with pine and alder. Under our feet, the road, bedded in rock, was hard and firm; it showed trace of much passage, yet we encountered no man or token of man upon the way. Game abounded in these woods; a fawn fled across our track; as we proceeded I traced the print of a bear's foot in the mud of the road. We were solitary; the scent of pine was heavy in the air, the sky over our heads was cloudless and shot with golden sunbeams, and the mountain-sides shone sleek with dripping waterfalls.

After a couple of hours' tramp we seemed to mount higher than we had yet been; the gorge was left behind, and our way led over rough and rolling hills, with a glimpse of sea beyond. Here it was decided that Lamoral should leave us: so we sat down in the shadow for a moment, and ate some of our dried beef and biscuit. Ahead of us the road took a sharp turn into the deep shade, just at the brow of what seemed an unusually steep hill, which at our left rose, ridge after ridge, studded with gray rock. As we rose, shaking off the fragments

of our meal, I took the notion of seeing what view there was from the top.

"Morgan," I said, turning from the road, "let us gain the hill-top. I am sure we shall catch sight of the sea from it, and perchance we shall see a sign of the Niobe."

"If so, captain," Lamoral said, as Morgan agreed, "I will go on a pace and see if there be a spring under the trees in the wood yonder." We waved him a farewell, and sprang gayly up the hill-side. The moss and bracken felt cool to my feet after the unkindly road, and the air so filled me with life that I threw myself from stone to stone like a boy. We mounted briskly, feeling the earth spring under us, and when more than half-way up paused to look down upon the road we had left. It wound beneath us like a brown ribbon in the sunshine and vanished in the opening of the wooded gorge.

As we gazed, silent, for the scene was lovely, there came to our ears the sound of running feet, and instantly three men, spurning the top of the hill, flung themselves down the open. The foremost easily distanced his pursuers, as he ran with elbows close to his sides, and head down. The other two, great brawny fellows, ran wild like a couple of wheels. The surprise which seized me (our march having been so solitary) deprived me of motion, and I stood staring down at the flying figures as one stares at a picture or a play.

As I gazed, the play ended. The foremost man was gathering effort for a final heat, when his foot struck a stone and he fell prone with great violence. In a wink the others were upon him; there was a moment's struggle in the centre of the roadway, then a bright gleam was reflected to my eye, and the struggle ceased. Hardly pausing to see if their victim was indeed dead, the two villains took to their heels, one of them wiping his knife-blade as he ran. For a second they were in view in the roadway, then they were lost to sight among the shadows of the gorge. The echoes of their running died away, and all was as before, save that in the midway of the hill lay a silent heap which had been once a man. I turned to Morgan; his face was gray, and his eyes staring. Then, with a common impulse, we plunged down the hill as fast as we had come up. We went in silence, gasping with speed; only once Morgan panted "Lamoral!" in my ear, and I could have struck him for the word. It was indeed Lamoral whom we came upon after ten minutes' hard leaping, and who lay crumpled in the roadway. He was quite dead; there was an ugly wound in his back, and another in his throat almost divided the head from the body. We bent over him in silence, drew back, looked about as if to assure ourselves that we were in no dream, and bent over him again, breathing hard.

"But Lamoral has done nothing!" I burst out, protesting to Morgan as if he had disputed it. "He was innocent even of our purpose. It should not have been for him!"

"It would not have been for him had we kept the road instead of turning aside," replied my companion, solemnly. "Do you not see that it was meant for us, is still meant for us? Ah God, what shall we do?"

He fell to chattering like a man with the fever, while I still sadly

held the dead man's hand in mine. "Villains! Murderous villains!" I cried, choked with rage and grief, "if I could but settle scores with them now!" I beat my temples into my hands in desperation, but Morgan clutched me by the shoulder.

"They will be back in half a moment, captain!" he cried, in his shivering voice. "We must think of ourselves. Let us be off at once into the woods, I beg of you. We have too much at stake."

It was upon my tongue to call him coward, and yet I knew the truth in his words. We could do nothing for Lamoral by staying, and we put more lives than our own in jeopardy by any foolhardiness.

"Let us go, then," I answered, sullenly, folding the hands of the dead, and disposing his limbs with some decency. My heart was full of tears, yet the hazards of my own situation restrained them. Morgan ran up and down the road with restless impatience till I had sorrowfully turned out my old friend's pockets and taken his few trinkets into my own keeping. When this was done, he gave me no time for aught but a farewell look, and then we sprang,—but, ah! with what different alacrity!—up the hill from whose height we had seen the catastrophe. The ridge of this hill kept for some distance even and overlooking the road, and here we walked, hoping to spy our enemies. Reaching an open space where the road beneath us stretched clear for a long way, I climbed a small fir for better observation, and what I saw made me give utterance to a round oath or two.

Far down the gorge was a group of dots, which on my taking sight of them through my pocket-glass resolved itself into six or eight men, who moved hither and yon, or sat them down as if waiting by the roadside.

"The way is blocked," I said, shutting up my glass, "and there are too many for us to deal with. What's to be done now?"

Morgan, who seemed to some extent bettered of his fright, looked around him on all sides keenly.

"The sea is our only chance, captain," he said, at last. "If we can break through this wood and gain the shore, we can easily reach the village. 'Tis a risk, for they may watch the water, but I know no other way."

"The sea be it, then," I answered, "provided"—and I looked somewhat doubtfully at the barrier of forest—"that we can reach it."

We wasted no more time in words, but, after a mouthful of brandy each, set out on our tramp through the forest. We were lucky in finding an opening comparatively free from undergrowth, and pushed our way through this into a dense pine wood, so close and thick that we moved in a sort of yellow twilight. We made but slow progress, and yet fair enough, seeing the nature of the ground. Keeping our faces, as we fancied, ever to the northward, we plunged on amid the pine wood, which the sun, now well in the west, but scantily illumined. The boughs grew low, and in many cases so thick that we were of necessity forced from our direction; and it was this, as time passed, which made me doubt if we were indeed in the right way. Now I was nothing of a woodsman, and to those who are unfamiliar with such travel there is naught so confusing as a thick forest. Many times I

cursed my stupidity in leaving my compass behind on the ship, and as the rays of the sun grew yellower and more slanting, and the pine wood before us showed no signs of thinning, I began to fear that we should be obliged to wait the night in the forest. Our way led through thicket and brush, over knoll and hollow, the ground now firm and carpeted with dwarf pine and huckleberry clumps, now seamed with holes into which my knees sank deep in damp mosses. The wood was a new growth, young and slender, none fit to bear my weight, so there was no help for it but to make onward, threading the maze as best we might.

From what I had seen of that side of the island towards which I believed we were tending, I knew that we must cross a mountain-ridge that, sooner or later, dipped sheer to the sea. But we did not appear to be climbing; there were none of the crags of a mountain, and the underbrush was even now thicker than ever, since alder- and birch-trees mingled with the pine. Morgan, who was less sturdy than I, began to lose breath and to complain of his feet, and I was at a loss as to our procedure, when light began to filter through the trees and the distant boom of breakers to hum in our ears. Encouraged, we pressed on, and after ten minutes' fierce scramble through a barrier of underwood we emerged on a smooth treeless open, with the blue of the sea full in our eyeballs. On each side of the space, covered by knee-high grasses, rose mighty crags and cliffs of rock, jutting into the sea, and forming a breakwater against which the surf beat with a soft thunder. These protecting arms formed shelter to a little cove or bay, tenderly curved, and where the waves rolled whispering on a smooth beach of fine white sand. Behind us the forest stood threatening like a serried regiment; before us the sea swept, unnotched by any sail. The most complete quiet reigned, save for the harsh cry of a dipping sea-gull.

We cast ourselves panting on the soft sand, and agreed to go no further that night, as we were hopelessly lost by our journey and could not now decide what direction to take. The afternoon was cool, too greatly so for comfort after nightfall, and I was casting about for a shelter, when my eye caught a building of some nature standing a little back from the beach. We crept toward it, knife in hand, but the silence was undisturbed: so, growing bolder, we came up before the door. It was a deserted hut, roughly patched of logs, having one room, with a ladder in the far corner leading to a loft or garret of some sort. The ashes in the fireplace were very old, the floor heaped with fallen bark and blown sea-weed; everything about the place bore token of desertion and disuse. We examined carefully to see any trace of man, and, finding none, determined gladly to take shelter there during the night.

"I will go gather some drift-wood," Morgan said, when we had examined our property. "What say you to a barbecued rabbit, captain? There are hundreds of burrows in the grass."

"Excellent," I replied; "but see to the wood first, for if we wish to be dry to-night I must make haste and start a fire."

He put his gun over his shoulder and went out, leaving me to clear the sleeping-place of its unpleasant heaps of refuse and dust.

Everything was rain-soaked and mouldy, so that my task was not an agreeable one. He had not departed five minutes, however, before I heard him give a shout, and jumped for the door of the hut. He was running toward me, stumbling in the rank grass, and frantically waving his cap.

"The Niobe!" he gasped; "the Niobe!"

At that moment a schooner, canvas up, came slowly into view, rounding the point, and anchored within plain sight, in the little cove.

CHAPTER VI.

CHANCE AGAIN.

FROM where we stood in the door-way of the hut we could hear the rattling of the cordage, the clank of the anchor-chains, and the loud voices of the men. The last rays of the sun, screened from our back by the trees, shimmered full on the schooner's white sails, and turned the crystal water to melted gold. Very far out, a dull gray line—fog, I took it—caught the sunset gleams, veiling the horizon with a yellow haze. My mind fell a-musing in the midst of this beauty, and, although given little to philosophy (as my readers must have found out), I could not forbear to wonder at the fate which ordained me helpless at the moment of beholding my prize. A kind of laughter was bred in me, when I called to mind how all our talk had been of finding the Niobe, and how little would I have believed yester morning that on my first sight of her I should be incapable of chase or capture.

We stood silently gazing, Morgan and I, too intent on the vessel before us for speech, and yet hardly realizing the danger that menaced us. By and by a boat was lowered to leeward of the schooner; two women were helped into it, and two men followed. They made for shore, the men rowing, the laden boat bobbing now up, now down, over the surges yet angry and swollen from the storm. I turned to my companion; my thoughts on a sudden sprang to activity.

"The loft," I said, briefly: "we can watch them there." He nodded, and we sought the far corner of the hut, where, as I have said, a ladder led to the garret. It was a dark and evil-smelling hole, but from the slits which served as windows we could command a view of the beach. We did not converse, for each felt that a crisis in our affairs was due, and we wasted no time in idle words.

The boat gained the beach, and the men hauled her high and dry out of the tide. Then one of them assisted the women to alight with much gallantry, and, picking up sundry pacquets and bundles, all three turned their faces in our direction, leaving the second man on the beach to watch the boat. As they advanced, I saw that one of the women was tall and slim, one round and peasant-built, and that the man was of great height and bulk. Morgan at my side uttered an exclamation.

"'Tis the villain himself, no other!" he said, under his breath.

"Aldorsen?" I asked.

"Aldorsen," he replied, with some excitement. "And the taller of the two women is Miss Lyndale."

"They are advancing to the hut," I said, watching their progress.

"They are; that is evident," he muttered. "Now, what black villany is this?"

As they drew nearer, and I could better see their faces, mine eyes were held by the figure of Aldorsen, for, scoundrel or no, I have never seen such a splendid man. He was of great height, with mighty chest and limbs, thewed like a viking or a demi-god. The sunset shone on his yellow hair and the big golden beard that fell over his chest, his eyes were blue and wide apart, and his skin where not tanned was as white as milk. I felt a leap of joy at beholding him, a fierce pleasure that mine enemy was such a goodly foe. He bore a package of coverings in one hand, and a stone water-bottle dangled from the other. Miss Lyndale's face was shaded by her hat, so that I might not see it, but she walked with a grace and liveliness of movement that took my fancy. They came nearer, and still nearer, and we lay scarce breathing; they came so near that we could hear their voices; then they entered the hut beneath us.

"I cannot tell you of my grief, madam," said the man's voice, "that you should be forced to spend the night so poorly accommodated. The accident to your cabin will be attended to during the night. It would have been done before had I not lacked some of my men, who are set to watch my enemies. However, I shall hasten the repairs, and then I hope I shall again have the honor of your society."

"You know my opinion of you, Mr. Aldorsen," replied a woman's voice, and very sweet and clear it was, with a brave ring in it; "nevertheless I must thank you for your consideration. It makes me marvel that you can be willing to treat us as prisoners."

"Miss Lyndale forgets that business is not pleasure," the man answered, with a smooth insolence that enraged me. "You have food and water, I think, and coverings?" he continued, in another tone. "Let me see, there is a ladder in that corner; perhaps the loft is more comfortable."

His heavy tread crossed the hut, and clapped upon the lower rung of the ladder. I drew a pistol softly forth and cocked it. I knew that if the man's head rose above the floor, his end and ours had come. But Miss Lyndale broke in:

"The loft would be too airless, captain. Thank you, we are very well here."

"As you wish," he said, turning. "So then, dear madam, I leave you till morning. Permit me to wish you a peaceful rest." He walked to the door, apparently, and stood there. "Let me add," he pursued, with a devilish undertone of laughter in his voice, "that you are surrounded on every side by impenetrable forest, and that your flight would be certainly overtaken. Moreover, there are bears in the wood. Good-evening."

I had hardly seen Miss Lyndale's face, and yet I was as certain as if it had been my mother's of her expression during these words. I could see the contempt and scorn and noble pride of it, as though it

was really under my eyes. Aldorsen said farewell with exaggerated gallantry, and then we saw him go out of the hut and stride down to the beach, where he pushed the boat off and started to row back. Not till he was actually on the water did I venture to whisper,—

"Morgan, you must reveal yourself at once to Miss Lyndale. She knows you: go down the ladder, but beware of alarming her. I will remain here."

He looked at me piteously, his features working with strong excitement. Then he got up and walked softly across the floor, and put his foot on the ladder. I waited, my heart thumping, for I knew if Miss Lyndale screamed it was all over with us. He went down two or three steps cautiously, then whispered, "Miss Lyndale," in an imploring voice. There was a quick rush of feet, and then her voice, "Captain Morgan here! Oh, God, is this possible?" When I ventured to crawl down the ladder, she was shaking Morgan by the hands, with tears on her cheeks, but a glow of hope in her eyes.

"This is Captain Halfdene, my friend," Morgan said, presenting me: "he commands the ship which was sent in pursuit of you, madam."

"This is more than wonderful; this is Providence indeed!" she cried, giving me a hearty greeting. "But tell me, how are you here? I am all in a maze."

We sat down together, well out of the door-way, and told her briefly our whole story,—the finding of Morgan at sea, our arrival, Lamoral's death, and our flight through the pine wood. Miss Lyndale hearkened with deep interest, but her first words were,—

"You must be starving. You shall not speak till you have fed. —Grace, the food for these gentlemen."

We had all but forgotten our hunger and weariness, but at the sight of viands they returned on us in full force. Miss Lyndale spread a cloth on the ground, and insisted on serving us, which she did with such pretty dexterity that I marvelled where so great a lady could have learned so well. She laid before us salt fish and bread, with cold venison and cold potatoes, all very plentiful and good; and I am ashamed to recall how we ate, and how little she appointed for her woman and herself. But in the midst of our feast I suddenly called on Morgan to stop, and, much to his surprise, I forbore myself to eat more. He obeyed me, wondering, yet I think with some inkling of my purpose.

While we ate, Miss Lyndale acquainted us with her history since Morgan left her. She had been kept closely confined in her cabin, yet treated with all due respect and honor by Aldorsen and by his men. He intended, she told us, to hold her in ransom by her relatives, and for that purpose he had sent a letter to Boston, from where 'twas to be duly forwarded to her uncle in Philadelphia. Meanwhile he chose to wait where he ran least chance of discovery. The storm which had delayed us in harbor had broken in the roof of her cabin, and a sea had flooded the place, endangering the ship. Aldorsen therefore with all speed made for this cove he knew of, and had left her on shore while the needful repairs were being made. The place was sure, to his mind,

by means of the frailness and timidity of the women, and the forest that surrounded it like a barrier.

When Miss Lyndale made an end of her tale, I sat awhile in thought.

"Have you observed, madam," I inquired, "anything of the configuration of this island? Can you tell us whereabouts we are situate?"

"I observed it minutely, during my brief opportunities," she replied. "We are on the southeastern corner, Captain Halfdene."

I pulled out my little chart and bade her point it out to me, which she did, and then I studied it minutely.

"Are you afraid of toil and hardship, madam?" I said, at length; "for, if you are not, I think we stand some chance of escaping from these men."

"I am ready to face all danger for freedom, sir," she made answer, not protestingly, but with a sincere steadiness. "Indeed, I had half determined to essay flight by ourselves. But what is your plan?"

I spread my map out on my knee while I spoke, but it had grown so dark in the hut that I could barely see it.

"My plan is simple," I answered, "and I will not conceal from you that it is also hazardous. We might, by striking northward, gain the main road through the gorge, and so home; but that road, I doubt not, will be watched day and night. So I propose to keep still to the south, making a circuit till we reach the spurs of those mountains which form, as it were, the backbone of the island. Once over these, 'twill be easy to gain my schooner. But all this lies within deepest forest; it means rough travel, scant allowance of food and water, and, perchance, danger from wild beasts."

"What matters all this?" she replied, with a certain impatience. "I am ready. Shall we start at once?"

I shook my head, but her spirit pleased me. "We could do no good by starting wearied," I said, and Morgan nodded assent. "Moreover, it were best to wait until the moon rises. Morgan and I will retire to the loft for a while, with your permission, and sleep if we may, for we will need fresh limbs for this journey."

Miss Lyndale seemed disappointed at my decision, but admitted its wisdom. I took a glance at the schooner, and, seeing all quiet on board, cast myself on the floor of the loft with my cloak about me, and was soon asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

FLIGHT THROUGH THE WOOD.

A SEAFARING man needs but little rest, and yet I was so wearied by my unusual exercise that my slumber was the dead heaviness of exhaustion, and I found it hard to throw off. I awoke, however, at the limit I had set myself, two hours, to find night descended upon the sea, and a light wind moaning around the hut. All seemed quiet on board the Niobe, but a rustling below told me that the women were up: so I aroused Morgan, and set to work making Miss Lyndale's

coverings into portable bundles, and putting every scrap of food I could find into my tarpaulin knapsack. I found Miss Lyndale ready, alert, and fully mistress of herself, obeying me with a quickness which comforted me greatly for the success of our attempt. Her woman, indeed, showed traces of feminine panic, but was so overcome by the higher spirit of her mistress that I felt no fears for her.

As luck would have it, there was no opening in the hut down-stairs facing the forest, but there was a slit in the loft, which I cautiously enlarged by means of my knife till it was of a size to admit the passage of a body. When we all came up, I lifted the ladder and put it out of the opening. Then we helped the women down, shouldered our bundles, and set forth, myself first, then the two women, and Morgan bringing up the rear. I had enjoined a strict silence during this exit, and trod as softly as I was able, for I well knew that were we to arouse the Niobe our shrift would be very short. They were twenty to two, and our start would avail us little in such unfamiliar ground. We skirted the trees for a distance, keeping well in their shadow, till we reached the lower end of the sandy beach, and then we turned into the wood.

The late moon was hid by a flying scud of cloud, and the darkness greatly impeded our movements; nevertheless we appeared to be unobserved, and set out cheerily enough. The first belt of underbrush was so thick and low that it was all we could do to pass it, causing us to waste overmuch time, and to fear that our crashing and crackling would be heard by the vessel. Nor were we mistaken. For as we stood still, panting, before probing the utter blackness of that forest, there came to my ears, clear and far away, a cry from the ship, the sudden babble of men's voices, and then the rattling clank of the boat's davits as she was lowered over the side. Miss Lyndale's woman let forth a whimper; and as for me, my mind almost refused to face the hazard that was forced on me.

For a moment I stood at loss and desperate, knowing no choice, yet ignorant as a child of any covert in this maze of woodland. At last, seizing Miss Lyndale's hand, I plunged forward, where or to what end I knew not. Mine ears were whetted by my anxiety, and although we broke bush and underwood before us like a herd of deer, I noted above the crackling all that took place on yon accursed schooner, —the tramp of men and their calling, and finally the regular measure of the oars. Just then the moon shook herself free of cloud and showed us to each other,—four silent, staring creatures, knee-deep in bog-fern, the soft pine branches tangling around our heads; Morgan holding Grace, as I had her mistress, by the arm. Also it showed me a little patch of forest grass shining between the trees. I made for this incontinent, with the luck that our steps, as I had hoped, trended toward the open, where, in the midst of a little grassy common cleared of trees, and such as are frequent in these forests, lay a great boulder, higher than my height, with its clean black shadow stretching away from the side of it.

Darkness fell again, but I had seen that shadow and made for it. There, indeed, I found the boulder worn, crumbled on the hither side

into a tiny dent or hole where two might crouch unseen. So there we placed the women, bidding them keep silence for all our lives, while Morgan and I stood, pistol in hand, one on each side, waiting for what might chance. I remember marvelling at his coolness, for he had not spoken one word of fear, yet I felt certain that his face was white and his knees knocking together. 'Twas now so black I could not see my hand before my face, but sound carried wide, and the men's loud voices came to us keenly from the beach, from which we were separated only by a strip or belt of alder-bushes. We heard them disembark, six several leaps on the level sand, and pause awhile as if in search.

I knew our extreme peril at that hour, yet I felt as well the equality between us,—for it was not to be supposed that they knew of our presence, and a pistol-bullet or two when unexpected is a vast disheartener. So we held ground undaunted, while the voices, oaths, commands, and questions tingled in our ears from behind that copse of alder not twenty yards away. "They have broken here, captain." "Nay, here, the trees are bent aside." "We shall find them in a trice." Then a voice which I had heard before, "They cannot have gone far: 'tis a wilderness, and black as hell. A gold piece to the man who first glimpses a white gown!"

A red glare rose from the shore, and the women shrank; they had lit new torches, and were moving with them hither and yon upon the beach. Some ten minutes were spent in this fashion, the men misled by the density of the wood into fancying that the two frail women must have chosen another path, but finally one of them happened upon our trail and called his comrades to follow. I beheld his torch-flame dancing like a will-o'-the-wisp among the trees, but himself I could not see any more than I could see the belt of wood through which he moved. I had my weapon ready, reckoning on the stand-still of his torch when he issued from the thicket. Nor was I mistaken. He crashed into the open, scarce thirty feet from where I stood, and, feeling stones under his feet, flung up his light and gave a call for the others, who were yet some paces behind. I saw his arm as he waved it, and I fired just below. He plumped down without a cry, pitching the light a yard from him against a stone and showering the sparks over his body. The shot quite bemazed his companions, yet one of them hurried up, and Morgan's bullet, fired with careful nicety, knocked the torch from his fist and gave him a shattered elbow. The rest, at this new turn, were quite undone by the darkness and the firing, and refused to advance a step.

"Cowards!" I heard Aldorsen rate them, "are you afraid of a girl?"

"It may be a woman, and it may be the devil, captain," one man grumbled, "but here lies my shipmate stone-dead, and my arm has lead in it. These may be woman's trifles, sir, yet I go not a yard farther, were you to set me adrift to-morrow as you set Captain Morgan."

This word of the devil, coming upon the darkness and their bewilderment, drove two of the men back to the beach at a good round pace, while a third shot ringing above their heads sent all four leaping

like cattle for the shore. Aldorsen alone was left, and, as he had no torch, he was forced to follow them, on peril of losing ship and crew.

When I heard them push off, the captain swearing horribly, I knew we were delivered, and only waited a scant while before shouldering our pacquets and setting our faces inland to the larger forest of timber that loomed behind the newer and denser undergrowth.

I walked ahead, absorbed in my thoughts. I could not conceal from myself that our flight, hampered by the two frail women, was extremely perilous; that we ran great risk of being overtaken and captured as soon as the day broke; that our supply of food was small, and its renewal exceedingly uncertain. Moreover, I was tortured by the remembrance of my schooner, left to George's imprudence, and by my promise on that score to Mr. Lyndale. I knew that with an inaccurate chart, an inadequate supply of food and water, our way in the depth of this virgin woodland was beset with dangers and difficulties; and my burden of anxieties rendered me very gloomy and taciturn. Miss Lyndale, who walked behind me, tried with lovely cheerfulness to divert the current of my thoughts, but her very presence added a new perplexity. I felt strongly attracted to her, yet sensible that as Mr. Lyndale's niece and under my escort (as it were) I should not allow my feelings any headway: so I answered her in monosyllables, and brutally ignored her gentle attempts at conversation.

As we proceeded deeper and deeper into the forest, the darkness grew almost affrighting, and more than once I was tempted to rest where we were until the dawn. But the fear of pursuit drove us on, and we felt that any advance, however slow, was better than nothing. We were now almost a mile from shore by my reckoning, and, as the darkness chained us where we stood, I ventured to twist rude torches out of pine splinters and rosin, groping for them, of which I speedily had a supply. These, held low before us, burned with a smoky flame which served at least to enlighten our steps and to keep us from fall or accident.

Any one who has been in a wood at night will have remarked the constant sense of life which fills it and the mysterious movements and murmurings that palpitate around him. The sighings and whisperings of wind in the pines, the flight of wild things through the underbrush, the sudden flutter of disturbed birds, all these in the darkness take unknown dimensions and meanings. Several times did we stop to listen for fancied noises of pursuit, but always to push on again more doubtful than before. Stumbling, knocking, crushing against the objects in our pathway, flitting across open spaces, and battling blindly with the intersecting branches of some tree-clump, pitching forward into hollows, or coming to a sudden stand face to face with some moss-clad boulder, the nightmare hurry of our flight can better be imagined than described. For myself, the roughness of the way troubled me little, but it was new and fatiguing to the women, who obliged us to pause many times on their account. Had I been only Indian or Canadian voyageur, I had doubtless doubled our speed, but, being plain seaman and (as I have said) an indifferent woodsman, I was obliged to go much more slowly than I could have wished. I

noticed with uneasiness that no brook or spring crossed our path, for the stone water-bottle from the ship which Morgan carried was scarce half full, and lacking water our case was miserable indeed.

After some hours of this toilsome march, and when the night was at its blackest, we began to go up, the trees thinning around us, while the ground changed under our feet. We began, notwithstanding the light of our torches, to stumble against reaches of rock, to trip over round boulders, and gropingly to climb shelves of granite most difficult and perilous to pass. The air came fresher to our faces, we began to see the sky dotted with a few faint stars, while a vague form rising above us told me that we had reached a mountain-ridge of some sort. When we had apparently left the belt of wood well after us, I ordered the torches out, not knowing how we might be placed with regard to the Niobe, and, offering Miss Lyndale my arm, pushed on without their aid, till by the scantiness of the shrubbery and a particular poignancy in the air I judged we stood at a considerable height. Upon this I ordered a halt, for the want of light which had been merely disturbing in the forest became positively dangerous on a mountain-side, where each dark spot might veil a twenty-foot precipice, and offered brandy-and-water all round, Miss Lyndale protesting, yet accepting it in the end. We all sat down on a stretch of springy moss, deciding to rest until the dawn, which could not be far off.

The women were too weary for much speech, and the fitful talk between Morgan and me was soon crushed out by the loneliness and isolation of our position. I sat next Miss Lyndale, and cursed myself when my heart beat quicker as she shrank nearer me and at the whirling flight of an owl overhead laid her hand for a pulse-beat upon mine.

Slowly the dawn grew; the east was convulsed; long feathers of purple shot into the zenith; the sky brightened; objects began to take form and color about us, and our own white faces to glimmer out of the twilight. The sea, which lay far below, glowed first pink, then golden; a few mountain-birds began to chirp; the depths of heaven and earth reverberated with light as a stricken bell with music. Then the sun came, and the day. I stood up, and looked around me. The northern half of the island lay spread like a map at my feet, with all its curves, reliefs, and indentations. Far beneath, a little to the east, we could distinguish the cove we had left, and the schooner lying peacefully at anchor. A high mountain hid that other harbor and that other schooner I so longed to see, but the gorge road curled like a white thread among the hills, telling me that, as I had hoped, we stood upon the western slope of the mountains that formed one side of the gorge. On all sides was forest, but, as I mentally traced our course, I felt much encouraged, and grew hopeful that another sunrise would see us near the end of our troubles.

We took a bite of breakfast and a sip of water, I marked my chart with new lines and curves, and then we set our faces once more forestward. Down the mountain-side, I took it we were safe from pursuit, and risked a shot at a little fawn in a thicket. We had an excellent meal of roast venison at noon, and were greatly strengthened and refreshed by the generous meat.

It was, by the way, the only animal of any size we had encountered: so we branded Aldorsen's bears as a fable, and in faith I think they were.

'Tis needless to recount this day's journey in detail, so I pass it over in a few words. We suffered not a little from want of water, but found a stream at last and refilled the stone jug. The wood in the centre of the island was thinner, formed of bigger timber, so we made much better time and our spirits cheered greatly. The weather, for which I was devoutly thankful, continued fair, warm enough at noontime, falling to a sharpness at nightfall and a heavy dew. I was no longer insensible to Miss Lyndale's sprightliness, but cherished our talk almost constantly, growing more in love with her at every step. Her brilliant beauty seemed to take rare charm from the surrounding scene, her step was alert and active, her temper even and undaunted. I have beheld her since in all the glory for which nature prepared and fashion arrayed her, yet she could never be more lovely in my eyes than when she trod the woodland, in her torn and ruffled garments, her brown curls flying to the wind. I had never gazed on woman so noble, nor conversed with one so bewitching. Yet at times the knowledge of my folly overcame me; I turned instantly silent and brooding until her challenging gayety drew me once more out of myself.

"I cannot fancy, captain, how you, a seaman, can have had time to acquire so well the history of your country," she remarked, as I descanted to her upon the greatness and goodness of the President.

"My country's history is bred in me," I answered, "seeing it has been made since I was a boy."

"It seems to be full of brave men," she returned, "if the one beside me is an example."

"'Twill be richer by a beautiful woman," I retorted, my head a little turned by the compliment, "if Miss Lyndale is become American."

"I have not said that," she replied, her color rising charmingly, "nor do I think that I shall ever feel inclined to change my nation. Certainly my experiences in American waters do not tempt me."

This remark plunged me into profound sadness, which I retained, so unreasonable is a lover, for the remainder of the day.

We lay that night on the northern slopes of the biggest mountain. Grace, Miss Lyndale's woman, had quite given out from exhaustion, so for her sake we did not push on. I built a large fire, and spread pine branches on the ground for her and her mistress; for myself, I spent the night wandering in the forest, and entertaining a succession of sweet and bitter dreams, not the less dreams that I was broad awake.

The light of our fire flickered among the branches and on a brown curl that lay over Miss Lyndale's shoulder. There were mighty trees all about us, and as I trod their aisles they made a sweet music in answer to the music of my heart. Just then duty, action, a worthy and honored life among men, were all forgotten. I would have been well content to pass the remainder of my days with her in this wilderness, like our first parents, so did the thought of her possess me. My life seemed a constant and unconscious prayer when she was with me;

her presence voiced those swelling thoughts that come to a man when he is alone with the sea or in the untrodden woodland. So I mused, now hot, now cold, now exalted with high thoughts above the stars, now dragged below the blankness of earth, till the dawn.

That morning we skirted the shores of a most limpid and beautiful lake, held in a fold of the mountain, and after three hours' hard travel came once again within sight of the sea. My heart beat high as I saw the scattered roofs of the fishing-huts; and yet I dared not advance without caution. The Bunker Hill lay peacefully in the harbor, and, discovering a boat drawn up on the rocks, I decided that the quickest way was to row to her. But for this we were obliged to wait for high tide, since the bar now lay uncovered between us, so I was fain to content myself until then. My impatience was now so extreme that it put me in a fever. At first I paced the woods, for we had not yet ventured to show ourselves, and counted the hours till our departure. All that had gone before seemed as nothing to this last agony of waiting.

But time went no swifter for my kicking my heels, and sense told me that we all needed rest, and I as much as any. Therefore we sat down, well in covert of the wood. I had found among the rocks a little tangle of pine-trees and alder, wherein grew a sheaf of purple blossoms and pendent mosses. This mightily delighted Miss Lyndale, who after the manner of maidens sat herself down on the moss cushions and began to pluck the flowers and to weave herself long garlands of a little vine that grew thereabouts, tender green leaves beaded on a coral thread. I put myself at a little distance from her, feigning to be sad and serious, that she might notice me. After a while she spoke, not looking at all in my direction, and very busy over her playthings:

"We are much beholden to you, captain, that we find ourselves once more in safety."

"Do not let us halloo till we are out of the woods," I replied, grimly; "but I am glad, madam, that I have, under Providence, been the means of your rescue, even at the cost of so much travail."

"Are you not gladdened as much on your own account?" she inquired further. "At one time, I think, you were very near not seeing home and sweetheart once more."

"My home is my ship," I made answer; "so far I have known no other. As for my sweetheart, I do not know what you mean, for I never had one. I leave that to George."

"Ah, rare!" quoth she, laughing. "A sailor, and no sweetheart! I would believe you if I could, sir."

"You may indeed," I protested, earnestly, "for I speak truth. The women I have seen were awkward paper-faced chits, who fainted at a mouse and made patch-work of their countenances."

"Now I do believe you," she said, bending her head low over the flowers she was grouping, "for sure you would never lie to be so ungallant. I am glad to know what place I hold in your esteem."

"That is entirely different," I cried, shocked that she did so misconstrue my meaning, "for I have seen you brave, and I know you to be beautiful."

At this she laughed once more, and thanked me merrily for the compliment, which, as I meant what I said from the innermost of my heart, I was going to seal with more protestations, only she would not listen to me.

"We have said enough on the subject," she protested. "Pray now let us speak on other matters. Tell me of my uncle."

"He is indeed an excellent, worthy gentleman," I answered, marvelling at the grace of her bent head and the quick movement of her hands.

"Is he amiable, gentle of speech, and kind, like my dear father?" she proceeded. "Shall I love him?"

"He can be grim enough——" I began, but at that I stopped, bethinking me that it was not my province to criticise my employer.

Miss Lyndale looked up in astonishment.

"Madam," I said, "forgive me if I go no further. Mr. Lyndale is my employer and my very kind friend; he is also certain to be yours. But neither you nor he would think it well in me to sit here, telling you in detail of those tricks of manner peculiar to him, and individualities not to be avoided by the best of us."

Her face grew serious at once. "You are right, sir," she said, then suddenly jumped up and flew to me, crying out, "Oh, captain! there is a spider in my hair!"

I was amazed that a woman who had faced danger so often in my presence without discomposure should be so put about by a harmless insect. Nevertheless I bade her seat herself on a log, and immediately bent above her to dislodge the intruder. Her head, drooped before me, was so exquisite and precious a thing, and the circumstance, as it gave me leave to touch her without presumption, so happy, that I lingered over the task till she called to me anxiously. Mine eyes were a little dazzled as I touched the warm brown curls, and at first I could see nothing.

"I know it is still there," she cried, despairingly. "I felt it crawl."

"Do not move, madam," I begged. "I shall surely find it; nay, I see it now."

In truth I did: 'twas a little gray spider tangled in a fairer net than any of his own spinning. I swept the curving wave of her hair apart and lifted the creature out. The wood was intensely silent, the sunlight fell on my hands very bright and warm. I fell a-trembling from head to foot, and could not speak a word for the life of me. All the sunshine in the place seemed to lie on my fingers, and a bird cried very loud from the underbrush.

Then at a little distance came Morgan's voice:

"The tide is up, captain: let us set forth. You were mad enough to be off an hour ago."

"Pray let us set out without delay," Miss Lyndale added, as she rose in haste, her face turned from me.

I bowed in silence and followed her to the shore, where we soon embarked upon the skiff that we had discovered lying there.

The afternoon was well advanced, the sun low behind the mountains, and the air warm and heavy. Morgan and I bent to the oars, glad

in a change of exercise, and pulling all the fiercer in that I was afraid some last set-back might unexpectedly delay us. Miss Lyndale, even in her plain disordered dress, had the air of a queen in exile. We neared the familiar sides. I could contain myself no longer.

"George!" I shouted, resting on my oars. "Andrews! George! where are you all?"

A faint halloo answered me, and presently my brother's face, radiant with joy, appeared over the bulwark. "Thank God, you are safe, Alain!" were his first words. "I had almost mourned you for dead."

When he saw who accompanied us, his face became so bewildered that I was moved to laughter. The men made fast the boat and helped the ladies on deck.

"Welcome to the Bunker Hill, Miss Lyndale," I said, doffing my cap.

"What does it all mean?" broke in George.

"Permit me," I continued. "Miss Lyndale, my brother, Mr. Alain, the most discreet skipper and the liveliest companion in the thirteen States."

Miss Lyndale greeted my brother with all graciousness. He was still wondering, I could see, at her beauty, so that he forgot his fine manners, and stammered and blushed like any school-boy.

"And now," said I, taking him by the arm, "do the honors properly, George. Give us a glass of wine, and you shall hear all our adventures as fast as we can tell them."

CHAPTER VIII.

FLIGHT OVER THE SEA.

SUCH was our joy at this reunion that we stood for a while on the deck talking together, with no thought save delight in our hearts. I had observed one or two men standing upon the beach and eying us with interest, but, taking them to be villagers, I thought no more of the matter, and bent my energies to devising the best means of making the women comfortable.

The only cabin in the ship fit for Miss Lyndale's accommodation was my own, which after much persuasion I induced her to accept. She is by nature of so gentle and unselfish a disposition that she cannot endure the thought of putting any one to discomfort, and she would never have yielded had she not perceived that her refusal hurt me. For my own part, I was so glad to feel the deck of the Bunker Hill under my foot, to see the peaceful skies overhead, and to drop for a brief hour all weight of anxiety, that I little regretted the softness of my bed. I had a mattress taken from one of the bunks and laid on deck to leeward of the main hatch, with a blanket to cover me; for, although I can sleep hard if there be need, I prefer straw to planks in the course of things.

George and I had so much to chat over after Miss Lyndale left us, so much to tell, on his part of his anxiety, horror at Lamoral found

dead, perplexity and grief at my absence, and of our adventures on mine, that 'twas late when I bade him good-night. Once laid down on my mattress, the lapping of the water under me, the serene sky overhead, the wind whispering in the shrouds, sounds familiar and comforting, cast me presently into a profound slumber. It was not written, however, that I should rest in peace that night, for I seemed but just fallen asleep when I was waked by a hand laid gently on my shoulder. Andrews, who was now mate in place of Lamoral, was standing over me.

"There's a small boat yonder, cap'n," he whispered, very low, "that I don't altogether like the looks on." The mist of sleep was so heavy in mine eyes that I reeled like a drunken man as I rose, and, steadying myself, crept to the bulwark and gazed in the direction of his pointing finger. It was well on towards dawn, and a glimmering moon in her last quarter was just trembling on the edge of the sea. She gave but little light, yet by that and the stars, which were very fierce and brilliant, I distinguished the bowsprit and part of the fore-peak of a schooner, her body hidden by a curve of the land. But this held me little, for between us and the shore I made out a black blot on the water, which as it drew nearer took the shape of a boat, rowed noiselessly, without splashing, by four men. My hand crept to my belt and gripped the haft of my knife. "Go at once and waken Mr. Alain," I whispered to Andrews, "bid him arm and come hither softly, and take yourself a pistol from the rack. Tell the men to get their muskets. I will wait and keep watch." He nodded and was gone, leaving me alone for what seemed unending hours. I crouched behind the bulwark, fingering my knife, waiting in that sinister stillness for that noiseless boat, which came nearer and nearer and yet nearer, but withal so silently that in the face of the serene skies I might well take it for a dream. As it drew very near, I could see the huge bulk and tallness of the man in the stern, and took him to be Aldorsen.

Just then a hand clutched my shoulder feverishly, and, looking up, I saw George, his face drawn with excitement, his pistol cocked in one hand. Andrews was near us with another, while a long knife like mine lay by him on the deck. All three of us crouched, holding our breath, and waiting for the first head to rise over the rail.

I have never yet conjectured what caused Aldorsen to depart on so perilous an errand with only three companions, unless it was he trusted wholly to the panic of surprise. 'Twas foolhardy to childishness, yet it comforted me not a little at the time, for I knew we had to thank the careless showing of ourselves upon deck for this night-attack. Had I been unwarned, it had ended with us there and then; as it was, with my knife and two stout comrades to help, I was conscious of a sensation rather of pleasure than alarm as the boat drew up to the ship's side.

"Don't make her fast yet," I heard Aldorsen whisper. "James, you climb up first."

There was barely any stir in the harbor, and the boat stayed pretty steady, as the man named clung to the side of the vessel and drew

himself up, swearing under his breath. I could hear George breathing quick behind me, but I held him down until the man's head rose black over the bulwark. Then, with a yell that seemed to split the heavens, I caught the fellow by the shoulder, and drove my broad blade deep into his throat. He dropped, with a bubbling choke, oversetting the man below him and breaking one of the oars, while at the same time a pistol-ball hit me in the fleshy part of the arm. We still crouched behind the bulwark, thus affording them no target, but George and Andrews fired, hitting wide, and causing no good. There was a pause, and some shifting about in the boat (from first to last we did not exchange half a dozen words), and then the mighty form of Aldorsen leaned over the bulwark, brandishing a knife. He was so tall that he had locked his foot in the bow of his boat, holding the rail in his hand. I fired, but missed in the darkness, and had no time to reload. He was just drawing a leg over the rail, when George with admirable quickness seized a boat-hook and gave the skiff a thrust from the schooner's side. The result was foreseen; Aldorsen, who had not taken a firm grip of the rail, lost balance and fell head-foremost with a splash into the sea.

By this time the whole ship was aroused, the crew, if half clad, were fully armed, and at my word a row of gleaming musket-barrels pointed upon the boat. The two remaining men began to pull away with all speed, but a fall and a cry told us that one of our shots had taken effect. The last man, however, was not long in getting out of range, and, although we had sought the water for Aldorsen's head, we were disgusted to see him pulled aboard his boat at some distance from the ship,—a considerable distance to have swum under water, as he must needs have done.

There was naught to do now but await events, so I betook myself to the cabin to get a rag for my wound, which was bleeding pretty freely. As I came down the companion-way, I saw Miss Lyndale, evidently risen in haste, awaiting me. "What is it?" she cried on my entrance. "There has been bloodshed? Are you hurt?"

"'Tis of no consequence, madam," I replied, secretly pleased at her interest; "merely a scratch. The villains would have surprised us in the night."

"God be thanked!" she exclaimed, fervently. "But you bleed, Captain Halfdene; let me help you. I am a fair chirurgeon, I promise you."

At the thought of her pity I was so pleased that I willingly let her wash and bind up my wound. The light firm touch of her fingers set my blood tingling with pleasure.

"The ball is out," she said, bending over my arm as she wrapped it. "If we had some healing ointment, you would soon be cured."

"I wish all wounds healed as speedily, madam," I said, sighing.

"What mean you?" she asked, quickly. "Is any one hurt worse? —one of the sailors, perhaps?"

I had just assured her mine was the only wound, when there came one crying to me that the enemy was setting sail.

"Up anchor, and after her," I ordered, rising to go on deck.

"What do you propose, captain?" Miss Lyndale questioned, growing pale.

"Fear nothing, dearest lady, I beg," I replied; "but I shall follow these fellows to Boston, if need be."

The dawn was beginning to brighten the sky, and showed us plainly enough the form of the Niobe stealing out of the harbor. She must have been ready to depart at a moment's notice, for we were some minutes setting sail, a process which is much quicker now than it was then. We made after her with all speed, but the wind was fitful and she gained a fair start. I was not deterred at all, for my blood was up, and I vowed when we came up with her to turn boarder in good earnest. This, however, was not to be in a hurry. The Bunker Hill, 'tis true, was a faster sailer, but once that devil of a schooner got the lead she kept it unswervingly. She had the advantage in light airs, such as we had that morning, and for five hours or so she kept fully a quarter of a mile ahead. I swore outright, and George danced with impatience, as we rolled along, never gaining an inch on the white sail ahead of us. Every stitch of canvas was clapped on, to no purpose; I paced the deck unable to eat or drink; and the men cursed our luck as they saw the prize slipping out of their hands. Miss Lyndale—Andrea, as during that time I learnt to call her in my thoughts—shared the common excitement, and strove to keep up our spirits. I made her promise if we came to firing that she would stay below, for she was of so dauntless a temper that I feared for her safety.

About three of the afternoon the wind freshened, increasing steadily and bringing hope along with each puff. We fled before it with new speed, and joyfully I beheld that we gained visibly upon the enemy. That they noticed it also, we could see very plainly, for they put on additional sail, and made every effort to hasten. Clouds gathered in the heavens, the wind rose to half a gale, yet I would not take in a shred of canvas, and flung prudence to the winds. Far behind us the purple mountains of Mount Desert barred the eastern sky, before us stretched the uneasy thoroughfare I had been through barely a week before. The waves leaped about us, the foam jumped at our bows as we leaned far over, and little by little the stretch of green water between the two schooners grew narrower and narrower. The moment I saw we were gaining, I caused the topsails to be reefed, knowing that they added much to our danger and little to our quickness. This caused a momentary falling off, which I did not regret, since any encounter in this narrow current would have meant disaster to both of us, and I relied upon the full wind beyond to keep us steadily gaining. The skipper of the Niobe had been helpless to manœuvre while in the thoroughfare, but once well clear of it he endeavored to confuse us by making short tacks that led him out of the track, but our equal readiness served to put these doublings in our favor. We were now at our topmost speed, and, at the cost of some hazard I doubt not, gaining on them rapidly; the men began to take up their muskets and see to loading and priming. I had wished to take the wheel, but this they would not allow, so Andrews was stationed there, and barricaded

as well as possible by means of furniture and anything we could lay our hands on.

George, Morgan, and I, musket in hand, were in the waist of the ship, when a shot from the Niobe struck one of our men in the leg. It was answered by a volley, which, though the ship's motion made aiming difficult, took effect in more than one case. There was now scarce a ship's length between us, and excitement plucked at our hearts till we were frenzied. I prayed the men to crouch low and take wary aim, but they were wild, and few of their bullets did deadly work. On the other hand, the Niobe's deck was somewhat lower than that of the Bunker Hill, giving us an advantage to which we probably owed our lives. The evenness of the skirmish tried us all and made victory a question of endurance; and, though I had figured in slight naval encounters before, my judgment could not lead me to any decision as to the end. Although now and then a man was hit, the shot for the most part pattered harmlessly in the shrouds, and but for our superior speed might have continued as innocent. Morgan, George, and I stood behind the foremast, aiming, firing, and reloading with as much steadiness as we could muster. George was mad with excitement, so that at first his hand wavered and his nostril filled with blood. Morgan, I was amazed to see, presented a front as indifferent as if he had been quail-shooting. For myself, I felt no sensation save a devouring flame of eagerness, and picked off my men with deadly care and deliberation.

Slowly we crept up on the Niobe until we overlooked her deck, and saw by the prone figures scattered here and there how our superior position told on her. Counting the number of the helpless, I was inclined to think that Aldorsen must have added to the crew of his stolen vessel, for he would not have had enough left to manage her had he retained only the original number.

We had lost but two men, although five or six were wounded, and I bade the rest to fire from barriers and not to expose themselves. I was aiming for the tenth time at Aldorsen, when my name was called, and to my horror I saw Miss Lyndale standing in the companion-way.

"Go down at once, madam!" I cried, sternly. "This is no woman's work."

"I know, but I am not afraid," she replied, and, white as she was, there was no fear in her face. "I can load a gun: let me help you."

"Go down, I entreat you," I begged, in mortal terror for her. "We do not need help. We are getting the better of them."

"Then come you, and rest," she retorted, with a calmness which distracted me. "You are white, captain; you have not slept these three nights: you will be ill."

Even in the midst of my anxiety I felt my heart throb at her words.

"Dear Miss Lyndale," I protested, "I cannot leave now. I am not ill. Do you not see that your peril is unnerving me?"

"I would rather help," she said, laying her hand in my blackened one with a look which sent my heart to heaven. As she spoke, a

bullet struck the wood-work at her side, throwing the splinters over her, while a second cut the deck at my feet.

"If you will force me to remind you of your promise!" I cried, at my wits' end.

Her face changed, and anger flashed from her eyes. "You are right: I promised," she said, haughtily, withdrawing her hand from mine, and without another word she disappeared down into the cabin.

I turned away in a mood between joy and sorrow. As we were now almost abreast of the Niobe and the firing had stopped for a space, I gave orders that our little cannon be trained upon them. But, before there was time to execute the command, a cannon-shot aimed high with much nicety struck our maintop, shattering the spars, and bringing the greater part of the mainmast down in ruins on the deck.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST CHANCE.

OUR pursuit was effectually checked. The mass of fallen timber and the loose sail for a moment endangered the ship, and when it was cut away the Niobe was already out of range. There was naught to be done but to acknowledge our defeat, to bind up our wounded and bury our dead. Of these last there were happily only three, but several of the men had bad wounds, to which Morgan and I attended as well as we might with our unskilful surgery. We were all sore at the failure, and many a time I cursed my stupidity in letting them have the first shot, but now was no time to repine. When the mast and broken spars had been cast overboard and the mainsail with infinite trouble caught and furled, we lay barely moving, crippled and helpless. I had taken little note of my course during the last hour of that mad race, and we were now somewhat farther from land than I could have wished. There was no anchorage in easy distance, and night was coming on, with a high wind and some indications of a gale. I dared not drift altogether wild, so I set enough canvas to steady her and keep her head for Boston harbor.

As for the Niobe, she lost no time getting out of sight, and along with her, I reflected gloomily, went ten thousand dollars and a chance of bettering myself for life. There was no help for it; 'twas my own bad generalship in great part, so I had no just cause for complaint. For many reasons we were not a cheerful company that evening. The ship rolled a great deal, and I was anxious about her. George was furious, and said not a word, but smoked and nursed his wrist, which had a flesh-wound. Morgan, too, smoked incessantly, with a face like a storm-cloud, and hardly opened his lips. Miss Lyndale kept her cabin, and Grace, passing in and out, cast reproachful glances at me which were not easy to bear. I was weary, sore in mind and body, and in love to boot, so I was not likely to raise any one's spirits. We three sat around the table after supper and made pretence to read, but by nine o'clock we had smoked ourselves into a state of savage temper

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"You fellows are cheery shipmates, I warrant!" I broke out at length. "Haven't you a word between you?"

"Only a damn," said George, shortly.

I changed my tone. "Well, I think it damned unkind, that's what I think. It's not your misfortune, you lose nothing by it, yet you sit here and blame me——"

"Who's blaming you?" snarled my brother, only glad of an excuse to quarrel.

"You are, both of you," I returned, for I was by now thoroughly unreasonable, "and in a matter which neither one of you could have managed differently."

"You did very well, my lad," interposed Morgan; but I was not to be soothed.

"Didn't I tell you to fire on them when we first came up?" demanded George, in the tone of one stating a grievance.

"And if you didn't know about as much of gunnery as a Quaker baby," I cried, angrily, "you would have known how hard it is to point a small gun true when the ship is pitching every way at once."

"Well, there was nothing to prevent you firing before they did."

"There was every reason," I replied, glad to defend myself on the very point where I knew I was at fault. "It had but one charge; I could not afford to risk a long shot. If I missed, I had no more to fire. Did you fancy a merchant-schooner is equipped for a bombardment? But I suppose that you, being intimately acquainted with all such matters, and of such tried prudence, think yourself justified in laying down the law—after the horse is stolen."

"Come, come, my lads," put in Morgan, as George was about to render an angry reply; "no one is to blame for a very natural accident, you least of all, Captain Halfdene. But we are not to blame either for feeling cast down over it, and I know that I for one was sad chiefly on your account."

"Let's get to bed," George said, wringing my hand. "I meant no offence, brother, but the day's work has made us bad company. I will fight with you again for a farthing."

"You are right," I said, my good humor in part returned. "I least of all am fit for talk. Good-night, and I pray that this time we may rest undisturbed."

My wish came true, and, save for my own bitter thoughts, I had a peaceful night. The storm passed over, and the wind died towards morning, so that we spent an idle day, tossing on the sea, cursing our fate and praying for a sail. My arm was stiff and pained me much: my idleness gave me more leisure to think of it than I would otherwise have had: so my temper suffered in consequence. George, who could never keep his petulance long, spent his day playing the guitar to Miss Lyndale, an occupation which did not lessen my burden of grievances. The Bunker Hill lay in a leaden sea, just moving, her sails hanging like rags in the hot air. A line of shore, shadowy and cool, lay within eyeshot, tantalizing us by its nearness. Had there been any token of a settlement I should have put off in the boats, but there was nothing to be gained by dropping ourselves again in a trackless

forest. The day passed thus, and a worse one I never spent, saving the one that followed. Every minute we scoured coast and sea-line for a sail, but beyond a fishing-boat, which could have done us no service, no speck of white broke the monotonous stretch of steely sea on the one hand and of red pine-covered rocks on the other.

Not the least of my troubles lay in Miss Lyndale's coldness to me. I was too unskilled in the finenesses of women to know that I had hurt her deeply by refusing to let her share in my peril; instead, I took her manner for contempt at the miserable failure of our enterprise. I fancied that she despised me for a vainglorious simpleton, unfit for any real expedient; and this notion once settled in my head, I brooded over it to madness. I paced the deck with long strides, muttering savagely, and Morgan, who walked beside me, his teeth set over a pipe, cast quick shifty glances at me from time to time, as his way was. In my overwrought state, I seemed to see mentally the cure for my own condition, and if I could have felt that he would berate me roundly, or take the upper hand of me in my vapors, I should have out with it, and so ended. But I knew that the moment I turned on him, fire in my eye, the man would shrink, and loosen, and give in to me, raising naught in me but disgust. It was ever his habit to play anvil for the hammer, to take the under-side, peacemaker in place of warrior, and I could not quarrel with him for it. He could load a musket, pick a fellow off the yard-arm, and see him drop screaming into the sea, but he had that of the beast in him that he could not meet an angry eye.

So two days passed,—days out of hell, days to which those in the Mount Desert forests, starvation leading us and death at our heels, were paradise indeed.

We were at table on the third day, playing with food we could not eat, when the joyful cry of "Sail ho!" smote us in the ears. We tumbled on deck, and there, not half a mile distant, was a great brig, all sails set, walking the waves as daintily as a fine lady. The sunshine was purged and the sky took clearer tint at once; we waved our hats and shouted all together. Struck by the same thought, but without a word between us, George and I rushed to the musket-rack and fired into the air thrice in turn. An answering gun yelped from the ship, she took in sail a little way abreast of us, and, to our overwhelming joy, a boat was put off that pulled in our direction.

A hurried consultation took place as to our course, but came to no conclusion before the boat was alongside and the second mate clambered up on deck.

"Well, what does it mean?" he asked, when we had exchanged formalities. "You seem in a bad way here."

"We have met with a misfortune," I said, feeling my color rise, "and, as we have a lady on board, we are very anxious to get to Boston."

He was a small, fidgety man, and as little formal in his manner as man could be.

"A lady?" he repeated, staring in undisguised astonishment. "Mainmast down, and—isn't that a bullet-hole in the wood-work?"

He was spinning around, making his observations through an eye-glass, but at this he suddenly sat down and folded his hands over his knees. "A lady on a small merchant-schooner in northern seas, her mainmast gone, and scarred with bullets, like a man-o'-war. I guess I'll hear your story."

"Our story is unusual, but not to our discredit, sir," I replied, unable to forbear a smile. "We are not pirates, I promise you, and we ask for nothing but passage to Boston for three of us, and towage for our schooner to the nearest harbor."

"I'll have to see the captain," he said, rising, "but I think he'll do for you, although 'tis the queerest ship-load we've picked up yet. Pack up your kits and get ready, and I'll send a boat for you if it's all right."

The vessel was the Hamilton, of New York, nine days out from Quebec. They were obliged to put in shore for water in any case, so the captain made no objection to towing the Bunker Hill as far as the little fishing-station of Rockland. Here we agreed that George, Miss Lyndale, and I should leave her, going on to Boston in the Hamilton, while Morgan should stay behind, at his own desire, to see to the cutting of a new mast, and, when 'twas put in, to take the schooner down to Philadelphia. He begged to do this as a slight means of reparation to Mr. Lyndale, believing (and I agreed with him) that his care of the Bunker Hill might serve to lessen the merchant's wrath at the loss of the Niobe. For myself, hope was revived in me, and I resolved to make new inquiries in Boston, and, if possible, to redeem my defeat.

The change from our sad and sullen loneliness to the bustling activity of a big ship was cheering to all, and under its influence Andrea began to abate somewhat of her coldness to me. The Hamilton had several passengers on board, among whom were some ladies, who gladly lent her raiment and requirements, so that she was able to present an appearance befitting her station. George took out his fine new coat with silver buttons and his clouded cane, and began to talk knowingly of society at the capital and Mr. Washington's levees. Morgan picked a friend or two among the officers, and I found in the captain and Mr. Shoresby the second mate a pair of interested listeners to my adventures and sympathizers in my fortunes. But with all this, chatting with the officers or waiting on the ladies in the main cabin, I had no chance of converse with Andrea. She did not markedly avoid me, yet she certainly gave me no aid, and we were just entering Boston harbor, having bidden Morgan farewell that morning, when I happened to find her alone.

She was standing on the deck, her face turned westward, and the glow of the sunset in her eyes. Her dress, of a clear yellow, had many marvellous frillings and furbelows of gossamer, more than a man could count, and her hat (which was lent her with the rest) was of chip, with a mighty pretty wreath of roses upon it. I approached her, making suitable reverence, and feigning a composure which I did not feel. "I have desired to speak with you, madam," I began, "in order to set myself straight in your eyes—if that be still possible."

"I do not understand you, Captain Halfdene," she answered, turn-

ing to me kindly. "You need no setting right in my eyes, as far as I am aware."

"'Tis not that I complain of your just coldness, Miss Lyndale," I went on, "but I wished to tell you that I do not give up all hope of repairing my carelessness. Be assured, I shall never rest until I have taken these fellows, alive or dead."

"Are you mad, or am I dreaming, sir?" she cried, with a look of wonderment. "What is Aldorsen's capture or escape to me? I do not remember having taxed you with it, even if—which God forbid!—I thought you responsible for your failure."

I was so taken aback by this that my composure left me, and I stood stammering like a great gawk.

"You seemed angered with me," I managed to get out, "and I fancied—I knew of no other cause wherein I had offended you—I thought you held me in contempt for the escape—and so——"

"Is it possible," she broke out, "you should have pictured me so cruel, so ungrateful? Why should I hold in contempt the man who rescued me?"

Her voice dropped at the last, and I felt emboldened to come nearer.

"Then 'twas not that you were angry with me?" I asked. "But there was nothing else!"

She gave a little laugh, not wholly of pleasure.

"You hardly understand, captain," she began, not looking at me. "A lady does not like her offers of aid refused, particularly when it has taken all her courage to make them. I wished to share your—to share the dangers of all; but you would not let me."

"'Twas that, then!" I said, light breaking on me. "You were hurt, offended. I see. But you know now how it was. I could not in honor have allowed you——"

"I see that you did not wish your passenger any injury," she returned, smiling.

"It was not that alone," I replied in haste, "but you were in some sort under my care. You were Mr. Lyndale's niece, and I was responsible to him."

To my amazement, at this (which I thought sufficiently plain and reasonable) her face became dark once more, and she turned from me.

"So it was not for my sake, but your own?" she said, in a tone I had never heard her use. "'Twas, after all, in order that no stain might rest on your name, not because of any peril to me?"

"Miss Lyndale knows," I cried, stung by the imputation, "that I would spend my life-blood thrice over rather than any hurt should come near her."

"In that case, sir," she said, speaking kindly once more, "let us part friends."

She yielded me her hand, which I kissed with much fervor, and might have made an end to my troubles then and there had she not snatched it from me. My head was in a whirl, and I leaned against the rail, glad of the wind to cool my throbbing temples.

The harbor was fast closing round us, and the spectral shapes of

many craft glided past us as we sped on to the docks. On a sudden I saw something which made me grip the rail with both hands.

A schooner lay anchored at a little distance. Her name in bold letters of new paint, "The Rose: Salem," met my eye, but her lines and spars were so familiar that I stared at her enthralled. We passed close by, overlooking her decks, and I had but just time to slide behind a bale when a man came up her hatch and stood regarding us,—a man of huge bulk and mighty limbs, with a mane of yellow hair and a cataract of yellow beard over his chest,—in a word, Aldorsen.

CHAPTER X.

THE MAYOR OF BOSTON.

My experience with mine enemy had shown me that his was not an intelligence of the first order. He had trusted to reckless and daring expedients, to bold action rather than subtle thought, and in only one case did he exercise the qualities of Prometheus. He was one of those who take each blow to be the last, and give no credit to the turning of the wheel or the chances of the future. It was plain that his loss of men had been too heavy for him to risk another long trip. He had adopted the outworn plan of changing the name of his vessel without attempting in any other way to disguise her, and had made boldly for Boston harbor without reckoning on the simple probability of our being picked up and brought there. He stood looking after us with a smile of complete tranquillity, which assured me, I knew not how, that my hour had come.

What I was about to do I did not know, but I was resolved not to leave Boston till I had tried my powers. We were so near the dock that I had no time for consideration or reflection. I went straight to the captain, told him without more ado that matters decided me to remain in Boston, and offered him passage-money, which he declined. I could see he was surprised, but I cared not a fig for that: I was too afraid of failing a second time to make a confidant of him.

I called George, told him briefly my purpose, and confided Miss Lyndale to his care.

"I will see this business to an end," I said; "this man shall not escape me a second time. See Miss Lyndale safe in her uncle's hands, George, and wait for my return."

"I wish we could exchange tasks," he said, sighing. "I am weary of squiring dames, while you, I doubt not, would give your head for my opportunities."

I made no reply to his banter, but hastened to get my traps together and prepare to go on shore. Just as I was leaving the ship, I met Miss Lyndale. "So you are about to desert us," she said, in a voice of some disdain. "You are weary of our company so soon?"

"I see a chance still left me to recover all," I told her, and pointed out to her the shape of the Niobe. Her face changed greatly, and her eyes grew bright.

"You will win, I am sure of it," she said, holding my hand; "and when you return to Philadelphia there will be some one there very glad of your success."

She was gone ere I had time to delay her, so I stepped ashore, in an exaltation of good spirits. A crowd of blacks and porters were at me, and, singling out my man, I bade him bear my pacquets to the best tavern in the town. I knew Boston well, although I had but few acquaintances there, and I followed the man to the President's Head more slowly, in order to collect my thoughts. Whatever was to be done must be done at once. I did not know how long the Rose purposed to stay in the harbor, but, as the tide was ebbing, I felt sure of her till the morning. I was without friends in Boston, but Mr. Lyndale's name was known, and I had his permission to make use of it. The streets were thronged, and as I walked them I was jostled hither and thither by the crowd. If I had had but one friend to knock against me then, one familiar voice or trusted face, my troubles would have been over; but no such fortune befell me. The President's Head—which had King George's visage in a cocked hat for a sign—was a fair inn, where I had often put up before, and where I was now made excellently comfortable. When I was at ease in the room I had chosen, the hostess sent up to know my wishes for supper; but I had resolved to make some effort before eating or sleeping that night. So, casting my cloak about me, I seized the first plan in my head, and betook myself across the Common to the mayor's house.

Mr. Eleazar Winthrop, the mayor of Boston, was a gentleman of old family, and of good repute. I had heard my patron speak of him in terms of friendliness; and on this scant leadership I determined to address myself to him in person. He inhabited a stately house set in fair gardens, much like Mr. Lyndale's, and it was, I confess, with many misgivings that I presented myself at the door. As no good was to be got by concealing my name, I bade the servant tell him that Captain Halfdene, from Mr. Andrew Lyndale of Philadelphia, desired a word with him on business of utmost weight. The man (as I could see) held but a poor opinion of my consequence, and left me to cool my heels like a lacquey on the door-step while he took my message. In five minutes he returned with more civility, to bid me follow him into his Excellency's presence.

Mr. Winthrop was not, as I could see, a man of affairs, for his house was filled with toys and folderols, such as no busy man could have endured. China jars stood on mantels or on the shining floors, tapestries and worked cloths hung on the walls, silver stands held Dresden china cups, and there was a profusion of candles and mirrors that made me feel as if I was in a goldsmith's shop. To cap all this, and my disgust, I was led, not into a sober office, but into the dining-hall, where a table was laid with the same wanton extravagance of silver and napery, and where Mr. Winthrop sat at his ease trifling with a decanter of port, as though he was the courtier of a soft, effeminate monarchy instead of the citizen of a sober, industrious republic.

He was a lean man, with no great dignity, and a purple nose

that told of over-fondness for the bottle. His face was withered and brown, and his eyes disdainful and petulant. The sight of him left me completely indifferent, so that I should not have cared if he had died where he sat. Kindness and touch with his fellows had dried out of him with the juices of his body, and he was a man, however you took him, that left you cold.

"I trust that no misfortune to my good friend Mr. Lyndale procures me this honor, Captain Halfdene," he began, waving me to a chair with a sort of courtly condescension at which my gorge rose.

"It is rather a misfortune to myself, your Excellency," I returned, bowing, "and one in which I see no remedy save by this present interview."

"As a friend, I should not advise you to count upon it," he said, draining his glass, and observing me. "A mayor is not entirely responsible. You are perhaps in some difficulty? You have an enemy or a fancied injury?"

"My enemy is likewise yours," I made answer, "and my injury may be the town's. Nay, your Excellency, I come on an errand of justice: my case, if I can so state it, is one of piracy."

"Ha!" he said, speaking with a relish of interest. "Pray proceed. You interest me."

In as few words as possible I told him my story, concealing nothing, but laying particular stress on Lamoral's death, the abandonment of Morgan, and the abduction of Miss Lyndale. When I had made an end, Mr. Winthrop laid his head back, and looked upon the ceiling, making a clucking noise with his tongue.

"You seem to have no doubt that The Rose is truly Mr. Lyndale's schooner," he said, twirling his wineglass. "How can you prove it?"

"Bring any of the sailors face to face with me," I replied, "or look at the ship's books, which Aldorsen will hardly have destroyed. Mr. Lyndale will serve, or Morgan himself, whom I expect in Boston shortly."

"All this will take time," he objected, "and meanwhile?"

My patience broke at the man, and yet I was not so placed as to dispute with him.

"Be pleased to recollect, sir," I said, steadily, "that Mr. Lyndale pays me for the recovery of the Niobe. Is it to my advantage to obtain possession of the wrong ship? I ask for nothing save your aid in detaining the schooner in Boston harbor for the present. This man Aldorsen is a murderer, and a menace to your city. Lay hands on him and on his ship, and I will wait in quiet until Mr. Lyndale sends letters to approve me, or until you yourself see fit to release me."

Mr. Winthrop pulled his chin in silence, and sipped his fourth glass of port.

"The matter is beyond precedent," he said, using a more official tone than before, "and I am at a loss how to deal with it. What is it, in brief, that you want?"

"I want a letter written to Aldorsen telling him of an official visit to be paid to his ship to-morrow morning. He is too bold a man to

fly, and he has an insufficient crew. When I am confronted with him you shall yourself be judge between us."

He hesitated once more, but this time obviously in my favor.

"It is understood you remain under surveillance until Mr. Lyndale licenses this act," he said.

"I will remain in custody, if you prefer," was my reply.

Mr. Winthrop touched a silver bell, and on the servant's entrance desired pens and paper to be brought. When this was done, he turned to me.

"I shall write an order to the surveyor of the port," he said, taking his quill in a cramped and trembling grasp, "requesting him to detain the schooner Rose, of Salem, until an official visit, under pretence of her captain's transgression in the matter of the harbor regulations. Carelessness of signals will do, or any other trivial misdemeanor,—eh?"

"That will be quite sufficient," I returned, overjoyed at my success.

He wrote the order with great ease and quickness in his tremulous writing, and, ringing again for the servant, despatched it.

"I am acting entirely on my own responsibility," he said, rising, with a sudden sternness, "and if I am at fault in this business——"

"I am at your Excellency's disposal," I said, quietly. "The morning will settle all."

He looked at me steadily, and then his face a little relaxed.

"Then farewell till the morning," he said, somewhat more kindly. "Good-night to you, captain."

I bade him good-even and left, feeling a disgust for the man, and yet delighted with the outcome of my visit.

The morning broke dark and wet, a heavy rain, and a coldness that savored more of November than July. I laughed as I recalled that splendid room and soft table, nor did I imagine for one instant that Mr. Eleazar Winthrop would hold his purpose to the extent of braving the weather.

But I did not know the mettle of that withered and joyless man. When I reached his house I found him wrapped to the chin and pacing the floor of his hall with a wrath of impatience.

"How now, sir?" he cried, perceiving me and looking on me sourly. "Is this your promptitude? I had begun to fear I had been made a fool of."

"I entreat your Excellency's pardon," I replied, bowing. "I am at fault."

"I do not like your looks," he burst out, stopping in his walk to eye me, "and I like your behavior less. Let me promise you that if there is anything crooked in this matter you may look for no mercy from me. Lyndale or no Lyndale, I'll see you in the stocks."

I bowed again, restraining myself, and putting down his rudeness to a natural excitement and a hasty breakfast. He eyed me a third time with suspicion and fury in his face, and then, with an oath, turned on the servant and asked him why he loitered there, and why the coach was not ready.

The man led the way to the street, and, ascending the coach, we set off. The way was not more than a hardy fellow's stroll, yet we drove it in a green-and-gilt chariot with two fine horses, he leaning from the window and doffing his hat like a lord in a manner that went nigh to turn my stomach. I sat within, folding my arms in silence, contrasting this fellow's state and ape-like grimacings with the noble sobriety of our greatest Patriot, whose whole bearing and habit set the example of republican simplicity. It may be that he divined something of my thoughts, for, pulling in his head, he addressed me with the words,—

"The devotion of the people of Boston, captain, must serve to remind you of the loyalty of foreign nations. Does the President experience it?"

"The President, sir," I replied, with more sharpness than I habitually made use of, "having created a new country, is not quick to copy the fashions of old ones."

"You are scarce polite," he said, reddening a little, and we returned to silence.

When we arrived at the docks, we found a stout wherry with six or eight watermen, and another with as many in waiting, and, although the wind was fierce and the harbor in commotion, Mr. Winthrop showed no signs of drawback. The surveyor of the port, who met us, told the mayor that the captain of the Rose expected an official visit, "although not," he added, "from a dignitary of your Excellency's consequence."

I saw that on all hands the mayor's vanity was fed and played upon, and therefore I began to lose some of my misliking for the man. We got into the boat, the mayor and I, side by side in the stern, the boatmen pulling, and, after a hard row in teeth of wind and rain, we gained the side of the Rose in safety.

As we neared, I pulled my hat over my brows and muffled my face, not desiring to be seen inopportunely,—a proceeding which Mr. Winthrop noted with visible curiosity. Two of the crew stood by to help us on deck, and, as we had arranged, the boatmen mounted after us, while the surveyor, in the second boat, waited a little way off in case of need.

The mayor, with much dignity, requested to be taken into the captain's presence. One of the crew undertook to show the way. When we had gone a few paces, I dropped my cloak, and my face was clearly revealed to the man, who doubtless thanked me for a bandaged arm. He grew gray, gave a kind of gasp in his throat, and stood staring, then made as if to turn, but I caught him by the shoulder.

"Not so fast, my friend," I said, keeping my voice low-pitched. "We will tell Mr. Aldorsen of our arrival soon enough."

The mayor, who had seen the man's action, paused on the head of the companion-way and turned to me. "It is borne upon me, Captain Halfdene," he said, dryly, "that there was truth in your story."

"Your Excellency will hear more truth further on," I replied, as, still grasping our guide, I pushed open the door of the captain's cabin.

A clear light streamed from the open skylight and let us see all

within distinctly. Aldorsen, his golden beard spread over the table, sat facing our entry, writing. At the sound of the closing door he raised his head, and his eyes met mine full. For nearly a minute we stood staring at each other without flinch or movement, without paleness in his countenance or passion on mine. Then with a roar he sprang up, seized his chair, and, swinging it at arm's length, brought it down with a crash upon the wood-work just over my head as I ducked to the ground, dragging the mayor after me.

I was up in a wink, and had the man around the waist, less in hope of subduing him than to prevent him laying hands on his weapon. But I had as little calculated on his great strength as he on my powers of endurance. Clinging to him like a limpet, I was carried hither and thither by his violence, dashed about the room, now this way, now that, amid the crash and splintering of crockery and wood-work, yet always escaping the blow which would have stunned me. He struck at me again and again, but my grip hampered him, his blows went wild, so he tore and plunged for all the world like an angry horse trying to dislodge his rider. I am taken to have a fair share of muscle: in most cases, if I may say it without boast, the grip of my forearm would render him helpless who withstood it; here, exerting every inch of my powers, I could do no more than fence and annoy the mighty strength of this man. I clung, however, with all the desperation of my failure to back me, and, although I was entirely helpless to overcome the man, at least I gave him no chance to get at his knife.

The mayor stood regarding us with open mouth, then he threw wide the door and whipped through it like a little dog.

The breath was well-nigh beaten out of me, and my eyes had lost all sense but of a whirling violence, when there came a rush of feet into the cabin; we were torn apart, and I came to a stand against the wreckage of the table, with Aldorsen on the floor in the grasp of three stout wherrymen. The crew, taken by surprise, and disheartened at their leader's capture, gave in with whimperings to the reinforcement from the second boat.

I stood wiping my face, and feeling if my limbs were whole, when the mayor approached me, his withered countenance actually lit by the fire of conflict. "Captain Halfdene," he said, offering his hand, "I ask your pardon for speaking of the stocks to you. Permit me to offer a swallow of this brandy and to congratulate you upon your hardihood."

"Your Excellency is very kind," I returned, accepting it. "I am rejoiced beyond measure at the capture of this villain, who has given me so many days of anxiety."

"And I beg," he resumed, with a courtesy which more than amended his former crustiness, "that you will be my guest during your stay in Boston, and allow my family to hear from your own lips the singular history you have recounted to me."

I did not like to partake of the mayor's hospitality, yet to refuse would have shown discourtesy. "Your Excellency does me a great honor, which I shall be proud to accept," I replied, bowing; and at that moment the officer who had commanded the second boat came up to us.

"Well, sir," the mayor cried, turning on him sharply, a kind of pleasure visible in his wizened features, "are these villains all well trussed up?"

"I must inform your worship that the mate of this vessel is missing,—is not on board," the officer made answer. "Shall a search be made for him on shore?"

The mayor glanced at me, and I saw very clearly that, although pleased enough at our adventure, he did not greatly desire the trouble and annoyance of a chase for an unknown man; so, as one scoundrel more or less was nothing to me, I broke in. "Oh, as we have his chief, we will let the villain alone," I said to him. "We do but cheat the gallows a year or two for our forbearance, and Boston gaol will be full enough of these rascals."

"If I might offer advice——" the man began.

"Captain Halfdene is right; there has been enough done," Mr. Winthrop interposed, harshly. "See that the boat is got alongside. How many hours am I to stand in this fog, think you?—Captain, will you come with me?"

The officer fell back sullenly, and, in truth, I had half a mind with him in the matter. But the mayor was peremptory, and my recent encounter had shaken all desires from me save for a warm fire and a cup of mulled wine. An officer and two men were appointed to guard the schooner for the present: Mr. Winthrop and I once more ascended the green-and-gilt chariot, and were driven in state to his house, where (my things having been fetched from the President's Head) I was royally feasted and made much of.

CHAPTER XI.

A HALF-BREED AND A PAROQUET.

I ABODE in the mayor's house for a fortnight, living on the fat of the land, yet never much liking my host nor his ways. Every desire of my heart turned towards home, although I knew that until Aldorsen came up for trial before the Assizes, and Morgan put in with the Bunker Hill, I had no course but to stay where I was. Mr. Winthrop treated me with great if capricious kindliness, and withal, I fancy, a touch of disappointment in that I proved so poor a bottle-companion. His friends likewise were little to my taste, and their orgies after dinner never tempted me to follow. The ladies his daughters fancied me not at all, but tittered at my shyness and my seaman's garb, while for my part I could force little gallantry to such bundles of sarcenet and muslin, nor admire a cheek with a patch as big as a halfpenny on it. The modish airs of these damsels did but serve to drive my mind into lover's dreams of Andrea, her courage and will, the fire in her eye, the spring of her step, the radiance of her beauty. I never looked at Mistress Winthrop's powdered head without recalling a certain nut-brown curl that hung over my lady's ear, twisted soft and shining among its fellows. Nor in other matters was I more con-

tent. I chafed at the softness of my bed, the fine work on my ewer, the silk hangings that kept the morning airs from entering my window; and I fretted at the ceremony my host exacted from his household. These things galled me more when my work was done and Aldorsen committed to gaol, when I had naught to do but fold my hands and wait till my schooner's sail nicked the horizon. However, during my wait I was greatly heartened by a letter from George, which I give in full (and indeed knew by heart) for the comfort it contained.

"Worshipful brother," George wrote, "we are safely come to town, after a swift voyage, though in bad weather. The Hamilton makes me sicken to think on your twopenny schooner, with which you are so mightily content! New York is a thriving town, yet lacking that air of genteel and elegant leisure which pervades the capital. Uncle Benjamin sent one to meet us, on receipt of your communication, with a clerkly epistle of nine pages, praising God and lauding my brother in a manner that shows him to be less weather-dried than I had thought. The letter also contained gold: under your fair leave I have reserved this for our present needs. Your lady is in good health, and commends her to you. She bids you look shrewdly among the effects of the late captain of the Niobe for a miniature portrait of her mother set with brilliants, a ring containing her father's hair, and other jewels which were most dishonorably wrested from her during her sojourn in that ship. She hath got her a hoop and a new tabby, in the which she doth appear a little more of an Englishwoman and less of a Choctaw. But these things are trifles undeserving thought of a serious man. Stay not long with the Honorable Mayor, or you will become too gouty to hold the tiller. Give Morgan greeting for me.

"Your brother,

"GEORGE."

This reverend epistle, although I made note of the manner in which my brother mentioned Mr. Lyndale, filled me with passionate longing to be quit of Boston. When I pictured my mistress, clad as befitted her, receiving the attentions and compliments of all the finely-clad town gentlemen, I went very nearly mad with jealousy and impatience. Although I was not a little comforted that she had asked news of me, still who was I that she should give me a thought in that brilliant circle she was about to ornament? These ideas made me surly: I spent hours in my chamber; when bidden forth to drive or to attend some banquet in the mayor's company, I kept silence, and (what grieved my host yet more) ate little and drank less. Excuses of business kept me much out of doors, nor were these wholly feigned, for I turned all of my energy into fulfilling Miss Lyndale's request mentioned in George's letter. I was longing to bring her some proof of devotion, like the knights of old, to lay some trophy at her feet. Yet in this, as in all else, I was fated to disappointment. Hunt as I might among the cargo of the Niobe, I could find no trace of any jewels whatsoever. Gold I found,—and none so honestly come by, I warrant,—with clothing and papers, but not a jewel. This discouraged me, for I had

hoped to have some pledge that might heighten me in Miss Lyndale's regard.

I now spent my leisure in engaging a crew for the Niobe, that still lay at anchor in the harbor, and trusty mariners were hard to come by at that season of the year. It was partly on this pretence, but chiefly, I confess, to be quit of Mr. Winthrop and his company, that I took to frequenting water-side taverns and spending my evenings among sights and sounds not overmuch to my liking. They were rough places at best, yet at the roughest a peaceable man might smoke a pipe in a corner, unregarded, with his thoughts for company; while, if he found these tedious, there was always a song and a yarn, and wild fellows slouching in for a glass of gin. After all, at the tail of the night, tavern and mayor's house were much alike, whether host or footman pushed the guests out of doors to lie in the gutter; and I grew to like the place better for its good-fellowship, and its freedom of hand and tongue, than Mayor Winthrop's table, where the Boston gentlemen sipped their wine. I would drop in after dark and sit in a far corner over my glass and a pipe, watching the mariners come and go, and now and then clapping on the shoulder some brave fellow that had sailed with me and recalling myself to his memory. 'Twas none so ill spent an evening, though I paid dear for it in the end, as you shall hear.

One night at the end of the fortnight, and when I had grown weary almost to death of my abiding-place, I sat in my 'customed corner in one of the roughest of the water-side taverns. The night was raw and windy, well-nigh as bleak as autumn, with a whirl of rain now and then from the cover of lowering cloud. Outside, the glare of light hung in the mist and wrapped the door in a sort of golden smoke. Inside, the room was very full, men sitting at the tables drinking and gambling, with here and there a yarn started that held my attention. Brawling and babbling filled the place, joined to the cries of those present for drink, the clap of the outer door as men came in or out, and the chink of coins on the bare tables.

Only two men in the room were solitary and speechless, myself, and a man who sat over-against me across the fireplace. He was by his looks a half-breed, very evil-faced and dull of eye, clad in strange leathern garments, and his time was wholly taken up in feeding a little green-and-scarlet paroquet that perched upon his shoulder. He fed the creature with bits of raw meat from a platter, till its beak and breast were bloody, and the bird rubbed its tuft against his cheek as a kitten might.

While I looked idly with eyes half shut from the smoke and the glare of the lights through it, there came a great to-do at the door, cursing and shouting, and a man entered who strode across the room and stood before the fire. He was so wetted by the rain that the steam rose from his garments; and while drying them, turning about, he kept up a continual calling intermixed with curses: "Here, you,—a glass, I say,—Hollands, and a lemon if you have it. What are you about? Is there no saint in this house to give a poor devil a glass of gin? Make way for your betters there at the table. Will you bring me drink, you worm-eaten fool, or shall I kick you for it?"

"Coming, sir!" quoth the host, running back and forward like a frightened rabbit. No one else turned a head to see what the noise was about, nor even when the fellow plucked from the floor a coin that had rolled among the gamblers' feet, bit it, and put it in his pocket.

"Fast find, fast bind," he muttered half to himself. "Have you no table for an honest sailor, you rascal?" he continued, raising his voice, "or shall I drink on your door-step?"

Here I interposed, out of pure idleness, pushing my table nearer to the light and inviting the fellow to set his glass thereon. At the sight of me the man gave a great start, but, instantly recovering his countenance, came over to me, crying, with much complaisance,—

"Captain Halfdene? I thought I knew your honor! You have not forgot poor Tom Almy that sailed with you to the Canadas two years back? Here, boy, serve the captain. What will you drink, sir? Are you looking out for a mate? for, if I may be so bold, I should be proud to serve you."

"In truth, I was looking for a mate, sure enough," I replied, for the man's face was familiar to me, although I could not call to mind where I had last seen it. He was not a big man, was smooth and fair in countenance, and now, as I needed no spectacles to see, exceeding drunk; but his manner was respectful.

"I am casting about for a berth on any honest vessel," he proceeded, leaning over the table, then drawing back with a drunken scowl; "but, damn it, captain, we can't talk here: the noise drowns my words ere I had got them out. I'll be at the host for a fit place in which to put your honor, and maybe we can clap up the matter between us."

He rose unsteadily, and lurched off to a corner, where I perceived him talking with the host, but from the shouting and singing going on about us I could not hear a word of their discourse. I never held it discreditable to engage a man when drunk, for then he cannot lie if he will and must show himself for what he is: so I rather congratulated myself over this piece of luck, as the man came back to me.

"There's a room up-stairs the knave will let us have," he said, civilly enough, taking a candle from the mantel-shelf, and, after many tipsy attempts, lighting it at the flame of another. This happening to be on the table where the half-breed Indian sat with his paroquet, the hot tallow splashed upon his hand, whereat he looked up very savagely, though not swearing, while my companion never ceased his cursing till the candle was lit. "You had best give me the light," I said, as we left the room, he stumbling before me. But this he would by no means consent to, muttering something about knowing the house and the stairs being steep, that I did not altogether catch. The door swung to behind us. We were in a bare and narrow entry facing a stairway, up which my new acquaintance began to crawl, dragging one foot after another, and holding his candle so that the tallow ran in streams on the stair. We mounted thus, he never silent, but babbling his fragments of talk without pause, till we stood in an upper entry, also narrow, and very dark and gusty. Along this we fared, I now

going first, he following with the candle, whose flame was blown hither and yon and twisted in the draught. I had just glimpsed a half-open doorway, when he stumbled and sprawled on the floor behind me. The light went out, and we were left in total darkness, though not in silence, for his curses never ceased.

"I will go forward," I called to him, ill pleased, I knew not why, at this occurrence: "there will be light in the room yonder." So saying, I groped for the door-handle, found it, and stepped over the sill. I had not put foot to ground again when a whacking blow from behind felled me like a tree, knocking my senses clean out of me.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL KNAVES ARE NOT DEAD YET.

It could not have been much over ten minutes when I came to myself, with stars dancing before mine eyes, and a bitter taste in my mouth, yet conscious and furiously angry. I was lying face downward on the bare planking of a floor, my cheek pressed against the splinters, while some one was knotting and re-knotting a length of stout rope around my wrists. They had been careful to gag me first of all, so that I was as helpless as a babe; and as this knowledge came to me I ceased to kick, and lay still, revolving plans. My drunken friend, Mr. Thomas Almy, knelt with one knee on the small of my back, bracing himself therewith to pull my bonds the tighter, and muttering and cursing as of old, only now to a different tune.

"So," he addressed me, rolling me over like a trussed fowl, "humph! a gay fighting-cock! a very fine sea-captain,—who toils so constantly in honest men's affairs! And send us all to gaol! Man, do you know that I am Olaf Aldorsen's sworn brother and own cousin? and, beside this, I have lost money and ship, and I lie in peril of life! Ah, your day is done, my fine bird; you shall be well plucked when you leave us."

To all this I returned no glance nor sign, although the truth (I confess it) turned me cold, cold even to my bound wrists. I recalled now clearly where I had seen the fellow. He was one of those in the boat when the schooner was attacked, and had often been a mark for my musket during our encounter with the Niobe.

What his plan was, if indeed he had one, I might not fathom, nor would I be pleased with my cast if I might: so I lay still, noting all about me with busy eyes. We were in an upper chamber, far from the noisy protection of the tavern. By the candle-flame, which he had re-illumined, I beheld him lurch and sway about, for in truth he was all but helpless-drunk, scowling and muttering a stream of curses at me, intermingled with sinister vows of revenge.

While I waited the door opened, and a man entered whom my captor appeared to expect. He bore an armful of coarse sacking, and as he threw it down I saw the evil stolid face of the half-breed, with his paroquet perched at ease upon his shoulder. On his entrance

Almy began one of his long and rambling streams of talk, to which the other paid no whit of attention, but, kneeling by me, wrapped my body and head in the sacking. Then they two lifted me from the floor, the Indian bearing my shoulders, and the sailor my feet, which being tied were well-nigh as unsteady as his own.

Even at that hour I wondered at their companionship in the business, for the half-breed said no word, good or bad, nor did Almy appear to possess any hold or mastery over him. They bore me down a stairway which turned and twisted. The sacking almost stifled me, yet I could make shift to see through a hole or two that our way was deserted and very dimly lighted. We paused at the foot of the stair for what passed to me for a long while—'twas in reality five minutes —before a door opened, and by the touch of damp air like a cold hand on my cheek I knew we had left the house.

Up to this moment I had borne their actions with sufferance, hoping that some unexpected happening might release me, but now as I felt the night air creep about me I began to struggle and twist about violently, so that Almy was forced to drop me on the floor. This infuriated him, and he kicked me with his nail-shod boot to such purpose that I quieted for a time. However, their burden once dropped, 'twas none so easy to recover, and they were busied at this when a noise smote on my ears, no less than the brisk clatter of heels on the stairway behind us. Almy desisted, and looked up. The sacking lay over my eyes, and writhe as I might I could not get a peep-hole. But my ears were not stopped up, and I heard every word that passed. The steps ceased some little way above us, and a voice whispered down,—

"Mr. Almy, Mr. Almy! What are you doing to the captain?"

Almy's answer bore no sense. 'Twas a rigmarole in which furious curses were the only parts of speech.

"Think well what you are about, I beg you," continued the whispering voice. "This gentleman is under the protection of the mayor himself,—is a very guest under his roof. Mr. Almy, if you are discovered we shall all suffer; my livelihood will be taken away from me."

By this I thought I recognized the voice; it was that of the host of this den of cutthroats. The matter, then, had gone deeper than I looked for.

"Look here, you cowardly rascal!" shrieked Almy, who made no pretence of lowering his voice. "This is my business, and I have paid you a round sum of honest money for your risk in it. Get you back to your wine-swilling fools in there, and leave us in peace. What I do to this man is my own affair: do you hear me?"

"I entreat you to pause—to consider," replied the host, whom, by his voice, I judged to have moved considerably up the stair. "Whatever matter of private revenge you have against Captain Halfdene, it can surely be settled at a more convenient place and season. But for the present, release him, I beg of you: you know not what risks you run."

This remark broke Almy's patience. He darted from my side

after the speaker as though he would lay hands on him, but, failing from dizzy head and uncertain step to reach the man, was fain to content himself with hurling a candle up the stair, thereby leaving us below enshrouded in darkness. I heard the host's step clattering, scrambling up the stair and along the entry till it died away, leaving me with a burden of disappointment I could hardly bear. My captors now reopened the outer door, which they had shut to on the host's approach, and once more lifted and bore me forward.

It was now totally dark, and but for the movements of my captors as totally silent. I was lifted and shoved feet foremost into a cart or vehicle of some sort; my body, except the head, was then covered with masses of straw in armfuls thrown upon me. After a moment's delay, the cart moved off, so uncertainly, it had no springs, that my progress soon became a torture. My bonds were of new rope, and, wriggle as I might, I could not loose them. An hour might have crept by, when we came to a stand-still; I was shaken free of straws and lifted out like a slain bullock, carried between them into a habitation of some sort, and thrown with violence down on a stone hearth close by a crackling fire. I lay perfectly still, not twitching a muscle, while Almy shut to the house-door and set up a shouting, "Squaw, witch! where are you? Come down and see what we have brought!"

The place was a stone hut, more like the cottage of a Plymouth or Marblehead fisherman than any other dwelling, but very old, foul, and in wretched repair. There was a door, and two windows, both heavily shuttered and bolted. Beside the fire near my feet lay a greasy iron pot and ladle, near my head a scarred oaken chest such as sailors use. Soot hung in the rafters, whence also dangled strings of onions, a bunch of herbs or two, and a woman's petticoat and other gear. There was a wooden stool, whereon the half-breed now sat, stolid as ever, the red-billed bird nestling in his bosom, and a broken box for Almy. In the corner was a trap-door, and a ladder leading upward, from which in obedience to the call presently descended a very hideous Indian woman in a filthy gray petticoat, her bodice hung with beads and wampum. She also wore a moleskin cap, from which her black locks straggled down her back, and at the sight of her my heart sank very low, for I well knew that where an Indian is in the business, Satan is never far off. My case had been bad enough: the sight of this creature colored my horrors with reality, stung my apprehensions into sudden life. The squaw gave me a look from her dull black eyes, and went over to her countryman, squatting beside him as a dog might, and talking with him in a low guttural undertone that was very much to my distaste. What they meant to do to me I knew not, but I liked the look of things little, and visions filled my mind that made me tear at my bonds desperately, although in vain.

Almy meanwhile wandered uncertainly to and fro. His condition was my only hope, for I saw that he was too drunk to decide any action that night. He would stand over me, with glassy eyes, repeating, "Olaf Aldorsen's sworn brother and cousin, and he lies in prison, but we have you fast now, fast," and then resume his stumbling march around the room. Once or twice, in a blind fury, he picked up a stool

or an iron spoon and hurled it at me, but these missiles fell very wide of the mark; while the two Indians sat motionless, observing him and me with beady eyes, and continuing their subdued and devilish undertone of talk.

Finally the half-breed rose, and, going to a corner, dragged out a little cask of liquor and a tin dipper. Almy's eyes glinted as they lit on it; he left off regarding me, and cowered near to the Indian, alternately beseeching and commanding him for drink. Then began the strangest debauch I had ever witnessed, nor am I likely soon to forget it. Almy sat on the stool near to the cask, swaying to and fro, and striving to maintain his hilarity with these two grim comrades. He sang the strangest babble of nonsense I have ever listened to, making believe that he was with jolly comrades, and calling his right hand "Bill," and his left "Jack," as he passed the dipper between them. He seemed wholly to have forgotten me, not that this did me any good, for I dreaded the moment when remembrance should once more flow in upon his mind. What he might do to me, once the liquor incited him to frenzy, God only knew, and I did not like to think, so I lay as still as a log of wood, or a babe in swaddling clothes, my heart burning hot within me, my eyes for the most part shut, but opened now and again to observe the strange difference between the noisy demeanor of the sailor and the bearing of the two Indians. They, on the other hand, sat like statues of red wood, passing the dipper from hand to hand in steady, silent turn about, pouring the stuff down their throats without a word, and with no change save in the evil brightness of their eyes and the sweat on their dreadful faces. The woman ere long began to croon to herself in her unknown language; the man, his face wavering to my eyes in the light of the dying fire, sat so quietly as not to disturb the bird in his bosom. These two showed no outward token of drunkenness like the sailor near them, only the evil soul within, released little by little, began to snarl and sneer and transform their faces to the likeness of fiends.

Far into the night they drank and mumbled, my heart beating a wild tattoo against my ribs lest in their frenzy they should arise and cast me into the fire. At last the dipper fell from the woman's hand, and she lay backward heavy in sleep. Almy had lost consciousness long since, and now lay like a dead man across the door of the hut. The half-breed held out a little longer, and managed to drain the last dregs of the cask; then he too fell, distorted in a drunken stupor. The hut was absolutely quiet, and still I lay across the hearth where I had been thrown. No plan of relief had come to me during all these long hours when I watched the three figures, hideous like the faces in a nightmare. My bonds were firm as ever. Almy's drunken hand had not slipped one knot. I had tugged and strained till my ankles were bruised and my wrists chafed from the rope. Hope almost died within me as I thought of the morrow, the friendly night passing so swiftly, my chances of escape slipping, slipping, with each breath the sleepers drew. It seemed as if I should go mad at the thought that they should rise and find me still there, gagged and bound and wild-eyed among the ashes of their fireplace, helpless to taunt and injury.

Outside the wind blew, and a night-bird cried plaintively, but no step came near, and no delivering hand rapped upon the door.

The fire murmured to itself like a fiend in meditation, with a soft rustle of crumbling logs and sudden ejaculations of flame. A coal hopped out near me, and I drew away my bandaged wrists lest I should burn my hand. With the movement a hope came to me, swift, sudden, and warm with life as the fire itself. I wriggled and twisted over on to my side with my back turned to the fire, and laid the rope of my bandage over the friendly coal. There was a rending, and a flame, and a fierce pain in my wrist which all but made me cry out. But freedom was worth it. The rope had given to my jerk, and ends of burnt strand came into my hand. Once more I tried, but this time missed the coal and rolled over helplessly on my face. A third time, and the rope flamed a bit, fire eating through the tough hemp, the knot gave, loosened, yielded—my right hand was free at last!

And now what to do? My shackles lay on the hearth. I was rubbing my stiffened ankles, glad to feel the tingle of the blood in my veins. But how to use my freedom?

The windows of the hut were (as I said) shuttered with oak, and secured by iron bolts. The door was barred, but hopeless of service from the circumstance that Almy lay across it in such a fashion that to undo it I must all but tread on him. The only clear way was to the ladder in the corner; so towards this I crept, put velvet-shod foot on it, and in a trice drew breath in another world.

The loft I stood in was littered with a collection of articles of every varied description. There were chests in it, leather, wooden, and metal, furniture, ay, and even silver-ware. If I had before suspected that what had been done to me was not the first crime of the three below-stairs, I was certain of it now. From the rafters hung clothing of all sorts, while a brasier filled with charcoal that occupied a corner showed traces of having been used to smelt down the booty of these thieves and render it usable. But all this takes longer in the telling than in the seeing. I was very anxious to get away from this place, and not at all disposed to take justice upon my own proper person. I stood a moment, glancing my eye about me, and listening for the least stir from below; then I tiptoed across the floor, and threw open one of the dusty casements.

A cold gray dawn was creeping in at the narrow windows, as I leaned out, finding to my joy that descent from there was to a sailor as easy as walking. I had one foot on the sill, when an object caught my eye which caused me to draw back and tread again across the room. A square wooden casket bound with brass stood on a table in a dim corner, the cipher on whose polished lid had as it were beckoned to my glance. The letters were "A. L." delicately interwined with a garland and like fanciful devices, and it was the same cipher I had seen on Miss Lyndale's ribbon, on a kerchief she once had dropped, on a pouncet-box she carried. All that had taken place, violence, peril, suspense, was as nothing to this discovery; and my heart beat so loudly that I fancied it drummed at the sleep of those below. If the paroquet should awake and scream!——

I could not hear a sound for the galloping of the moments in my ears, as I threw open the lid. On top of a collection of gold-work lay a miniature, rudely torn from its jewelled setting, but, from the face that looked at me, unmistakably that which I sought. The diamonds were gone, but others sparkled beneath. I seized the casket, gained the window, and almost hurled myself to the ground. Once there, the sweet air on my cheek, the grasses clinging to my knees, I ran as a man runs who has all his fortune under his arm, through hedge and garden, and out across the fields.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BAD TIME WELL OVER.

THE hut I had left was some five miles from Boston out Salem way, and luckily in a district that I knew. My joy at my deliverance was so great that the way seemed short to me, and I stopped not for bite nor sup till I stood once more in the mayor's house. It was yet so early that no one was at work in the fields to stare at me as I tramped past, a tall young man in a fine bottle-green suit torn and ragged, covered with ashes, and bearing a heavy box under one arm. I found that Mr. Winthrop had retired the previous night in his usual condition, so had not remarked my absence. Therefore I was able to present myself before him, several hours later, in raiment that showed no trace of the night's adventure. He received me in his dressing-room, where I found him polishing his nails and curling his peruke, while a dozen City Councillors kicked their heels in the State-House awaiting his appearance. Mr. Winthrop heard me with a fire in his eye that contrasted strangely with his bloodless countenance and the rich silks in which he was wrapped. "This time, my dear captain," he said, complacently, "we will intrust the mission of revenge to the hands of subordinates, and leave you free to welcome your friend Captain Morgan, whose schooner late last night dropped anchor in the harbor."

"Is Morgan here?" I cried, delighted. "I crave your worship's pardon, and go to seek him instantly."

"You are lacking in courtesy, sir," he replied, with that sudden petulance I had known him use. "Shall not my guests receive their friends in my house?—Sanders," this to a servant, "bid them seek out Captain Morgan and pray his attendance."

Now, this I did not wish at all, being very ill content that Morgan, so uncouth a man, should be impressed to awe by the mayor and his household; yet there was naught for it but to bow and tender thanks. Mr. Winthrop was displeased, and I went from him gladder than ever that Morgan's appearance showed me a knot-hole of escape from his humors. At the last, however, I repented of my delight, for the mayor was most gracious to Morgan, who in his rough attire, with his white stubble of beard, made but a poor figure in those splendid rooms.

"This is a fine house, to be sure," he said, when Mr. Winthrop had left us alone.

"'Tis very splendid," I cried, indifferently, "but oh, Morgan, how I long to get home!"

"That's all very well for *you*," he returned, gloomily, "but I don't. I don't mind telling ye, captain, that I'd rather take passage for the North Pole to-morrow than go back and face Mr. Lyndale."

"Nay, but you have brought your pardon with you," I urged, "and he is a kindly man at heart; he will say nothing harsh to you."

He made no answer but to shake his head, and I saw that the matter was a deep one with him. He remained in Boston for a week with me, every day going over the Niobe and dilating on her speed and beauty. At the end of that time we bade farewell to Mr. Winthrop; and I blushed for my inability to like him better, so many were his kindly offices. Morgan had got a crew together sufficient to bring his schooner round to Philadelphia, which we accomplished without backset, coming up the Delaware one fair Friday afternoon with a clear wind in our sails. Two figures stood on the wharf to welcome me as I stepped ashore, George and Mr. Lyndale, and heartily overjoyed I was to clasp a hand of each.

"You are a *preux chevalier*, Alain; the President has asked for you, the ladies are all at your feet," was my brother's greeting: "we poor town-haunting beaux are quite cut out."

"Indeed, captain, your adventures have become home talk," Mr. Lyndale added, smiling at my discomfiture. "You must be no more of a rover now, but go bravely, as your brother here can show you."

"I shall but try to subdue some of the worst mistakes in his apparel," George put in, his eye kindling as he beheld me (in his imagination) clothed according to his ideas.

"Stuff, George!" I interposed; "have you not been a mariner yourself and smelt powder, that you talk of the fashion?—Mr. Lyndale, I am much beholden to you, and shall hope to pay you my respects ere long."

"At the same time," he called after me, as we turned from him, "do not forget that there is also one at our house to whom you should hasten and pay your respects, for she has not ceased to ask news of you."

I suppose I colored at this, for George answered in my place:

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lyndale, he will make an appearance at once, I promise you, as soon as he gets rid of these antique garments and gets himself a coat of decent modern cut."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE END.

As we walked home I found that George was in a state of excitement for which, for the life of me, I could not account. But when we reached the house 'twas fully explained by a paper that he put into my hands before I had fairly crossed the threshold. This proved to be no less than a notice that a kettle-drum was to take place at Mr. Robert

Morris's this present afternoon, to which Captain Alain Halfdene, in company with his brother, was in due form bidden.

Now I suspected that our exploits, and in particular my share of them, had been fully garnished and served up to the town by my talkative brother; and I had no mind to furnish a figure-head to gossip so promptly. Upon my telling George my decision to spend my afternoon in quiet with a pipe, he waxed almost desperate over what it pleased him to term my "short-sighted folly."

"You are ruining yourself! You are casting aside every chance for the future!" he cried, striding up and down the room. "The President and Lady Washington are to be there: no moment could be more propitious for an introduction. Mr. Jefferson is to be present, and the Honorable Mr. Adams. These wish to meet you; the whole town is talking of our adventure, and you talk of sitting at home with a pipe!"

"My dear George," I said, calmly, drawing my chair near to the window that I might look out upon the street, "you cannot have reflected of what you speak. If indeed 'tis true—and knowing you I do not doubt it—that our expedition has set tongues a-wagging, how becoming would it be in me, think you, scarcely an hour landed, to rush into the first crowd that collects, as one would say, 'Here I am; what do you think of me?' How would such a proceeding raise me in the estimation of those great men with whom I wish to stand well? Nay, go yourself and make my excuses; I am in no mood for such gatherings, and cut but a poor figure at best in them."

"Miss Lyndale is to be the toast of the occasion," he rejoined, still sulkily. "Will not this tempt you?"

"Not a whit," I made answer readily. "I am not over-desirous of hating every pretty fellow in this good town, and of giving still larger subject for talk. No, no; go put on your frills and fallalas. I must see Morgan, and put my wits to work how best to straighten him in Mr. Lyndale's eyes."

"Damn Morgan!" quoth my brother in a temper. "I fancied you had more sense."

He had planned (as I guessed) to make my appearance at the festivity a really noteworthy occasion, in which he should figure as sponsor, and my ingratitude came near to ruffling his temper seriously. But on my convincing him of my real feeling, he recovered his spirits, made his toilet with customary ease, and betook himself to his kettle-drum with all his usual gayety. When he returned, an hour or two later, to find me musing by the opened window, he vowed 'twas the prettiest *fête* of the season, the wines delicious, the ladies bewitching, and Miss Lyndale an angel. What he told me of her progress made me reflect on my unworthiness more deeply than I had yet done.

"Lady Washington herself presented Miss Lyndale to the President," George recounted. "Mr. Adams asked her hand for a minuet, which she trod with perfect grace. As for the rest of us—egad, there were men about her three deep, and some of them the best dressed fellows in town."

Now I had not been so entirely free from vanity as my speeches to

George would warrant me, for no sooner was he out of the house than I was off to a tailor's, where I spent a round sum in gold pieces on a coat as much in the fashion as George's, black velvet cloth, very neat and handsome. So when I heard all his experiences I displayed my purchase to him, and was delighted to find his verdict in my favor, vowing me, indeed, possessed of more shrewdness than he had suspected.

When I set forth that evening to pay my respects to Miss Lyndale, I was far more ill at ease and cowardly than I had been at any time during the course of my experiences. George had helped me to dress, and, knowing his superiority in that direction, I had remained passive under his hands for a full hour and a half, during an operation which wore my patience threadbare. My brother had insisted on putting silver buckles on my knee-breeches, as well as powdering my hair with a flour-dredger so vigorously that I spent ten minutes getting the stuff out of my eyes. He then tied my locks modishly with a broad ribbon in place of the narrow one I ordinarily affected, set a diamond pin of our mother's in my lace frill, and furnished me with an empty snuff-box and a skewer of a sword that got between my legs.

He then pronounced me in the fashion and let me depart. So, taking the casket under my arm, I fared forth into High Street. I felt like a player or a mountebank in these trappings, but, finding that no one turned to stare at me, I became more confident, strolling across Independence Square tapping my snuff-box and flirting my lace-edged handkerchief as if I was indeed a beau. But by the time I reached Mr. Lyndale's house I was quite down again, so that it was with most unseamanlike quaking that I was ushered into the withdrawing-room and told that Miss Lyndale would receive me.

I had expected, I know not why, to see the same lovely careless maiden in her stuff dress and straying curls, when there glided into the chamber so stately a lady that I stood transfixed, forgetting to make a salutation. Her powdered hair and hoops added inches to her stature, while the air of fashion she had acquired nonplussed me utterly. To my amazement, however, she returned a start at my changed appearance, and then made me a swimming courtesy which left me scarce breath enough for a bow.

"I was glad to hear of your success, Mr. Halfdene," she began, motioning me to be seated. "May I be permitted to offer you my felicitations?"

"My happiness is increased, madam," I replied, "if you condescend to notice my poor efforts."

Then there fell a silence between us which must have lasted till judgment, had I not caught a hint of laughter in her eye which emboldened me.

"Mr. Lyndale, madam," I began, "has done me the kindness to place me in a position somewhat above any that I have yet occupied."

"My uncle has but rewarded your merit," she replied, demurely, not looking at me.

"This fact, and the award of the prize-money," I went on, "give an independence sufficient to—to——" I paused, not daring to continue.

"To pursue your project of a European tour?" she suggested, routing me completely.

"No, not that," said I, clearing my throat in despair; "but if I felt more worthy—if you had not expressed such a determination against my country, I had hoped, had dared—have you not altered your opinion of America, dearest madam? do you not now think it worthy the residence of a person of taste?"

"That depends," she said, very low, drooping her head, "upon what inducement was offered me."

Then she lifted her eyes and smiled on me in such fashion that I took her in my arms without more ado, and what we said thereafter not this paper nor any other shall ever see recorded.

I showed her the casket, and her mother's portrait, at the which she wept heartily for joy, and trembled, clinging to me when I described my last perilous adventure in Boston. I could not bear to see her weep, and was comforting her as best I could, when a dry cough sounded near us, and, looking up, I saw Mr. Lyndale, primming his mouth and observing us.

"I was about to speak to you, Captain Halfdene," he said, as Andrea fled out of my arms, "concerning the prize-money; but I see that part of it at least is already yours."

THE END.

CHEAP LIVING IN PARIS.

IN one of Charles Joliet's books, the following dialogue occurs between Jacques, a young provincial just arrived in Paris, and Michel, a sophisticated denizen of the Latin Quarter:

Jacques.—"How much do you spend a month?"

Michel.—"About forty dollars,—and no debts; but with thirty dollars one can live."

Michel then defines living liberally, in the style of Xavier de Maistre:

"For poor men who are intellectual, as we flatter ourselves that we are, the superfluous is the necessary.

"Item: must live,—that is, have bread, shelter, and clothing; so much for *la bête* [the animal]. But as for *l'âme* [the soul], it must have the means of satisfying its higher appetites,—books, the theatre, journals, contact with the world, intercourse with the best people." Thirty dollars a month, he thinks, will provide all these. "Poverty does not bestow genius, but it makes a man industrious."

The first thing for the stranger in Paris to do is to find a room. The second is to find a restaurant. It is not practicable to get board and lodging together. Paris is one of the costliest cities to live in, and one of the cheapest. In the quarters most affected by Englishmen and Americans—the Grands Boulevards, the Chaussée d'Antin, Faubourg St.-Honoré, Champs-Elysées, Parc Monceau, and the Tuileries—suites command high prices. For all Paris, Baedeker makes the price of accommodations range from sixty cents to six dollars per day. Baedeker would not be safe in naming cheaper rates. But guide-books are made primarily for the well-to-do, and it is getting to be a trite saying that the economical traveller buys a guide-book principally to learn where not to go and what not to do. Guide-book assurances, also, that ignorance of the French language in no way impairs the profit or pleasure of a visit to Paris are solely for the well-to-do. If a visitor is content with guide-book sights and is willing to pay roundly for these, he will get along well enough on English, though even then things will not always run smoothly; in any other event he will suffer. Given a fair reading knowledge of French and ability to speak it enough to drive a bargain, Paris is an ideal city for experimental economy.

It is an easy thing to keep within the thirty dollars mentioned by Michel. In fact, my own expenses have averaged only a little more than half that sum,—eighteen dollars a month, or sixty cents per day. The famous Latin Quarter is the best part of Paris for the traveller to practise economy in.

The Quarter is a treasure-house of historic and literary associations. In so far it is not unique. It is more,—and in this it is unique,—it is the heart of intellectual France: the home of the Institute of France, of whose five academies the so-called "French Academy" is one; of

the College of France, where men who have received university diplomas go on studying ten, fifteen, twenty years, a lifetime, out of pure love of truth, and where the greatest scholars, thinkers, and writers of France give free public lectures from December to August; of the Sorbonne, which includes the faculties of Science, Letters, and Theology of the University of Paris; of the Normal School, the National School of Decorative Arts, and the School of Fine Arts, about which last the art education of the civilized world may be said to centre; of the Pasteur Institute, the Observatory, the Botanic Garden, the Catholic University of Paris, the Catholic seminaries of St.-Sulpice and Missions Étrangères, the School of Protestant Theology, and the Polytechnic School for the training of civil and military engineers, the latter for artillery service in the French army; of the schools of Law, Medicine, Pharmacy, Military Medicine and Pharmacy, Living Oriental Languages, Mines, Roads and Bridges; of the *lycées* St.-Louis, Louis le Grand, and Henri Quatre; of the colleges Stanislas, Ste.-Barbe, Irlandais; and of no end of private institutions and learned societies. In short, from twenty to thirty thousand students are seeking the higher education within an area, roughly speaking, of a square mile.

This square mile, while unlike the rest of Paris in some respects (the pace is less rapid in the Quarter: even vice is less feverish), shares fully the life of all Paris, and, so, the life of the world. Like Oxford and Cambridge, it has an atmosphere of learning; better still, it has it purged of every taint of scholastic seclusion. Here learning is indissolubly wedded with life. It is good to be anywhere in Paris just to be conscious of the throbbings of this mighty heart of wise aspiration; it is divine to be in it and of it, "a ray of its thought, a beat of its joy."

The Quarter has the further practical advantages of containing many of the stock sights of Paris, and of being within easy walking distance of most of the famous churches, theatres, museums, and libraries that are not within its limits.

In the Quarter, it is not hard to get a comfortable room, service included, for six dollars a month; by the week it will come higher, and by the day still higher. It is better to stay at least a month; Paris certainly deserves so much time from every traveller.

My last room, in a decent *hôtel* just off the Boulevard St.-Michel, cost me only five dollars. It was not an ideal permanent lodging, because it looked into a small court instead of the street; but, as a temporary shift, it was a close approach to luxury, fully equal in all essential points to a room which would bring one dollar to one dollar and a half per night in a New York hotel. It was about twelve feet by fifteen. The walls were freshly painted and tastefully bordered. The hard-wood floor was as clean, smooth, and shining as scrubbing, waxing, and rubbing could make it,—a surface incomparably to be preferred to the worn, faded, dust-charged Brussels, tapestries, and ingrains of a cheap American hotel.

Its single large window opened on side hinges, after the hospitable and convenient manner of the windows in all French plays. The curtains were of lace, coarse and slightly darned, but stiffly starched and

faultlessly clean. There was an open fireplace which showed no signs of ever having been touched by fire; above it, a mantel, and above the mantel a large, gilt-framed mirror, the only article in the room that smacked of uselessness and garishness. Other furnishings were a damask-covered table, two chairs (one an easy-chair), a dark-wood bed, bureau, and *table de nuit*, and an iron commode, painted white. The bed had a comfortable mattress, spotless pillows, bolsters, and sheets, and was not infested.

So much for necessities. The amenities were pleasantly suggested, if not provided for, by a wall bookcase and a neatly framed engraving of Octave Feuillet. Such a room is a revelation of the beautiful possibilities of simplicity. To have lived in such a room is a distinct gain. Fate has little or no purchase on the man who finds happiness so easily and rationally.

A wide range of choice makes the eating problem at once more complex and more interesting than the sleeping problem. If it is to be successfully solved, the stomach must first of all be Gallicized: every Americanism, be it prejudice or preference, must be sloughed off. For the sake of definiteness, I will describe my own pabular economies.

I always rose late, as a tourist does best to do, and started the day with bread (good French bread never needs butter) and a bowl of chocolate or *café au lait* bought, in an occasional fit of extravagance, at a creamery for five cents (four for the drink and one for the bread), but generally of a chocolate-woman for three cents (two for the drink and one for the bread). These chocolate-women have regular stands, in passage-ways and on street-corners, to which they come with the dawn. About ten o'clock in the forenoon they leave, to work in their homes or attend to their other business. They provide workingmen and *bourgeois* with a marvellous combination of nutrition, cheapness, and savoriness, by the help of two chafing-irons, a small wooden table, a few bowls, and a chair or two. For a slight additional sum they will send the bread and chocolate to your room; though why any man should prefer a lonesome room to the smiles and bright talk of the chocolate-women I cannot understand. Soup-women appear and disappear at the same time as the chocolate-women. They also have two chafing-irons,—for soup and for hot water. "Frenchmen and soup," some one has said, "are convertible terms. Whenever a Frenchman is ill or exhausted or hungry or about to take a long journey, he orders soup. The first thing he orders when he gets up in the morning is soup. The last thing he takes at night before donning his night-cap [all Frenchmen wear night-caps] is soup." This is a little exaggerated, and bears more direct reference to thin *bouillon* than to the soup of these soup-women, thickened to stiffness as it is with bread and vegetables. Still, the latter is a favorite with workingmen, who take a bowl of it (at two cents) on their way to work in the morning and frequently go out for another bowl during the forenoon. I tried this soup a number of times, and found it both palatable and satisfying.

Instead of *café au lait* I sometimes took a two-cent cup of black coffee—ideal coffee—at a tiny coffee-store, buying a roll to accompany it at a bakery across the street.

My lunch (*déjeuner*) came between eleven and twelve o'clock, and was taken, as a rule, at the *bouillon* restaurants, which give an *ordinaire* (a bowl of *bouillon* and a plate of meat garnished with vegetables) for from six to eight cents. Here are a few sample lunches, no one of which cost over seven cents.

1. *Bouillon*, boiled beef garnished with vegetables, and bread.
2. Sausages with cabbage, white beans, and bread.
3. Veal marengo, cauliflower with white sauce, and bread.
4. Mutton stew, macaroni, bread, and a chiccory salad.

At some of the creameries, omelettes, chops, beefsteaks, and salads may be had at very low prices; but I have never tested their quality.

Being excessively fond of French cheeses, particularly Roquefort and Camembert, I now and then lunched in my room or in the open air on bread and cheese and wine. These lunches cost about the same as those in the *bouillons*, and when I purchased also a bit of fresh fruit the cost was a trifle more. A slice of sausage added to the above makes a delicious cold lunch. It is, in fact, the common picnic lunch of a French family, and a French family, be it known, never goes on ever so brief a jaunt without a picnic lunch. It is surprising how much it simplifies living to have the smallest details of diet settled by the custom of a generation or even a century. And it is a delight to adopt these simple popular customs without fear of ridicule,—a delight that is not the least of the compensations of living cheaply abroad.

Dinner was, with me, as it should be always and everywhere, the event of the day. I dined at six as a rule. Joliet's Michel allowed twenty-four cents a day for dinners. My dinners averaged fourteen cents. My favorite dining-place was a restaurant *à la carte* in a neighborhood both respectable and historic. It was patronized mainly by clerks, although a few needy and seedy savants from a neighboring reference library gave it somewhat of a learned aspect. It was well lighted, had clean table-cloths and carefully kept table-ware, obliging *garçons*, an accurate cashier, and a courteous proprietor. There was so large a bill to choose from that I never ate there twice alike, though I always began my dinner with appetizing *bouillon*,—because, forsooth, that is the only proper way to begin a dinner.

A few dinners will stand for all.

1. *Bouillon*, bread, roast mutton with fried potatoes, a plate of white beans, and half a bottle of wine, for thirteen cents.
2. *Bouillon*, bread, sirloin of beef with mushrooms, and half a bottle of wine, for eleven cents.
3. *Bouillon*, bread, beef *à la mode* with tomato sauce, macaroni, and a lettuce salad, for fourteen cents.
4. *Bouillon*, bread, lyonnaise of tripe, roast veal, lentils, sorrel, and half a bottle of wine, for sixteen cents.
5. *Bouillon*, bread, calf's liver *sauté*, and mutton chop with salad, for fourteen cents.

At this restaurant tips were not expected, though I occasionally gave a small one for policy's sake. Vegetables were served in separate courses, as they should be, and each portion, though costing only two cents, was two or three times as large as the ordinary American side

dish. One order for two was always given willingly, so that two dining together could nearly double the number of courses, thereby making the dinner a truly elaborate affair, without increasing the cost. When I cared for dessert at all, I found it pleasanter to buy fruit on the street (peaches, plums, green figs, gooseberries, cherries) and eat it in a little park just around the corner.

As an experiment, I took a few dinners at the workingmen's restaurants (*gargotes, pensions ouvrières, cuisines bourgeoises,* etc.). They gave about the same food for the money, but they were insufferably noisy and the service was very bad. At the same time, even these were to be commended in point of neatness above our middle-class restaurants in America. None of the Paris restaurants—will you believe it?—are infested with flies, not even those with sidewalk tables.

In some relations of life French people are not as neat as Americans, and their table manners are in a few minor respects less finical, but the neatness of their restaurants is phenomenal.

The Duval Establishments are the best known of the cheaper eating-houses. There are many substantial reasons for their popularity. In the first place, their furnishings are more than comfortable, almost sumptuous. Then all vague extras are escaped by paying separately, according to a schedule, for everything taken,—even napkins,—and disputes of charges are guarded against by a system of tickets. But the prices, while cheap, range fully double those in the restaurants already mentioned, and the cooking is no better. They are much patronized by ladies, and are, perhaps, the best thing for ladies sojourning in Paris.

The origin of the Duval Establishments is interesting. M. Duval began business in a small way as a butcher near the Great Market. He made his waste meat into a *bouillon,* which he sold at a cheap rate. He spent much time in the cattle-markets, where he got the reputation of being an exceptional judge of meat on the hoof. For this reason, clubs and hotels began to patronize his shop. The new customers wanted nothing but the best, and the odds and ends increased beyond the limits of his *bouillon* trade. To utilize these odds and ends he opened restaurants in various parts of the city for the sale of cheap meats as well as *bouillon.* As these restaurants became popular, he gradually enlarged the *menu* to its present proportions.

Sundays and fête-days I dined on the sidewalk of the Boulevard St.-Germain at a restaurant *à prix fixe,* twenty-five cents for the dinner and two cents for a bright, active, accommodating *garçon.* I got no better dinner for twenty-seven cents than I could get for seventeen cents at my little *à la carte* restaurant. But there is a peculiarly pleasurable glow incident to eating in the open air and watching the life of the Quarter stream up and down the boulevard at the particular hour of the day when you love all mankind; and this glow is well worth a dime.

These dinners consisted of four courses, and included unlimited bread and half a bottle of red or white wine. The first course was a soup or *pâté de foie gras.* Of the *entrée* course I remember cold beef mayonnaise dressing, beef *à la mode,* calf's liver, veal *blanquette;* of the

roast course, beefsteak with mushrooms, lamb chops with salad, and roast beef and lamb with fried potatoes; of the dessert course, ices, cheeses, and brandied cherries.

A wine-shop generally has two rooms,—a front room, where drink is drawn and sold to a rather dubious *clientèle*, and a small, ill-lighted back room, in which meals are served to a respectable *clientèle*. In the Quarter these back rooms are largely frequented by students. The prices are ten, twelve, and fourteen cents for meats, six cents for vegetables, six cents for wine, and two cents for bread. Small tips are expected. Twenty-seven cents does not secure as large a variety here as at the *prix fixe* restaurants, but the cooking is much better. In fact, some of these dusky little wine-shops have a metropolitan reputation for special dishes. In winter they may be patronized to great advantage, but in summer they are apt to be stuffy.

With a good lodging, restaurants such as I have described, and the clothes it happens to have come with, *la bête* (to return to the phraseology of Michel) is happily provided for while in Paris. There are a few other things, trifles, that must be charged to the same account,—laundry, mending, 'bus-rides, cobbling, candles, soap, postage-stamps, stockings, baths. Baths may be had at from ten to twenty cents; for eighteen cents a glorious hot bath and rub with three hot towels. My sundries averaged only eight cents a day.

Amusements cost me ten cents a day, and I sampled therewith all the characteristic diversions of Paris,—the Grand Opéra and Opéra Comique, the principal theatres, students' balls and the balls of Montmartre, the *café concerts* of the Champs-Elysées and the boulevards, the Friday night of the Eden-Concert (classic French *chansons*), the Circus, the Hippodrome. The four theatres subsidized by the government are obliged to open their doors to the public on the Fourteenth of July, and several of the others do the same out of respect for the day. It is easy to join the *claqueurs* (hired applauders). What must be paid for can be had at a low rate. For instance, I heard Bernhardt's "La Tosca" at the Théâtre Porte Saint-Martin for fifteen cents, and a double performance at the Théâtre Française (Corneille's "Horace" and Molière's "L'Étourdi") for twenty cents. Half-rates occasionally prevail on Sunday. I remember the advertisement of a double Sunday performance at the Odéon (Regnard's "Les Folies Amoureuses" and Molière's "Tartuffe") for ten cents.

Above all, the living spectacle of the streets of Paris, splendid and varied beyond any spectacle ever staged, costs nothing and never palls. In the presence of it, Heinrich Heine's brilliant and blasphemous *mot*, "When God finds heaven dull, he takes a look at the boulevards," loses the edge of its blasphemy.

In democratic Paris, where the people claim proprietorship in the fruits of art, science, literature, philosophy, and religion, *l'âme* is more easily provided for than *la bête*. The courtesy of the government can be depended upon to grant free admission to all government factories and public works; and some of these are of intense interest. Classical music is rendered in the public parks. Churches are blazoned with the legend "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and are open every day

for devotee and architectural connoisseur alike. Museums and libraries are free as air. Advanced courses of study along almost every possible line of interest may be had for the asking.

But life in Paris, though it involved all that precedes, would not be complete without the *café*,—the never-failing resource. It is worth while to go to the *café* every evening, when you have no other engagement, not only because a dinner, however palatable, is not quite a dinner without a *café noir*, but also because at the *café* you come into closest touch with that social instinct which is the key to French character, a thing which few travellers get to understand, and yet without understanding which one understands nothing. To quote Michel again: "The *café* is for me, as for all those who have neither family nor establishment, an absolutely necessary luxury and even a great economy. This has the air of a paradox. It is really inflexible logic. After dinner, for example, if I stay in my room, I must have a light, and in winter a fire. At the *café*, without spending any more, I am lighted and warmed. I have journals, reviews, pen, ink, paper, matches, games, a cup of coffee, sugar, a *carafe* of water, and servants to wait on me." Since Michel's time, music has been added to these attractions at a few of the *cafés*. In my accounts I have entered *café* expenses under the head of amusements,—with some misgivings, inasmuch as I have come to agree with Michel that the *café* is a necessary part of normal living in Paris.

There is a human interest about this sort of life in Paris that no other foreign city I have visited gives,—a human interest that eventuates in an intense home feeling. At your *hôtel*, the *garçon*, the *concierge*, and the proprietor all put themselves out to make things pleasant for you. As you pass in and out or meet them on the stairs or in the hall-ways, they accost you good-naturedly. You are at liberty to stop and chat with them a few minutes. At your restaurants it is the same. You are acquainted with your soup-women and your chocolate-women. They tell you of their petty business and family interests, enlarge upon the precociousness of their children, and bring with them the letters of their nieces and the little presents made them by their nephews, on purpose to show you. Coming and going you salute them with as much ceremony as you would great ladies, and they respond in kind. Everywhere you are bound to evidence your recognition of the fact that there are other people in the world besides yourself. On the street, your pardon is asked if you are jostled, and you must ask pardon if you jostle. You touch your hat to a *gardien* (policeman) or stranger of whom you inquire the way. In entering and in leaving an omnibus you recognize its occupants in the same manner. You remain uncovered while a funeral procession is passing, and in a store where there is a single lady clerk, though it be the pettiest cigar-store. These manners are so simple and sensible that they seem quite natural at the start. They are of the surface, if you will; but, though they themselves are of the surface, they are beautiful illustrations of a great principle that is not of the surface,—human brotherhood,—and he who observes them lovingly in Paris cannot feel himself among strangers there.

So much for sixty-cent living in Paris. To most, this cautious-careless life will be impossible. I do not recommend it to any, lest in so doing I do wrong. Barrie, in his "Lady Nicotine," archly refuses to reveal the ingredients of the "Arcadia Mixture." "You may not be worthy to smoke it," he says. Cheap living in Paris is only for the elect. I have told you many things about it. I have not given you the secret of it. If you are one of the elect, that secret is in your soul. If I have stirred you to search your soul of souls for sure signs of your election, I have done enough. The rest will follow quickly. You will go to Paris and live the simple, large, beautiful life for a few weeks or months, and you will not regret it. As Wordsworth said of Nature, so it may be said of Paris, "She never yet betrayed the heart that loved her." Try her—if your soul says "yes."

Alvan F. Sanborn.

AT THE HOP-POLE INN.

IT was all very miserable. After entertaining high hopes,—after daring the perils of matrimony,—thus to be obliged to own the experiment a failure!

And then the climax had come so suddenly. The wooing had taken at least a month, and the engagement had lasted three times as long; yet the final rupture occupied exactly ten minutes. Oh, yes, it *was* final. There was no doubt about that; such words could not be spoken—could not be listened to—without some tragic sequel.

"Next time you speak to me like this, I shall leave the house, and you will never see me again," Eleanor Brenchley had said once.

Paul had been a little frightened then; but men never stay frightened long. In a fortnight the same bitter strife was renewed, the same harsh accusations made, the same recriminations launched; and within half an hour the young wife had left her home.

She carried a small travelling-bag, containing what are generally called in print "the barest necessaries." Twenty bright sovereigns lay snugly in her little tan-colored purse. She felt that, with her appetite diminished by grief to its present slender proportions, she could live a year on those twenty sovereigns. Through all the hot misery of her heart stole a sense of romance which was a prop to lean on. She was young; she was (some people thought) pretty; she had abandoned her husband; she had thrown herself upon the world! That last mental phrase alone had a fine flavor,—a flavor rendered more exquisite by the knowledge that the twenty pounds were owing (it was the beginning of the month) to the tradespeople in South Kensington. "Let them owe!" she thought, somewhat obscurely as to grammar, but distinctly enough as to meaning. "He will find that the house will not run so smoothly when his despised housekeeper is away."

The very word "housekeeper," uttered only by her inner consciousness, piled up the fuel on the fire of her indignation.

"Who will drudge for him now?" she thought. "Who will act as a buffer between him and the servants? Who will worry over the accounts, and order the dinner, and look into the dust-bin to see that no bread has been thrown away? Oh, what a life! what a life!"

It was bitter cold, but these surging thoughts warmed her like wine. In the days (not very far in the past) when she and Paul were happy, they had taken a driving-tour through Kent. It was summer, just before the hopping. The week spent in the soft sweet air was one to be remembered,—a week of sunshine and shower, of gray skies and golden, of burning sunsets and ruddy moonrises, of smooth roads bordered by hedges and fringed by drooping trees, and the fields of hop-poles, glorious in their tendrils and clusters, dressed as if for a masquerade in which all the dancers were Bacchantes of the beer-vat.

On one of these magic days, towards evening, the Brenchleys had halted at a wayside inn. The sign swung free from its post, framed in cunning scrolls of iron, and it bore the name of "The Hop-Pole." In the garden behind the house, where the roses were overflowing the wall and the box was sending out its evening fragrance, the happy pair sat, eating strawberries and drinking tea. Paul said he liked the place so much that he thought they must come again. They spent the night in a rose-scented, dimity-curtained room. The night was lustrous with moonlight, and the morning was vocal with blackbirds.

Eleanor could remember the glint of a snowy pigeon against the deep sky, the gloss of the fresh ivy, the mellow greens and yellows of the ancient bricks of the garden wall; and she could remember Paul——

It was to this place that her mind turned when the hot indignant moment of departure came. It was not far to go, and it was not likely that her husband would think of seeking her there; and so it happened that she was walking, at dusk in the month of December, over the frost-bound roads of Kent. She ached and burned from head to foot, but whether with heat or cold she could not tell. The two miles from the station, where no fly had been found, seemed endless. Anger and excitement, however, carried her onward like swift-rolling wheels, and at length, when the bag had grown very heavy and the twenty sovereigns in her pocket weighed like a ton of buried treasure, she saw in the frosty dusk a ray of red issuing from a window. Her heart leaped up to meet the blessed light. Longing for warmth and shelter fought with shame for her lonely condition, and it needed all the weariness of her body to conquer the alertness of her fears.

She stole through the low archway which led to the yard of the inn. Blurred with the coming night and bleak with winter as it was, she recognized the place. No roses, no pigeons, no summer airs,—no Paul.

"Ah, how he is suffering now!" she thought, and, so thinking, knocked.

The door swung back, and the red fire-light rushed upon her. It came from a little parlor behind the bar.

The proprietor of the inn stood against a fiery background and looked at her.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he asked.

He had been a nobleman's valet, and knew good manners.

"Oh, Mr. Shaw," said Mrs. Brenchley. "I was here last summer with—my husband. I have always remembered the place, and now as I was passing through——"

"Pray come in, madam. Did you walk? No fly at the station? Too bad! Allow me." And Mr. Shaw took Eleanor's bag. "You will find a fire in the coffee-room," he continued, as his guest entered and he shut out the icy night. "At this time of year we haven't many visitors, but I think we can make you comfortable."

Eleanor murmured something, she scarcely knew what, and entered the coffee-room.

The walls were panelled, but the old black oaken beam which supported the ceiling had been whitewashed. There were pictures,—two of biblical, one of historical, and one of local interest, the last being the portrait of a large land-owner in the neighborhood. There was a deep chair standing in the shadow of the chimney, and into it Eleanor sank, with a feeling of relief.

Soon the fire warmed her. Some tea was brought, and while she drank it preparations for her comfort went forward in the chamber above.

In happier days, the quaintness of her surroundings, the genial influence of the fire, and the simple hospitality of the innkeeper would have given her keen pleasure. Then Paul would have been there, too: Paul was a wonderfully entertaining man. Ah, how mistaken she had been in him!

Mr. Shaw, she thought, regarded her with some curiosity. He had himself brought in the tea, and he now hovered, respectful, yet reluctant, in the door-way.

"You won't think me impolite, madam," he said, "if I say as how I wouldn't have known you again? I've the worst eye for knowin' a person again! My missus remembers every one as comes here, I tell her, but I'm always so taken up with one thing or another that, I assure you, I never knows who's who. Is your good gentleman well, ma'am?"

This sudden turn from the declamatory to the interrogative was almost too much for Mrs. Brenchley.

"He was well when I left—oh, yes, he was well," she said, rather wildly. Then, "I should like to go up, Mr. Shaw, and take off my things."

"Certainly, madam. But dinner? How about dinner?" he persisted. "We've nothing extra good at present, I very much fear. In the fish line, now, perhaps you couldn't relish such a 'umble thing as a whiting? Mrs. Shaw was cook to Lord Polwheedle before we married, and she can make a sauce which would be a perfect disguise for the commonest fish. What I always say is, you make a reg'lar good sauce, and it don't matter a ha'p'orth whether you're eatin' salmon or sprats."

"Anything will do for me," said Eleanor, escaping from the torrent of his words. She wished that the frost had bound them like the streams.

The old room up-stairs was like what she remembered, yet strangely unlike. The dimity curtains glowed in the firelight. The lattice was fast closed, and behind it the snow had begun to fall.

It was so bitterly cold that Eleanor wrapped her head in a black lace scarf to ward off the pangs of neuralgia, which began to assail her.

As she put the finishing touches to her simple toilette, she heard wheels clattering on the stones of the inn-yard. The voice of the landlord sounded a few moments later, in the hall below. Eleanor hesitated in the door-way, at the top of the old stairway, and she had no sooner decided to descend than Mr. Shaw approached.

His face, honest and apologetic, was grotesquely lighted by the flaring candle which he carried.

"Oh, I was just comin' up, madam," he said. "There's a gentleman arrived this moment, and I don't like to send him on, for the nearest inn is five miles away, and the snow's fallin' thick. Would you be much put about if he was to dine in the coffee-room?" Seeing from Mrs. Brenchley's face that she *was* rather "put about," he added, in a wheedlesome voice, "You see, ma'am, we've nothing else to hoffer, without the gentleman eats in the kitchen, or be'ind the bar, which I really couldn't ask him——"

Eleanor's kindness of heart prevailed.

"Yes, he may dine in the coffee-room, Mr. Shaw. I have no right to prevent it, even if I wished," she added, belittling her concession.

Shaw's anxious countenance cleared.

"Well, you 'ave a sort of hunwritten right, as you may say, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am."

With that he dived down the narrow, dark staircase, scattering grease as he went.

Eleanor retired once more to her room, to remain until the detested gentleman should have been shown to his.

Presently two pairs of heavy feet sounded on the stairs and down the low-ceiled corridor past her room. She then blew out her candles and made her way to the coffee-room.

The gas and the lamps had evidently gone wrong, for there was no light there, save that of the fire, and a couple of candles on the mantelpiece.

In a warm corner, screened by the jutting out of the chimney, stood a quaint, attractive chair, in which Eleanor seated herself. She was tired and cold, and, oh, so sick of living! Her exalted mood had given way to one of apathetic despair. Though she was alone, she pulled the black lace over her face to hide the tears which struggled slowly into her eyes and dripped over.

The thought of her home was present with her, and of the deserted husband, hot-tempered, perhaps, but a good fellow as men go,—"better than most men," said conscience, very softly. She wondered whether the cook would give him any dinner. Would he be hungry? or would he be at Scotland Yard by this time, giving the police a detailed description of her, and sending messengers to all parts of England to find her? Or would he—there was the sting!—be glad that her irritating

presence was removed? At this thought the black lace quivered, and a little sob shook her bosom.

Then came steps without, and Mr. Shaw ushered in the stranger.

"The gas is the very worst, sir, that ever I saw," said the host, "and this time I do believe as it's froze in the pipe. My missus she refuses positive to have lamps, 'cause of the smell—which they flares invariable, and cracks the chimneys. So here we are, sir, dependin' on candles."

The stranger was a young man, and apparently short-sighted. He stared about the room with contracted eyes, trying to see, and evidently not seeing.

Mr. Shaw cleared his throat.

"The—er—lady, sir, is in the corner; she very kindly allows you to dine here, sir——"

The young man peered more keenly and more hopelessly into the dusk.

"Oh—ah—very kind, I'm sure," he said, looking extremely self-conscious; then, with a small burst of irritation, very pardonable under the circumstances, he added, to Shaw, "Most aggravating! I'm so short-sighted I can't see three feet before me, and I've lost my glasses on the way."

"Very hawkward, sir," said Shaw, sympathetically.

He stood for a moment in the door-way, then, beaming commiseration, devotion, and the promise of a dinner, slipped into the windy passage and was seen no more.

With indescribable freezings and burnings, Eleanor, looking from the folds of black lace, saw that the young man was—her husband!

He too, then, had fled to the wayside inn for consolation. What an opportunity!

She exerted her will to the utmost to control the trembling which shook her body, watching Paul, the while, from her black-lace lair.

He looked hunted, miserable, desperate; moreover, he appeared to be in the mood when a man must tell somebody his troubles before he can hope to be better. She resolved that he should tell them to her. Under cover of a pretty foreign accent, of which she was mistress, she would speak to him, and draw forth his confession.

Just now he was walking about the little room, ostentatiously avoiding any appearance of spying on the lady whom Fate had whimsically closeted with him in the wilds of Kent.

He pretended to look at the pictures, though his wife knew quite well that they were black-and-white blurs to his unaided vision.

Presently he would speak. She was sure of it. He was ripe for an outbreak of some kind.

In a few moments he threw himself into a straight-backed chair, before the fire, and stared at the flame. His features had sharpened since the morning. Many a criminal fleeing from justice might have been less handsome, but few could have looked more guilty.

No woman likes to see a man look miserable; that is, none but a very hardened woman. Already Eleanor pitied him a little, but she meant that he should suffer—a little.

Their silence had lasted for ten minutes at least; it seemed longer.

The upright clock in the corner twanged out the hour in a rasping old voice. In sixty minutes the "'umble whiting" with the "reg'lar good sauce" would be on the table, and the opportunity would be gone. A battle may be won or lost in sixty minutes. Eleanor spoke.

"I am sorry that I must divide the room with you," she said, with a pretty roll of the *r* learnt abroad.

At the sound of her voice his brows contracted. He turned his eyes quickly to her shadowy corner, then as swiftly averted them.

"I am in your way," he said, almost sulkily, "I know that; but I couldn't go on in this blinding snow. I shall try not to inconvenience you."

"I didn't mean that," said Eleanor, sweetly. "I was apologizing for disturbing you."

"I beg your pardon for making such a mistake," he said, rather eagerly. "I was rude. I—the truth is——"

He rose and began walking up and down.

"You are not rude," said the pretty voice from the shadowy corner; "only nervous,—and unhappy."

The last word was said very low.

Paul wheeled about and looked towards the corner, with frank surprise on his face.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"I have eyes," said Eleanor.

"I wish to heaven I had!" cried Paul. "I've lost my glasses and can't see anything; I can't even see you."

He looked as if he would like to.

"So much the better," said Eleanor. "Think of me as the priest in the confessional,—invisible, but sympathetic. Tell me your trouble."

Her heart beat at the audacity of her words.

Paul seemed perplexed.

"It is not usual——" he began, slowly.

"It is not usual, you would say, to confide one's private affairs to a strange lady whom one can't see, in the coffee-room of a Kentish inn. No, it is not; but you are not in your usual condition of mind."

"How do you know that?" he again demanded.

"It does not require second-sight." She laughed gently.

He came nearer, back to his own place by the fire. She was still protected by the shadow and the hanging lace.

"Do you know," he said, with some hesitation, "you reminded me at first—that is, your voice did—of some one who is very dear to me; some one"—he paused, and his voice broke—"whom I have offended."

Eleanor's heart leaped. The firelight showed her how his face was sharp with trouble, his head bent on his chest.

"It is a solemn thing to offend one who loves us," she said, gravely.

"This person does not love me," he said. "I do not wonder."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"Too sure! To-day's work has finished it all."

Eleanor's throat throbbed painfully.

"Were you ever married?" Paul demanded, abruptly. "Forgive the question. I cannot even see you,—I don't know whether you are young or old,—but your voice tells me that you are kind and do not think me impertinent. *Were* you ever married?"

"Yes," said the voice in the shadow.

He thrust his hand through his hair with a wild, troubled gesture. He was very pale.

"I feel," he said, "like a man who has done a great crime,—has ruined his life, and almost finished it. I don't talk to you as man to woman, but as creature to creature. If I were in my senses I could not tell you these things; to-morrow I shall be ashamed, but to-night I can only long for sympathy, and seek it in the stranger whom chance has thrown in my way. You have been married. What do you think of marriage?"

Eleanor smiled behind her screen. "That is the largest question I have ever been asked in my life," she said.

"I am not the first to ask it," said Paul. "Your married life—long or short—has asked you the same question every day."

"That is true," answered Eleanor. "But we dare not answer, even to ourselves."

He went on eagerly, as though unutterably glad to be talking: "I say that marriage ought to be happy. Unless a man is a criminal, or a rake, or a dastardly fellow, he ought to be able to make a woman happy."

"Some men," said Eleanor, coldly, "have been criminals, rakes, and dastards, all three, and yet they have made women happy."

His face froze into pained surprise.

"You believe that?" he cried, with a tinge of reproof.

"I know it. My husband was an excellent man,—and he made me miserable."

"Don't think me too rude, but—speaking, you know, creature to creature, for the first and last time—were you not at all in fault?"

"Yes, greatly."

"Ah! I thought so." He looked relieved.

"Greatly in fault, and my fault was this: from my wedding day I gave up my will in all things, and took his decisions and opinions for mine."

"Surely that was a great virtue,—the greatest a wife can possess."

"No, a serious vice. I lost my identity, and my husband came to believe only in his own powers of governing. The ruin of the poor man's character is on my conscience, and it is very heavy."

She buried her face in her hands, and whether she were laughing or crying she scarcely knew.

Paul's face was flushed. "Is he then ruined past all cure?" he asked.

"I don't know; I have left him," she replied.

"How strange! I have left my wife!" he cried; then, with a spasm of pain, "I can't bear the thought of her alone, in—London."

Eleanor politely feigned ignorance of his emotion. His eyelids drooped, and under them, she felt sure, there was something glistening.

"Since I have talked so strangely to you," he said, after a few moments of intense silence, "I may as well tell you all. It was only to-day that we had what are vulgarly called 'words,' and my wife vowed that she would not live any longer under the same roof with me. I did forget myself,—or, rather, I forgot her,—forgot that she was a woman and a lady, and said unkind things to her."

"Said, perhaps, that you had never known what comfort and happiness were since you married," interpolated Eleanor, demurely.

"By Jove, I did say that! How did you know?" cried Paul.

"I am married," said his wife.

He laughed with some discomfort.

"And," Eleanor proceeded, "your wife said——?"

"Said she had always been treated like a lady at home."

"Then, no doubt, you replied that perhaps at that time she had behaved like a lady and deserved to be treated like one."

"You are wonderful! You make me uncomfortable. I can't see you well, which makes it more uncanny. You must have been there!"

He laughed again, this time boyishly. He looked happier already.

"Oh, I know those conjugal interviews," said Eleanor. "My husband and I used to talk ourselves and each other mad."

"You know how it goes from bad to worse," he said. "Eleanor—my wife—is a very pretty woman. She looked lovely as she flung out of the room to-day. I was ashamed, but I hadn't the courage to call her back or to go to her. To save her the trouble of leaving me, I left her. I remembered this place, where we were very happy last summer, and I knew that she would never think of looking for me here. I want to stay and grasp the situation, as it were,—determine what to do."

He leaned his head back and looked dreamily into the fire.

"I am sorry for your wife," said the lady in the corner.

"Even now I have left her?" he asked, with a bitter little smile.

"Sorry either way. There are three kinds of wives, speaking broadly,—the woman who blusters and gives in, the one who doesn't bluster but gives in all the same, and finally the one who is quiet and polite, but who always makes her husband give in. To which category did your wife belong?"

"To the first, I should think: she did use to talk and say that now she meant to have her own way for once, but she generally came round to my way of thinking."

"That, to my mind, was better than tamely acknowledging at once that she was foolish and you infallible. Better to struggle and fail than to take tyranny meekly."

"Ah, you take a woman's view of it."

"Naturally; but tell me—of course there were good grounds for your quarrels? Jealousy, or something of that sort?"

"No, indeed. Nothing of the kind. We were very much attached to each other. I am sure no woman ever attracted me as Eleanor does; and she is not one of the horrid flirty matrons one sees too much of nowadays."

"Perhaps if she were you would be more polite to her. Well, your quarrel was not caused by jealousy? What then?"

Paul Brenchley looked foolish. He opened his mouth to speak, then apparently thought better of it.

"Come, now," said Eleanor, inwardly twittering with laughter; "don't be afraid."

Paul flushed ruddily. "It was a—*shirt-button!*" he blurted out.

The strange lady in the shadow of the chimney gave a small shriek, which Paul echoed a size larger.

"Oh," she cried, "you poor dear foolish man! Go home to your wife and ask her pardon, and let her ask yours! Go and get your shirt-button sewn on, or cut off, or whatever you like, but don't be a goose!" And the laughter rippled about through her words like a brook among pebbles.

Something in her unguarded utterance kindled sudden suspicion in Paul's breast. He started up in excitement and approached her.

"Oh, if I could see you!" he cried. "It can't be you; and yet ——Eleanor!"

A lump of coal fell apart and released the flame, which spurted up brightly.

The door opened, and Mr. Shaw appeared, balancing a tray.

Eleanor rose, straight and slim, with her cheeks burning, her eyes sparkling. The lace had fallen from her head, and she stood in the full glow of the fire. Laying her hand on the strange gentleman's arm, she said,—

"Mr. Shaw, you have forgotten my husband. Mr. Brenchley and I are quite ready for dinner."

Edith Evelyn Bigelow.

MELBA.

AS one who at the coming of the day
Beholds the morning star serenely shine;
While lesser suns and planets fade away,
She fills the deepening blue with light divine:
So in the empyrean heights of song
I see arise a luminary fair,
Such as above the gates of heaven belong
And flame and sparkle in celestial air.
She gives new life to lays of old romance,
The court of Arthur, Mantua's tragic tale,
The love-sighs of the passionate Juliet;
And listening, wrapped as in a mystic trance,
To Melba's song, I hear the nightingale
Carol, but not with thorn against her bosom set.

Champion Bissell.

GRAND OPERA.

THERE is no longer any occasion to explain or apologize for that form of emotional or mental entertainment known as opera. While it is true that people laboring under intense emotion, whether of joy or sorrow, do not sing their pleasures or pains, it is equally true that when well-trained artists represent these emotions in public, aided by scenic and orchestral effects, the results are captivating in the highest degree, and that the public not only demands this form of entertainment, but is willing to pay more for it than for any other style of musical or dramatic illusion.

How old is opera? Some scholars tell us that the Greek plays were intoned by the actors, and that the choruses were sung. Being performed in the open air, this sort of recitation was probably adopted in order that the voices of the players might be carried further. You can throw your tones to a much greater distance if they are pitched on a musical key. Even babies are taught this by nature. Their screams are strictly within the lines of musical notation. The masses of the Church have always been intoned. But when we come to the beginnings of opera in shape and form like that of to-day, only ruder and primitive, we find nothing earlier than De la Hale's comic opera of the "Little Game of Robin and Marian,"—in the thirteenth-century French, "*Li gieus de Robin et de Marian.*" This excellent little work, a wonder in view of the times, does away with the current belief that Italy was the birthplace of opera.

Then there is a blank until the sixteenth century, when a poet and a composer collaborated a work founded on the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. This set the fashion for all time of librettist and composer, only broken in upon by Wagner, who thought and taught that a composer of music should write the words that accompany the notes.

This story of Orpheus and Eurydice seems to have had great charms for makers of operas. Monteverde, at the head of a band of Florentine amateurs, wrote an "Orfeo." The famous Gluck wrote an "Orfeo," which is still extant and contains a rich mine of lovely music. Offenbach wrote an "Orphée," containing at least one melodious *motif* which will always be popular. Here are three operas based on one story; and there may be a number of others which, having died at their birth, have not been preserved. It is one thing to write an opera, and quite another to have it staged. Europe is full of the graves of these unfortunate offsprings of ambitious poets and composers.

Between the very old and the very new stands Mozart, who caught a glimpse, like some prophet anticipating a glorious future which he is not permitted to share, of the modern orchestra, and wrote his score up to date and with a foretaste of improvements to follow. The overture to "Don Giovanni" shows the reliance which this great musician placed upon the violin. In fact, the violin, with its amplifications the 'cello and the bass-viol, is an orchestra in itself. It traverses the gamut of

all musical sound, and is the one instrument which musicians would preserve if all were condemned to perish except one.

As if to emphasize the value of this peerless instrument as the handmaid of melody, Mozart uses the piano as an accompaniment to recitative, a practice discarded by modern composers, who have a wealth of instrumentation to draw upon of which Mozart never dreamed.

This master-work of the German composer, who was German only by birth, still holds the stage, and, it may be believed, will be as immortal as the plays of Shakespeare. It is an antique, but so is Hamlet. The Venus of Milo is also an antique, as well as Raphael's Madonna, numerously exemplified, and worth a king's ransom wherever she is found. We have cut loose from the traditions of this opera; the tenor as the central figure and hero has displaced the baritone; no opera now demands three prima donnas for an appropriate presentation, and our stage bands demand something more than pastoral reed music; and still the grand old composition, suffused with divine beauty and suggesting the infinite yearnings of the soul for indefinable and unattainable possessions in the universe of sentimental illusion, retains our affections and commands the admiration of delighted audiences in all the great cities of Europe and America.

Opera has burst into full bloom only during our own century, at first under the cultivation of that great master of musical art, Rossini, followed and seconded by the twin swans of melodious song, Bellini and Donizetti. Will the world ever tire of "The Barber of Seville" and "Semiramide"? Will "La Sonnambula" and "I Puritani" ever pall upon our taste? Or shall we ever grow weary of "Lucrezia Borgia" and the pathetic song of "Lucia di Lammermoor"? In the works of these three composers the *aria* first reached the zenith of musical ambition,—that is, the point where audiences are so wholly charmed that they refuse to part with the singers except at the ransom of an encore. Verdi, Gounod, Bizet, have not improved upon these methods of melody, because no improvement is possible. Who will undertake to say that the "*Caro nome*" is superior or inferior to "*Ah non giunge*," "*Di piacer*," or "*Spirito gentil*"? Each in its excellence is supreme, absolutely charming and satisfying. Only those who out-Wagner Wagner himself in dethroning melody and refusing it a position in legitimate musical art will attempt to criticise these superb compositions, or to draw comparisons to their mutual disadvantage.

Certain members of various Wagnerian coteries assert, and claim to believe in all sincerity, that music which the average listener can carry away with him or her, and hum over and feed upon at leisure from memory, is of a lower order than the interminable waves of harmony that follow each other in the works of Wagner and submerge the hearer, as the Atlantic billows swallow up the swimmer. Controversy on such a subject is unprofitable, it might be styled impossible. There must be no dispute or discussion as to matters of taste. This is a social law, and it is a just rule. The disciples of Wagner claim that his music is the "Music of the Future," and it is easy to allow this pretension, since no man knows what the future will bring forth, and it is not the business of any one to deny anything that is foretold.

Whoever does this usurps the gift of prophecy; and, in addition to this, one guess is as good as another as to what is going to happen.

While the Music of the Future is entitled to respect, it is enough for us to occupy ourselves with the Music of the Present. We live only in the present. "The Past," said the cynical Frenchman, "is a time that never has been, the Future a time that never will be." When to-morrow comes, it comes as to-day, and when we revive the past it becomes to-day. To-day, then, is the supreme moment, and it is to-day that we welcome and enjoy the great masters who fill our opera-houses with delighted audiences.

Let us not join in the sneers that the prophets of the Future fling at our favorite Rossinis, Donizettis, Bellinis, Verdis, Gounods, and Meyerbeers. Somebody in Europe said that "Meyerbeer was a Jew banker to whom it occurred to compose operas." The answer to this is found in the crowds that besiege the box-office when "The Huguenots" is announced for the next week. On such occasions try to buy a front-row seat a week in advance; you will then learn what the public think of the songs of Raoul, Valentine, and Marguerite, and the stupendous *ensemble* of the "Blessing of the Poniards."

People sometimes complain that the opera is expensive. Why should it not be? Paintings by Daubigny, Rousseau, Vibert, Cazin, Jean Beraud, Detti, etc., are expensive, because they are excellent, and the possessors of the technique required to produce them are few in number and know their own value.

There are very few composers who are able to produce really great operas, and they must be well paid. Then how many vocal artists are there in the known world who are competent to interpret the music? Do we appreciate the enormous expenditure of time and effort, the long, laborious, uninterrupted training which the singers must go through with, before audiences will listen to them? This species of training, too, demands the sternest and most conscientious personal sacrifices. There must be often a Spartan regimen, great forfeitures of social pleasures, daily and unceasing study and practice, no matter at what cost of weariness and often irksome labor. All this must be accomplished while the golden hours of youth are fleeting, and without the sure promise of ultimate success as an incentive. The attainment of renown as a singer is like the high prize in a lottery, and, after all, the aspirant may draw a blank.

Even when fame is achieved, and in the great cities of both hemispheres the brow of the singer is crowned with laurels, and opulent managers outbid each other in order to secure engagements, some unforeseen accident may at once destroy the entire fabric of availability so carefully constructed, of genius, musical skill and capacity, dramatic fervor, and conscientious devotion to art. Then the voice is silenced forever, and the singer lives only in memory, while the income stops.

Even at the best the career of the vocalist is brief. The great lawyer or physician often touches his zenith at threescore, or perhaps threescore and ten; a Gladstone retires only from choice at eighty-five; a Bismarck is never greater than in old age; but what of the singer when inexorable time attacks the vocal organs? The actor may indeed

wrestle with the pitiless years, and gradually accommodate declining forces to the complaisant *rôles* which dramatists provide for older artists, but these havens of refuge are denied to the singer. He or she must make hay while the sun shines. One cannot always be an Amina, a Marguerite, a Carmen, an Edgardo, or a Rhadames; and when the fateful hour of dismissal sounds, it is forbidden to lag superfluous on the stage. There is, then, nothing improper or ungraceful in the plan that the singer should sell his or her voice at the topmost price that it will bring in the market. One thing is certain, no manager is going to pay more than it is worth. The measure of value is fixed by the box-offices, and these are the only standards that managers can be, and as a matter of fact are, guided by. This does not prove that art is mercenary. The laborer everywhere is worthy of his hire. Rare genius accompanied with laborious effort always commands and deserves large rewards; and these rewards must be in money, because money represents labor, and one equivalent naturally demands another.

"Strakosch, when are you going to give us grand opera?" asked a banker of that daring but not always fortunate *impresario*. "My dear sir," was the answer, "I never intend giving grand opera, but I hope to sell you some this winter, if I can only borrow some money to buy artists." In dealing with the impersonal public which requires to be cheered, delighted, and amused, money is the only measure of value, and is the solid recompense of the artist. There are other forms of compensation, which, being born of the hour and freely tendered, are certainly dear to the artist, and continually incite to arduous exertion in the delightful art of giving pleasure to others. Dear are the rapturous and repeated plaudits of the house, especially those which come from the gallery, where the true lovers of music assemble often at the expenditure of a large proportion of a week's earnings at humble toil; dear are recalls; dear are encores; dear are ship-loads of flowers. And dear also are the printed criticisms of those journalists who really know something about musical art and attainment, and who write honestly and in the exercise of an untrammelled judgment.

Nellie Melba.

ALIEN WAYS.

THE Moon is pale in the south;
The Sun is red in the west.
He sighs for her cool, sweet mouth,
And she for his warm, true breast.

Are they nearer for their sighing?
Nay! Out to the east glides she;
And where westernmost clouds are lying
He sinks down into the sea.

M. S. Paden.

BUCOLIC JOURNALISM OF THE WEST.

IN whatever particular the West may be forced to confess itself behind that older civil life from which it has sprung, it has never had to charge itself with any lack of enterprise; and especially has this been true in its expenditure of printers' ink. Wherever natural conditions or the boomer's ambition has called together the nucleus of a town, there, like the anxious heart of the young community, sounds the sturdy throb of its printing-press, and never a hamlet so insignificant that it may not demand its share of the world's attention through the columns of at least one weekly newspaper. Not infrequently it happens that, where the boomer's spirit has been premature in its hopes, the unfortunate weekly is called to lead a forlorn hope which well might daunt the stoutest heart; but it would seem difficult to discover any individual more perfectly imbued with the Mark Tapley philosophy than the average country editor of the West. Like the cactus of his chosen field, he appears endowed with a well-nigh miraculous faculty for extracting a living from the poorest soil, and, like that bristling and aggressive growth, seems able to cope with every adverse wind.

He is generally "a fellow that hath seen losses" and through fate's buffetings has become armed with a sort of pachydermal philosophy which serves him well. More often than otherwise he has worked his way upward, step by step, from the inky insignificance of the office devil, and he enjoys to the full the rich sense of promotion, finding substantial satisfaction in the editorial "We" which goes far to offset recurring ill luck and disappointment. We do not always find him embodying a beatitude of content by any means, his appeals to delinquent subscribers regularly clouding the editorial columns, backed by the sharp argument of need; while his spirited arraignment of such small-souled citizens as will not advertise is always forcible and quite to the point; but, despite these incidental grievances, it still appears that so long as ink and paper can be procured "on time" and the wherewithal to live may be purchased with job printing and advertising, just so long will this doughty knight of the quill stand ready to compromise with fate in all good will.

The Echo will exchange anything in its line for anything in the way of merchandise or labor. Carpenters, bricklayers, stone-masons, and laborers can pay their bills for subscription, advertising, and job printing by their own labor, and merchants can pay their bills with goods. This office will be kept rushing, money or no money.

Such is the announcement of one enterprising sheet of Southern Colorado; while a Wyoming contemporary cheerfully meets the prevailing financial stringency by announcing its terms in standing type as follows:

Subscribe for The FREE GAZETTE
$1.50 per Year in Advance, or $2,
00 per year on time or trade.

And another shows a large willingness to accommodate by proposing the following terms to its advertisers:

> Cuts furnished and cards similar to the following, published in this column for ten dollars per year.
>
> TERMS—Must be paid for in advance when convenient, but will accept five dollars in advance and five at end of year.

A broad vein of humor is a common characteristic of the Western press, as it is of the Western people. Not infrequently the very title smacks of a joke, as in Bill Nye's old paper, "The Laramie Boomerang," and "The Solid Muldoon" of Ouray; while one must see the hint of an ungodly grin behind the grave statement of one mining town paper —one of the breeziest and liveliest of its kind—that it aspires to be "the Organ of the Church and Home Circle," and readily detect the smile behind the following grandiloquent announcement of another ambitious aspirant:

> The RUSTLER will be one of the few Great Western Papers, and although printed in the Mountains of the Great West, at the foot of one of the grandest peaks in the world, still it will overreach the plains of Central United States, and knock at the doors of New England and the Sunny South. We intend to be a Semi-National paper.

The humor may not always be of the most refined sort, but the editor presumably knows his public. Fastidious people may be shocked, but the majority will probably see nothing but good-natured fun in such statements as that appearing in a Longmont (Colorado) paper to the effect that every male citizen of the prohibition town of Greeley carries a corkscrew in his pocket, while one unfortunate gentleman, whose name is unreservedly given, actually requires the article to draw his breath; nor in that more startling assertion of a Greeley paper that its neighboring town of Boulder has grown so pious that the people there even open a jack-pot with prayer.

The paper may not aspire to any ultra-refinement, and it may fall a long way short of the ideal in other respects; but it is generally readable and often amusing, while to the thoughtful observer it has a deeper interest in its portrayal of existing conditions and customs. Editorially it aims to cater to the taste and culture affected by its patrons; in its gossipy local news and personal mention the life of the community is naïvely revealed; while in its advertising columns the people speak for themselves. The paper is generally a "patent inside," and, relieved of so much of the drudgery of filling his pages, the editor conceives his whole duty fulfilled if he keep his eye well focussed upon the local field. In the editorial columns proper he is apt to evince a modest, not to say labor-saving, disposition, leaning toward the scissors rather than the pen; but in the local news he shines in cheerful garrulity. Here he is familiar, facetious, and altogether hail-fellow-well-met with everybody. He is no respecter of persons, and he may tell truth upon occasion with a candor calculated to shame not only the devil but everybody concerned as well, as in the following:

The social at B. B. Lockard's last Friday evening was a howling success, and everything passed off pleasantly, excepting that young Basstrum made himself the hero of the evening by taking two ladies to supper and refusing to pay for but one; not to mention the very appropriate (?) song he sang, entitled: "Oh George, tell me that you love me," etc. In fact he made himself disgustingly conspicuous.

He enjoys his little joke with cheerful confidence in an appreciative public, although all too often it might seem that the fun would be more apparent to the disinterested outsider than to the parties immediately concerned; in such, for instance, as the examples below, clipped from various Western papers:

Drew, the baker, is an enterprising sort of cuss. He goes his whole length on building up the town, and so does his partner.

There was born yesterday morning to the wife of the Hon. Jesus Maria Garcia, at his residence at Plaza de Garcia, one mile below the city, a daughter. We do not mention this occurrence as a matter of news, as the same accident has occurred to Don Jesus seventeen times, but having contracted the habit of publishing the item, we intend to continue it at suitable intervals till there is a change in the programme.

Bill Dale has a prospect called Chief Big Finger that has a vein as large as William's gall, which he predicts will open out to dimensions approximating the size of the aperture in his face. It has a promising look.

The girls of the Ridge had better look a "leedle oud" now for Bernard Buster has donned a new suit of clothes and his consequent movements may be regarded with a grain or two of suspicion.

Uriah McClancy is the old man genial of the camp. He is fond of a good story, believes in a full stomach and places at the disposal of the guests of the camp the wherewithal to make such a belief a happy realization. The Albany gives two pieces of pie for dessert and buys its meat of Mathers & Murphey, the boss butchers of Boulder county.

Bob Coulehan has not time to tell the truth or take a bath for waiting on the guests who continue to crowd his restaurant. He keeps all the delicacies of the season, and with his good wife and other efficient help, none ever go away dissatisfied.

It would seem that gratuitous advertising of such sort might prove unacceptable even to the point of active remonstrance on the part of captious people; but the fact that the editor must inevitably enjoy the last word in any controversy may operate in favor of that freedom of speech which he seems generally accorded without let or hinderance; this, together with a valiant determination to stand by his guns, which is apparent whenever occasion offers. A lively Colorado journal thus refers to a visit of the remonstrant order:

The Captain of the Salvation Army and another tramp, wearing the red shirt, came to this office Wednesday to demand the retraction of an article appearing in these columns last week, which rather hinted at the fact that the outfit owes its subsistence to the peculations of hired girls who are in sympathy with these 19th century crusaders in the army of the Lord. He was politely advised that if his shoes were tight, he would do well to patronize another shoemaker. The fellow rather suggested force, but as the editor had donned his rattlesnake pants that morning, he sneaked out of the office door with the air of the fabled ass whose tail swept the earth when it was confronted by the lion of the forest. Had it not been that this is the organ of the church and

home circle, the fellow's anatomy would have become a broom for the purpose of sweeping out the accumulated debris.

It well might seem that a person given to meeting the enemy in the awe-inspiring armor of "rattlesnake pants" might be accorded privileges denied the less bravely equipped majority.

The dominant characteristic of the West everywhere is a profound patriotism always bubbling to the surface in a local pride and enthusiasm. Not a community but believes itself to be located in the very centre of the richest mining district or the finest cattle country or the most perfect garden-spot of all the earth. Not one but is prepared to prove its unparalleled advantages as a manufacturing site and to show by every possible sign its destined growth to a mighty city; while each considers it a pleasure no less than a privilege to voice its invitation to all the world. That newspaper which should fail in effort properly to advertise its own town would in public estimation be evading its first duty; and as a matter of fact the Western press is rarely tongue-tied by modesty or any chill sterility of actual facts in proclaiming the advantages of the particular location to which its fealty is given. Among our clippings are many examples of this unrestrained enthusiasm, from which we select one fervid appeal:

Do not delay coming to this great winter resort of consumptives. We have the mildest winter climate of any spot on earth, and the air is actually stuffed with ozone. If the Hotels and Sanitarium are full, the citizens will provide you with snug tents and good beds. Warm houses here are a superfluity. Come! Come! Come! Delay is death. Come to this earthly paradise, where blizzards are unknown; where lungs grow out on pine stumps, and old pipe-stems turn into bronchial tubes. Come!

To this we feel constrained to add the following persuasive invitation addressed to an especially obdurate class:

Just why servant girls do not flock to Colorado is a mystery. The poorest excuse of a servant girl commands $20 a month, while good ones get as high as $35 a month. Come on, girls; no place like Colorado to make money and get married in. Twenty-five thousand good, honest, honorable young men are going to the bad right here in Colorado just because there are not girls enough to go round. Honest fact! Bundle up your duds and come on.

There is a breezy hospitality about that last line which should appeal to all the superabundant femininity of an effete East. Hospitality, indeed, is a virtue especially flourishing in the whole-souled community of the West. The live weekly never willingly forgets to welcome the coming and properly speed the parting guest; and a large proportion of its personal items will be found to consist of this kind of reference. A Kansas paper thus extends the cordial hand of fellowship:

D. B. Pigg, of Lewis, smiled on his old friends about ¾ of a minute yesterday, and scooted out. He will leave the first of the month for a business trip down through the Lone Star State.

That the gentleman named "Pigg" should make his exit by "scooting" seems exhaustively appropriate; but it must be generally admitted that only the reporter west of the Mississippi would have been likely to express himself in just that way.

The young community of the boomer's hope is always troubled by growing pains of an anticipatory sort; and all accessions to the ranks of citizenship are enthusiastically welcomed. A journal of rural Wyoming thus rises with felicitous greeting:

C. M. La Grange sold through his agent Mr. E. L. Stephens to Mrs. Mary Mickel, of Tuscarora, Nevada, seventeen lots in the town of La Grange. Consideration $1,000. Mrs. Mickel will begin the erection of several buildings for rent in La Grange soon. She is a woman of wealth and energy, and is coming herself to live among us, and will be a great addition to our community. Welcome, Mrs. Mickel.

That this gratulatory outburst is no mere conventional pretence is naïvely proved in an item found a little below in the same column, revealing what work is waiting there for citizens of "wealth and energy:"

Some parties arriving at La Grange late Monday evening were informed, after inquiring for a place to stop over-night, that they could get to stay about a mile out in the country. Such work as this makes a bad impression on travellers, and works injuries to the place. If there is no place in town where people can be accommodated over-night, arrangements should be made at once to keep them.

The filing of homestead, pre-emption, and timber claims, applications for mining patents, notices of forfeiture to such parties as may have ignored the law in respect to assessment work on mineral claims, and advertisements of stray cattle, with all their queer hieroglyphics of brands and ear-marks,—all these add their touches of local color to the Western newspaper; while more characteristic than any other of that "wild and woolly West" so nearly passed away is the following, clipped from a Wyoming sheet:

Wolves.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD will be paid by the undersigned (in addition to the bounty of $3.00 paid by Laramie county) for every wolf killed in Laramie county, Wyoming, after October 1, 1890.

Wolf hunters will be required to present pelts of wolfs and make affidavit before a justice of the peace or some other officer authorized to take depositions, residing nearest the locality nearest to where the wolf was killed, setting forth the fact that the wolf was killed in Laramie county, after the first day of October, 1890.

Blank affidavits can be obtained from justices of the peace and notaries public at any county precinct, or upon application to the undersigned.

The Laramie County Protective Association, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Not the least interesting feature of the advertising columns lies in the frank portrayal of the peculiar conditions of a primitive and struggling society. The extent to which barter prevails in districts remote from financial centres is significantly hinted in the matter-of-fact notice appended to the advertisement of a rural dry-goods store, lately clipped from a Colorado paper:

Strictly Cash or Eggs!

And one may find a pregnant suggestion on the currency question in the following resolutions adopted by certain indignant citizens of Missouri:

Indignation Meeting at Norris.

Whereas, Certain of our citizens, about fifteen in number, did rent land and raise a crop of corn on the farm known as the Landes farm, in Big Creek township, Henry county, Mo., and have faithfully performed their part according to contract, husked and cribbed their rent and delivered the rent on the farm; many of them going to the timber and preparing the material and building the cribs free of charge.

Whereas, said rent was sold and moved off of the farm by one Landes Binkley, who had said farm rented of one Wiley O. Cox of Kansas City.

Whereas, said Cox claims that said Binkley has not paid the rent, and he comes in with an attachment and has the sub-tenants' corn attached to pay the debt that he permitted said Binkley to beat him out of. Now, therefore,

Be it resolved, that in our opinion the law by which said landlord holds his lien was intended to protect the landlord against a defaulting tenant, and not to be used as in this case.

Resolved, further, that we condemn the whole proceeding, and demand the release of the corn belonging to said tenants; and that we, the citizens of Big Creek township, will uphold said tenants, and use all honorable means to prevent the removal of said corn in case sold.

Resolved, further, that we believe that when sharpers trade with sharpers they must look to them for their pay, and not fall back on hard-working men; and that the rent demanded for said farm from the sub-tenants is an outrage on laboring men—two-fifths of the corn husked and delivered, when said tenants furnish their own homes and have no privileges except the use of the land.

Resolved, further, that we invite all lovers of justice, who desire to see an honest laboring man treated fair and square, to join us in behalf of those much abused tenants.

Last resolution: that a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the county papers for publication.

H. J. BATES,
H. M. HARRISON,
J. K. REED,
A. M. BUTCHER,
Committee.

There stands revealed in these simple lines a phase of life not without a certain pathos; and, even though we may smile at the homely force of the unstudied phrasing, our hearts must still go out in sympathy to those misused tenants, while with them we "condemn the whole proceeding" and cordially endorse the sentiment that when sharpers trade with sharpers they should look to them for their pay, and not fall back on hard-working men.

The Western community likes to do everything on a large scale, and especially is it prone to lavish generosity in the matter of its advertising. In one budding city of Colorado boasting some two thousand souls, well known to the writer, there are three weekly newspapers and one daily, all apparently eking out a comfortable existence through an unstinted advertising support. The business of the town is for the most part impartially published to the world in every one of the rival sheets, regardless of politics or personal preference; and this generous sense of duty toward its newpapers is commonly to be found throughout the country. Whatever one may do or may not do, he advertises if he would ask any consideration of his neighbors; and one may often find

curious reading in these appeals to the public. There is an untrammelled originality, for instance, in the following effusion penned by an honest Colorado smith, which in its way could hardly be beaten:

The Dutchman and His Hammer.

Farmers wives and all, have your Husbands bring their work to the Dutchman's for repair; and they will always greet you with a smile, from plow shears to scissors, will shine like silver when he his hammer and file applies, for he is the best in the West.

Don't fail to bring the Buggy, Cart and Hoe don't miss the Shovel and tongues to test what the Dutchman can do for he is the best in the West, if your horse needs a shoe, and your buggy a bolt have your Husbands, to bring it straight to the Dutchman to mend, for he is the best in the West.

If your stove is minus a grate, a lid or a lifter the Dutchman can soon make it right, for he is the best in the West, and your Husband's will whistle and sing to find the bread and meat well done. Come one, come all to the Dutchman's shop for new Lays, for they are the best in the West.

Come with Carts, Plows and Rake, for by the looks of his Pants, his pockets need filling, his work is the best in the West. So come Farmers, Merchants, Doctors and Lawyers, and all will be served the same, at old man Hurt's, for he is the best in the West.

One cannot but hope that this gentle argument addressed to a gentle sex bore prompt fruitage in that improved appearance so urgently desired in the looks of his pants; while one could not question the deserved success of the versatile gentleman whose many accomplishments are offered to the world, with guaranteed satisfaction, as follows:

"SAY"!!! "McGINTY'S"

—ON DECK—

He wants your orders for Carpenter, Cabinet work, Painting, Varnishing, Glazing, Kalsomining, White washing,

HANGS WALL PAPER

Upholsterring, Glueing, Refilling Mattrasses, Mends Broken Furniture, Leaky Tin Ware, Roofs. Will make Furniture to order, Repairs Clocks, Watches, Sewing-machines, Revolvoers, Guns, Makes Wire Screens for Doors and Windows. Repairs Gentlemen's clothing, Cuts Lawns, keeps gardens in order, will also go out to days work in any part of the vicinity. He guarantees satisfaction in his work, and moderate charges. Be sure and give him a trial order.

But in the line of advertising nothing can surpass in grotesque oddity the occasional contributions of sorrowing friends to the memory of their loved and lost. Here the inglorious Milton, whose muse were more merciful mute, finds a field where his peculiar inspiration may blindly add new terrors to death. Of this style of effusion we may offer one gem, copied verbatim et literatim, with merely the omission of names:

OBITUARY.

B—— County, Nebr.

Gladys C——, age thirteen years, two months and nine days, daughter of T. S. and Mollie C——, died Nov. 4, after a long illness with typhoid fever. Gladys was one of the most amiable girls in the neighborhood and no one speaks of her only in admiration, she was loved by all her schoolmates, and she will long be remembered for her many virtues. Her funeral was preached by the Rev. D——, to a large audience of sympathising friends. Her remains were

borne to the silent city of the dead by her numerous friends, there to await the reserection morn. Weep not father, for what is your loss is Glays's gain, you know she was pure, noble and good, and if you walk in the path our Savior has made for us, you will meet her again. Mother, we know that the cross is hard to bear but your darling Gladys is safe in the arms of our loving father, there awaiting for your coming. Brother and sisters, follow the example of your loving sister and prepare yourselves to meet her in that sun bright clime. Grand-ma, your Angle darling is waiting for you on the other shore, she is prepared to welcome you home.

In Memory of Gladys C——.

Our darling Gladys is dead,
With her we had to part,
Our dear Savior only knows
The anguish of our heart.

She was our darling pet,
The angels bade her come,
She heard the gentle whisper;
Darling Gladys come.

Does she know our hearts are heavy
With lonliness and pain?
It seems each long, long hour,
She must come back again.

Savior! hush our sorrowing hearts,
We would not let her know,
It would mar her joys, I fear,
She loved her papa and mamma so.

By faith we see her now
In her bright heavenly home,
And hear her pleading,
Papa and mamma come.

She is now an angel
In that bright and happy home,
She is free from pain and sickness,
Where sorrow can never come.

We know she is in heaven
With a crown upon her head,
Oh, how hard we try to forget
That darling Gladys is dead.

When we are called from earth,
Away to join that heavenly throng,
Our darling Gladys will meet us
With these dear words, papa, mamma,
Grand-ma, brother and sisters have come.

By D. C. T.

One must marvel somewhat at editorial patience under affliction of this sort; but the chance to dispose of an extra number of papers, it would seem, is never to be despised. To this thrifty thought we are forced to attribute much of the gushing reports of local weddings, where the bride figures always as "one of our most beautiful and accomplished society young ladies" and the groom as "one of the most esteemed and successful of our leading business men," while the remaining stock of adjectives is liberally peppered over the list of the

bridal gifts, enthusiastically condoning the awful repetition in pickle-jars and hand-painted banners. Business is business, even to the doughty editor who vaunts his independence in such good set speech as follows:

We never compromise our opinions because of advertisers or subscribers. If they don't like our ideas they can go to another shop.

We publish this paper for our own benefit, but in the interest of all the people, and honestly advocate that which in our best judgment we believe to be for their good.

But, however keen the eye to the main chance, it is to be feared that success falls in but gingerly measure to the average country newspaper. That experience was not unique which called forth the following grim lines of valedictory in a Colorado paper:

It is customary for an editor in resigning charge of a paper or in change of location to thank the people for patronage extended, but in our case we have very little indeed to be thankful for.

And but too often the editorial lot might be summed up in the words aptly quoted by one unfortunate scribe in severing his connection with the Trinidad (Colorado) *News:*

"Then I looked on all the works that my hand had wrought, and on the labors that I had labored to do; and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."—Ecclesiastes, chap. ii. 11th verse.

Whatever the profit in actual dollars and cents, however, there seems a certain charm about the life that is endlessly sustaining. It may be the stimulating effect of the light atmosphere that makes hope seem most of all eternal in the Western breast; and the Western editor is of all men most boundlessly endowed in this particular. He does his best bravely, according to his lights, living like a philosopher and working like a horse; and if success does not fill his cup to overflowing, he at least may find compensating satisfaction in the proud reflection characteristically expressed in a Boulder (Colorado) paper:

Microbes do not gather upon the business end of our enterprise.

Mary E. Stickney.

THE COMEDY.

PENNING his comedy called "Man," the Master
Who shapes his word in symbol and in trope
Made love a gay enigma of disaster,
And life an epigram on the tomb of hope.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

"THE HOUSE WITH THE PAINT WORE OFF."

"OH, no trouble at all, sir. Glad to be able to direct yer. The shortest way to South Daneville is straight up the turnpike till you git to a house with the paint all wore off,—you can't miss it,—and then turn to the right."

A fresh-faced young woman, who was standing near the counter in the village store, reddened slightly as she heard her new home thus designated, and when the grocer turned to her and said, smilingly, "Now, ma'am, what can I do for you?" she straightened herself with a little touch of dignity.

"I am Mis' James Rice," she began.

"Sho!" exclaimed the shopkeeper, with great interest. "You don't say! Wall, I don't blame him one mite," he added, gallantly.

A smile stole across the bride's pretty face, and her severe expression relaxed a little.

"Jim he told me he did all his tradin' here, so I thought I'd just step down this mornin' and order a few things."

"That's right. We always done our best by Jim. Lucy—his first wife, you know—was mighty partic'lar, but we always suited her. She was an amazin' good housekeeper, Lucy was. She must be an awful loss to Jim. My gingers, how he must miss her! Er—oh, didn't you say you had an order to give, ma'am?"

"Yes," said the girl, shortly. "I want two pounds of brown sugar and a bag of flour sent up right away."

"Bridal Veil, *of* course," laughed Mr. Barnes, with a confidential wink; and he hurried away to the back of the store to give the order.

"Two pounds of brown sugar and a bag of flour up to Rice's right off,—Jim Rice's on the turnpike road, Peter."

"The red haouse with the paint all wore off streaked?" drawled the boy.

"That's the one." And Mr. Barnes returned to the door to bow out his new customer.

Mrs. James Rice walked thoughtfully down the village street with her black brows knitted in a little frown. It was the second time within fifteen minutes that she had heard Jim's house referred to in that disrespectful manner. The day before, when she and Jim had returned from their two weeks' honey-moon and had driven up to the large dingy-looking house, it had occurred to the bride that her new dwelling was sadly in need of paint. But she would not allow this thought to be put into words. It seemed almost disloyal to Jim to acknowledge even to herself that she was unsatisfied with anything in her new home.

But now she felt justified in calling his attention to this oversight.

"I guess men don't think so much about outside things," she decided, doubtfully. "I'll just point out to Jim—— My! if there ain't his mother standing in the door-way now."

A tall, melancholy-looking old woman, dressed in a mournful black gown, stood in the narrow hall-way.

"I thought I'd come over and see if I couldn't help you some this mornin', Prue," she said, staring solemnly at her daughter-in-law. "Jim is dreatful particular about his food, and you bein' so young and onexperienced——"

She was interrupted by a gay laugh.

"Land!" ejaculated Prue. "Why, on our farm down in Skowhegan there was four hired men, besides father and my three brothers, and mother and me did the dairy-work, besides gittin' all the meals ourselves. I guess if I could cook for eight great hearty farmers I can look out for one plain man."

"It was a hull year afore Jim learned Lucy to cook accordin' to his likin'," said her mother-in-law, imperturbably.

Prue gave a contemptuous sniff. "Well, of all sarse! I'd like to see a man tryin' to learn me anything about my own kitchen. I'd as soon think of goin' out and undertakin' to learn him how to curry a horse."

Mrs. Rice senior shook her head dismally. "You don't know Jim. He's dreatful hard to git along with. He's awful sot and contrary. The only way Lucy could ever git things done was by pretendin' she wanted jest the opposite."

Prue by this time had her work out, and was sewing busily. "I ain't Lucy," she said, giving her thread an emphatic jerk, "and I ain't goin' to manage Jim that way."

There was a moment's silence, while Mrs. Rice regarded her new daughter with some curiosity. Prue's brown head was bent over her work and her eyes were hidden, but there was a determined curve about her red lips which decided the older woman to drop that topic of conversation for the present.

"Was you plannin' to do your preservin' next week?" she asked. "Coz if you was I've got a lot of currants that you can have just as well as not."

"No, I guess I won't begin it just yet," returned Jim's wife, carelessly. "There'll be so much else goin' on. I'm goin' to git Jim to have the house painted. It needs it terrible."

Then for the first time Prue heard her mother-in-law laugh. It was a short laugh, with no mirth in it, but it was very expressive.

"Land of Goshen, child! you'll never 'complish that. I'd as soon think—— Why, that's one of Jim's sottest points. P'rhaps you ain't found it out yet, but he's terrible close-fisted. He was alluz a master hand for savin', even when he was a boy, and I'm afraid if he keeps on he'll be a reg'lar miser by the time he's old. I'd have warned you about this failin' of his aforehand, as I done Lucy, if I'd ever seen you."

Prue laughed.

"Well, it's so. This house is a regular town joke. We pestered the life out of him for years, me and Lucy, to make him paint it, but he wouldn't, and now it's got to be sort of a piece of stubborn pride with him not to have it touched. That's Jim all over."

"I guess he'll paint it," said Prue, calmly.

Old Mrs. Rice bridled. "Well, if his own mother and his fust wife couldn't make him do it——"

"His second wife will," Prue finished, firmly. "I *guess*—this house will be painted."

In the week that followed, Prue had a chance of seeing for herself the truth of Mrs. Rice's assertions in regard to her son's character.

James Rice was an unusually clever man, and his respect for any one who could "get ahead of him" was unbounded. Lucy's weak nature had bowed naturally before her husband's dominant will. He had ruled her in the same way that he had ruled his mother, merely because she had meekly submitted, without a protest, to his tyranny. But Prue was different. She seemed to have brought away with her some of the spice and strength of her own pine woods, and Jim was often surprised to find at the end of an argument that he had unconsciously yielded to her wishes.

In an untrained way, Prue was a natural musician, and the harsh, tuneless notes of the thirty-year-old melodeon grated on her sensitive ear. Jim was very fond of listening to her fresh young voice, and after supper, while he smoked his evening pipe by the open window, he always asked for his favorite old-time songs.

But Prue objected to the discordant accompaniment which the melodeon furnished.

"Jim, you'd ought to git me a new pianner," she said, persuasively, one evening. "It's a real sin to sing 'Blue-Eyed Mary' to an accompaniment with five keys off the notes in the bass and two notes in the treble that don't sound at all."

Jim knocked the bowl of his pipe against the window-sill and watched the ashes fall on the grass outside before he answered.

"The melodeon's well enough, if you'll just remember about not strikin' them notes. 'Tain't the instrument I want to hear, anyway; it's your voice. Lucy understood how to make it go. She used to play the music soft and sing loud."

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to remember that," said Prue, innocently, and she began to sing "The Minstrel Boy."

Never before had the Minstrel Boy departed to the war under such provocation. Prue's sweet voice could scarcely be heard above the rasping chords, and Jim moved uneasily until the song was finished. Then she tried "Squire Jones's Darter," but with no better success. The five bad notes in the bass made themselves unpleasantly prominent, and the two silent treble keys left an irritating blank on the listener's ear. And as it was that evening, so it was every night for the next week, until at last Jim realized the pleasure he was losing, and surprised Prue one day with the gift of a new square piano. That night for the first time in seven days he smoked his evening pipe in dreamy pleasure with a contented smile on his face, while Prue sang the quaint old songs with the accompaniment of melodious chords.

Old Mrs. Rice came over the next day to inspect the new instrument.

"I declare to goodness!" she exclaimed, rubbing her forefinger across the polished surface. "You could have knocked me down with

a feather when I heard that James Rice had actually been and paid out money for a new pianner. I can't git over it. How I do wish Lucy could see it!"

"Want to hear it?" Prue suggested, with a proud little smile.

"I'd like to, first-rate, but I can't stop now. I just run in for a minute on my way to Mis' Deacon Gibbs', and I see by the kitchen clock I'm late already. I'd no idea it was so late."

"'Tain't," said Prue, glancing up at the tall timepiece. "It's only half-past ten."

"Oh, but you ain't allowin' for that clock's losin' time, Prue. Don't you know it's alluz as much as half an hour slow? It's been that way for years, ever since it was moved here out of Grandma Shedd's house."

"It's been fixed," said Jim's wife, dryly.

"Of all things! How'd he ever come to do it? Lucy——"

"He did it," Prue interrupted, "because he didn't like his meals half an hour behindhand every day."

"Why, but Lucy alluz figgered for that," the elder matron gasped.

"Did! Well, *I* couldn't seem to quite remember," said Prue, with such an ingenuous look in her brown eyes that her mother-in-law shook her head dubiously and went away to report to Mrs. Deacon Gibbs these startling developments.

"I can't make her out one mite," she ended. "Whether she's as innercent as a kitten or as deep as Jacob's well, I can't for the life of me tell. But the way she gits round Jim is somethin' wonderful. Jim—well, you know how tight he is with his money, and now he's just a-payin' it out right and left for things that Lucy alluz hankered arter and had to go without."

"But she 'ain't got her house painted yet," Mrs. Gibbs suggested, smilingly.

"No, but I ain't so sure but what that'll come next," rejoined Mrs. Rice, "for she's got him to put on screen doors front and back."

"Do tell!"

"Yes, he done it. You see, he was away from home all day, and when he come back late in the arternoon he found it cool enough with just the winders open. But Prue she said it would be a sight more comfortable for her in the hot of the day to keep the two doors open besides, and have a draught circulatin' about the house, so to speak."

"I can feel for her. That's a powerful hot house," put in Mrs. Gibbs, sympathetically.

"Well, you know how wire screen doors costs? Jim he said it was enough to have mosquito-nettin's on the winders, and they could just keep the doors shet."

"I know. That's what Lucy alluz done."

"Yes; there's the difference. Lucy kep' 'em shet. Prue flung 'em wide open, hitched 'em back, and when Jim come home at night the house was swarmin' with flies and mosquitoes and June-bugs. Prue she didn't seem to mind 'em any, but Jim couldn't eat his supper 'count of havin' to beat 'em off all the time. Couldn't sleep at night, either, they pestered him so. He sent a man up with screen doors the

next mornin'. But," Mrs. Rice concluded, tying her sun-bonnet with precision, "she may outdo him in small matters, but I don't see no way of her gittin' him into paintin' that house."

Prue herself was beginning to feel some doubts on that point. She had broached the subject to Jim several times, but with no success. Her husband flatly refused to spend any money in having the house repainted.

"It makes the blood go rushin' all over my face to hear folks deridin' it and usin' it as a sort of a landmark,—'That house with the paint wore off,'" Prue urged, with hot cheeks.

"I don't think I'd waste my time in blushin' for a house, if I was you," Jim returned, stolidly.

"I ain't blushin' for the house," retorted Prue. "I'm blushin' for the man that owns it."

Jim prided himself on his even temper, but at this point he was surprised to find himself growing angry.

"I guess I can do my own blushin', and take care o' my own house too," he said, hotly.

Prue gave a cool little laugh. "'Tain't your house any longer. You forgit you endowed me with it in the marriage service, streaks and all."

"Lucy——" her husband began.

"Say, now, Jim, 'tain't fair for you to bring Lucy in to back you up. That makes it two against one; for I 'ain't had your advantages, yet."

Jim suppressed a smile which he would have considered undignified.

"You 'ain't got any idea how much it costs to paint a house, Prue," he argued.

"That's so. It would be a real useful lesson to me. Let's begin it Monday."

Jim rose angrily. "Well, if I don't want to have this house painted, I'd like to see you *git* me to have it done."

"Oh, you'd *like* to," Prue smiled. "Well, as it's my object in life to please you, I'll do my best."

"Women folks seem to think it's so all-fired easy to make money," Jim growled, as he went out of the door. "You'd better try it once and see what it's like," he called back over his shoulder.

"If I only could," Prue ruminated, as she moved briskly about the kitchen. "Seems 's if I'd oughter be able to think up somethin'. I've got all day to do it in. Jim's gone to South Daneville and won't be back till late this arternoon, so I shan't have any dinner to get."

She was busy with her household duties for the next two hours, and when she at last put on her pink sun-bonnet and started down the road in the direction of old Mrs. Rice's house, no plan had yet occurred to her. She walked thoughtfully, with her mind still intent on the disputed question.

"I won't give it up," she said, half aloud. "I *will* think of somethin', if——" She stopped suddenly, and her whole face brightened; then she gave a delighted laugh and flew across the road.

In the shade of a tall elm sat a man, fanning himself with a bat-

tered straw hat. Beside him stood a bucket of paint with a brush sticking out of it.

Mrs. Rice, her brown eyes dancing with triumph, entered into an animated conversation with the stranger, and presently the two disappeared up the road side by side.

When James Rice drove into Daneville at sunset that day, he was hailed from a door-way by Deacon Gibbs. The deacon's round little face was shining with merriment.

"Say, Jim," he began, stroking his beard to hide the convulsive twitchings of his lips, "you on yer way home? Wall, you've no idee how pop'lar the turnpike road's been to-day. Kind of a promenade for the hull town."

"That's so; it's been a real red-letter day up ter your domicile," drawled Mr. Barnes, coming out of the store to join in the conversation.

The by-standers, who had gathered about Jim's buggy, broke into loud laughter.

"It's a real comfort to see a man willin' to air his convictions like Jim does," observed one man, admiringly.

Jim gathered up his reins with an angry frown.

"You're a passel of fools, and I don't know what you're drivin' at," he retorted, touching the mare with his whip.

"You mean you don't know what *you're* drivin' *to*," shouted Mr. Barnes after the retreating buggy.

Jim drove hurriedly until the village was left behind and the jeers of his tormentors died away in the distance; then he allowed the brown mare to drop into an easy trot.

"I'll be jiggered if I know what those fools meant," he ruminated. "It's some joke on me, that's sartain, but why the whole town should be in it I can't for the life of me see. If it's any——Go-ri!"

The mare had stopped at the hitching-post in front of his house, but her master sat motionless in the buggy. Once he closed his eyes, as if to dispel the illusion, only to open them and find that the hideous vision had not disappeared.

In gigantic red capitals, sprawling all over the front of the house, were painted the words

"LASHMAN'S YEAST IS THE BEST."

They were crazy-looking letters, sloping in every direction, and they gave the respectable old house a tipsy appearance. There was scarcely a spot on its dingy clapboards where their grotesque length did not extend. A deep color slowly appeared in Jim's face, and he sprang to the ground. Suddenly a chord was struck on the piano within, and from the parlor floated out Prue's silvery voice:

"The prettiest girl in the State of Maine
Was Squire's Jones's darter."

Jim thrust both hands into his pockets and drew a long breath.

"*Beaten!*" he acknowledged aloud.

Marjorie Richardson.

EVOLUTION OF TABLE MANNERS.

THE way in which a dinner is served in polite society is well defined; the manner of eating at table is more or less rigorously prescribed: so that men and women show their culture as much by their table manners as by the appointments of their homes and the matter of their talk. Our tables are hedged in by an elaborate set of usages and details.

How did table manners arise? Where do they come from? Like Topsy and other human institutions, they "just growed." And it is surprising how slow of development has been the sentiment of cleanliness and neatness, which was the principal cause of the invention of the implements and dishes used in serving food and in eating.

In good old palæolithic times, when human beings were always within twenty-four hours of starvation, man ate only with his fingers. He hunted for his food in the woods or by the sea-shore, and he picked the bones clean. Two table articles are found among uncivilized peoples,—the knife and the spoon. The knife was originally a weapon of attack or defence; it was used for cutting and carving flesh, but its convenience in eating soon became apparent.

The origin of the spoon is uncertain. It must have been invented at a very ancient date, for it is found among people that have never come into contact with civilization. The necessity of having some implement for dipping water seems to have led first to the invention of the calabash, or the use of the cocoanut-shell, and later on to the spoon.

We must wait four thousand years before we find the fork. Or, as a French writer on table etiquette has said, "from the creation of the world to the beginning of the seventeenth century man ate only with his fingers." This is, however, a mistake of four hundred years; for we find forks as early as the thirteenth century, when they are mentioned as being kept for special purposes. Thus, John, Duke of Brittany, is said to have used a fork to pick up "soppys," and Piers Gaveston had three for eating pears with.

Now look at the changes that have taken place with regard to the position assumed during eating. The ancients did not sit at table. The Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, and Hebrews are not known to have had chairs at their tables. On state occasions the king had a seat at the table, but the lords and nobles stretched themselves out at full length on the floor. So too among the Greeks and Romans. The former always reclined while eating, and when the meal was over they sat or lounged around in easy attitudes. The Romans had the same manners. At a grand banquet lasting three or four hours, the guests reclined on couches, supporting themselves on one elbow and eating with the fingers from dishes placed by the slaves in the middle of the table. Obviously this was an awkward position, and one that made it difficult, if not impossible, to keep food and drink from dropping on the clothing or the draperies of the couch.

The ancient custom of eating in a reclining position came easy and natural to people in warm climates. It is all right where the floors are not damp, but it is not suited to the conditions of life in cold countries. And so we find the custom of sitting at meals in vogue among the people of France, Germany, and England.

Few references can be found as to the manner in which a meal was served and eaten during the dark ages. As near as we can learn, the soup was put in a big bowl with ears, called a "porringer." There was seldom a spoon for each person. Those who had spoons dipped them into the porringer, and the liquid was carried directly to each mouth. Those who were without spoons drank their soup from the porringer, holding it by one of the ears, or else borrowed a spoon of their neighbor.

The meats were placed in a large vessel in the centre of the table. Each person present at the meal picked out with his fingers such bits as he desired. One or two knives answered for half a dozen guests. Those who were without a knife borrowed from those who had one. As a rule, the guests at table used their own knives. There is no evidence that napkins were supplied to guests at this period; at any rate, no mention is made of them.

Coming down to mediæval times, we do not find table manners much better than those already described. We refer particularly to the table etiquette observed in aristocratic families; for at this time the table manners of the common people were still barbarous.

Many of the curious things connected with the service of the mediæval dinner-table were the result of the peculiar social system. Although widely separated in rank, the feudal baron ate daily with his retainers. But at a feudal banquet the lord of the castle and his chief guests occupied seats at the further side of the "table of dais." They were said to sit at the dais, instead of at the table upon the dais. This feudal fashion of arranging the tables for a formal dinner survives in the modern custom of having a "raised table" for guests and speakers. The tables, it is to be remarked, were often constructed of boards placed on trestles, and when the dinner was over they were lowered.

In studying the service of the mediæval dinner-table, we find that everything about it was conducted according to an elaborate system of etiquette. Many of the duties now performed by servants and held to be menial were once considered honorable. As every feudal baron had scores of retainers and hangers-on, who had nothing much to do, it soon became necessary that they should help about the household. And so the privilege of presiding over the buttery and over the pantry, or bread-closet, was delegated to these retainers, and in lordly establishments the offices of carver, cup-bearer, and pantler were held by men of rank and position.

The manner in which a meal was served in a feudal baron's family five centuries ago is thus described by a Frenchman who wrote in the year 1350:

"The principal guests are put at the head of the table with the master of the house, and none sit down till they have washed their

hands. Afterwards the lady of the house, the daughters, and the rest of the family are seated according to their social conditions. The salt-cellars, the knives and spoons are then put on with the bread, and afterwards meats cooked in different ways are brought and served with great diligence by the servitors, and those who are at table talk to one another and try to amuse themselves in an agreeable manner. Then come the minstrels with all their instruments, and try to delight the company. When the meal is finished, water is brought to wash the hands, the cloth is taken away, and the table lowered. Then grace is said, and thanks and compliments are rendered to the host."

The writer should have added that, after the cloth was taken away and the table lowered, all began drinking. The ladies remained a short time, and then retired to their "bower,"—a small room built separate from the dining-hall. On festive occasions in England the head of the house assembled his guests and his family around a bowl of spiced ale, from which he drank their healths, and then passed it to the others, that they might drink too. The word that passed among them was the ancient Saxon phrase *Wass hael,—i.e.,* To your health! Hence this came to be known as the wassail or wassel bowl, and no festive occasion was complete without it. In pledging, the men kissed each other. This, however, did not mean much; for most of these drinking-bouts ended in quarrels and feuds.

The habit of putting the hands into the common dish to seize bits of meat does not seem to have been regarded as objectionable at all. Of course it was expected that persons would not explore the mass too thoroughly. Thus, in a book of etiquette published in 1480, directions are given as to how to grab the meat with the hands. The writer advises the use of three fingers only, and among his "Don'ts" are, don't keep the hand too long feeling about in the dish; don't take too large a piece; don't wipe the fingers on the coat.

Truly, the table manners of one who could take a morsel from the dish in approved style, and without spilling a drop, were to be commended. So we find Chaucer in the Canterbury Tales praising the Nun, a Prioress, in these words:

> At meat was she well ytaught withall;
> She let no morsel from her lips fall,
> Nor wet her fingers in her sauce deep;
> Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep,
> That no drop ne'er fell upon her breast.

The habit of putting as many knives and spoons on the table as there were guests did not find favor before the middle of the sixteenth century. The Swiss were the first to introduce the custom. They gave a knife and a spoon to each person, as Montaigne, who visited Switzerland in 1580, informs us with an air of surprise.

Here is the place to remark that plates were now used only for solid food. There were no soup plates before the year 1600. Nor was there any large spoon to be used for serving soup from the tureen until one hundred years later, or about 1700. When porringers went

out of fashion, soup was served in a large vessel placed in the centre of the table. Then each person used his own spoon to fill his soup-plate.

How many persons, seeing covered dishes come on the table, have any idea of the origin of serving food in this fashion? How many know the reason that led to the covering of dishes? Let us here say that dishes were not covered at first for the purpose of keeping the victuals warm. What then? They were covered from fear,—the fear of poison. In mediæval days, and down to the time of Louis XIV., people were afraid that poison might be introduced into food between the kitchen and the table. Hence the cook was ordered to cover the dishes, and the covers were not removed until the master of the house sat down to eat.

The wholesomeness of the food was first tried on the servants, who were required to taste it before any of the guests, and then if they were not poisoned the food was all right. It did not matter if a servant was poisoned. Later on, instead of the food being tasted, it was tested by certain objects which were supposed to be infallible antidotes against poison. The most powerful objects were the horn of the unicorn, a serpent's tongue, the fabulous stone found in the head of the toad, agate, and so forth. Large prices were paid for these talismans of the table. Bits of bone and odd-looking stones were sold for more than their weight in gold. Even after the superstition had died away, dishes, plates, knives, and forks were touched with a piece of bread, which the butler immediately swallowed.

The clergy have had considerable influence on table manners. They have done much for good eating. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the best meals in Europe were served in the palaces of the bishops and in the refectories of mitred abbots. Most of the monks and curés of France were good livers; many of them were epicures. Their cellars were stored with the choicest wines and strongest ales; the finest meats, poultry, and game were cooked in the kitchens of the monasteries, and the tables groaned under the load of the good things of land and water.

In fact, we are indebted to the monks for many luxuries and tid-bits. In the matter of *liqueurs* alone, the most celebrated, such as Chartreuse, Trappistine, Benedictine, and others, reveal their monastic origin. Above all, the discovery of the wine of all wines—champagne—is credited to Dom Pérignon, a pious monk of the order of St. Benedict. To this may be added the delicacies in bon-bons, confectioneries, and the like, which were made by nuns in French convents.

It is said that the compounding of *liqueurs* began in Italy some time in the latter part of the sixteenth century; but the greatest improvements both in quality and in variety were made in France during the next one hundred and fifty years.

The mediæval fashion of serving wine was from a sideboard. No bottles or glasses appeared on the table. In the time of Louis XIV. each guest had his own glass, and it was considered proper to have bottles and glasses on the table. The Turks used coolers for

wine long before they were known to the people of Western Europe. These refrigerators came into use about the end of the seventeenth century.

As we have said, men and women ate with the fingers till the beginning of the seventeenth century. In 1608 Thomas Coryate, an English traveller, visited Italy, and there he found people using forks. He says, "The Italians and numerous strangers established in that peninsula use a little fork when they cut the meat. Any person at table with the Italians would be considered as transgressing the rules of politeness if he touched the meat with his fingers."

When Coryate returned to England, he introduced the custom which he had seen in Italy. At first forks were considered an affectation, and their use by polite men and women excited no little pleasantry and derision among the common people, who continued eating with their fingers till the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Again, we note the change of the dinner-hour from morning to night. The mediæval time for dining was ten o'clock in the morning. From the Northumberland Household Book, bearing date 1512, we learn that the family rose at six, breakfasted at seven, dined at ten, supped at four, and shut the castle gates at nine P.M. The dinner-hour of Charles II. was twelve o'clock, while that of Louis XIV. was one P.M.

The dinner-hour began to move forward in the eighteenth century. Then the fashionable hour for dinner was five o'clock, and so it remained till 1814. The six o'clock dinner in England dates from the battle of Waterloo. At the present day dinner at eight or even nine o'clock is not considered late. If it is ever fixed at ten o'clock, the dinner-hour will have moved around the face of the clock,—from ten A.M. to ten P.M. In the first half of the eighteenth century, dinner was served in a series of services, each service made up of a large number of dishes. The course dinner, a dish for each course, dates back something over a hundred years.

Finally, it is a well-known fact that table manners, like types of beauty, are often matters of climate or locality. The manners at table of the Orientals seem rude and primitive to the cultured people of Europe and America; even so in China and Japan, where, it is said, the rules of ceremony are three hundred and the rules of behavior three thousand.

A dessert without the right kind of cheese, Brillat-Savarin once remarked, is like a beautiful woman with only one eye. What would this epigrammatic epicure have said of bad table manners? Perhaps this: bad manners at table are like false notes at the concert. They cause discord. They jar on finely-attuned nerves. Emerson says,—and men and women of gentle birth and breeding will sympathize with him,—"I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven or unpresentable person . . . The person who screams, uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight." And he adds in this connection, "I esteem it a chief felicity of this country that it excels in woman."

Lee J. Vance.


THE PROPERTY OF THE
WASHINGTON

HIRAM POWERS IN WASHINGTON.

MR. POWERS was the typical good American,—the farmer's boy who picks up the rudiments of arts and letters as he may, and fights his way through obstacles to fame and fortune on the line of his especial bent. At thirty he was only beginning to make his mark. Two years earlier, in 1833, he was still attending to his wax-works in the museum at Cincinnati. There the author of "The Gladiator" found him, discerned his genius, and encouraged him to seek a larger field and essay a higher flight. This casual kindness the artist perhaps overrated; Mr. Longworth's services, alluded to in the text below, must have been of far more substantial value. The books of reference say that Powers went to Washington in 1835; but the date of his first appearance there was evidently some months earlier. I doubt whether he and Dr. Bird ever met again, or exchanged more than three letters. Those of the sculptor (here copied exactly, except for a few points of erring orthography and the like) bear witness to the difficulties which beset the dawn of his prosperity, and to his exemplary views about the real and the ideal in art, as well as to the qualities of the man,—the modesty which did not suppress due confidence in his capacities, his honest eagerness to "get on," his grateful recognition of small favors, and his sensitiveness to slights and rebuffs. It was not his fault that the two great New Englanders were not among his early helpers, and their aloofness made him pardonably sore. His remark about "honor as much received as conferred" was prophetic.

His second paragraph was not ironically meant, though it may read that way now. In the beginning of 1835 the author of "The Gladiator" and "Calavar" was much better known than he who was to create "The Greek Slave." The whirligig of time brings round its revenges, and in respect of fame as of life one is taken and another left. As to some later passages, Dr. Bird, in his anxiety to help a rising genius out of the slough of obscurity and poverty, may, without the least intention to mislead, have conveyed to one previously so little acquainted with the world and men of note the impression of an influence somewhat in excess of the fact; or, to put it more accurately, Mr. Powers may have received such an impression.

I.

WASHINGTON CITY, February 1st, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I was both surprised and delighted on receiving your kind and too flattering letter. Surprised, because I supposed you to be still in Europe, and delighted, to hear from you. I have very few friends like you, and it gives me more pleasure to receive one word of encouragement from such a friend, than the approbation of a thousand common men. Although proud of and highly flattered by the expressions of regard contained in your letter, still, not being conscious of having personally deserved such a tribute from you, I

solace myself with the hope that hereafter I shall be justified in assuming to myself a portion of the liberal sentiments which you so nobly entertain for the Arts.

You speak of following me up the toilsome hill of distinction! Do not say so, but rather that you will turn a windlass at the top to drag me after you.

Mr. Longworth has probably told you how I came here, and for what purpose. I shall never forget the obligations I am under to that Benefactor to the Arts and Sciences. But for him, I should still be plodding away in Cincinnati.

I came here with fear and trembling, but with a determination to push forward and see whether the flattering anticipations of my friends could be realized. You can judge of my situation when, just as I was finishing the bust of the President, Persico's two statues arrived, and I learned that he had a beautiful bust of the President in marble, taken from life five years ago. I thought I should be d—d at once, for, with the limited opportunities I have had, my judgment told me I was dished. But that which I thought would crush me has, on the contrary, served to lift me up.

You have probably seen Mr. Lytle's* Resolution in my favor. Mr. Jarvis and Lytle both think it will pass, and, as I can count on a good many friends in Congress, I hope so myself. I had counted on the patronage of Mr. Webster, to whom I took letters from Gen[l]. Harrison and others. But he refused to sit for me, and treated me with bare civility. I invited him to call and see what I had done, and subsequently sent him a letter explaining my views and intentions, and although two weeks have elapsed he has not called at my room, which is in the Capitol, and not twenty steps out of his way. All the Lions, with the exception of him and one or two others, have been in my room, and many of them frequently.

I had several letters to Mr. Everett also, who call'd, but found fault with the Bust on account of its portraying all the wrinkles in the President's face. He said I should have omitted them, and stated that none of the Antiques had wrinkles, etc. I begged leave to differ with him, and said that in a likeness the artist should forget the art, and adhere closely to nature, that he had no right to embellish any part appertaining to likeness, and concluded by saying that I could derive no satisfaction on the score of resemblance from viewing such a Bust as he proposed—that a fancy piece, called a likeness of some great man, would please me as well—and as the gods were supposed to enjoy perpetual youth, so they were represented without wrinkles. I did not hesitate differing with him, because I felt that he was finding fault with that which constituted the greatest merit (if it possessed any at all) of the work,—and what he said, if unrefuted, would injure me. He has not been in my room since; but it is possible that both he and Mr. Webster are prevented by the vast amount of business they have on their hands. This much I may say, that had I no better friends than either of them here, I should have despaired, for of them I had

* Robert T. Lytle, Democratic member from Ohio 1833–35.

expected most.—I write to you, as directed, without reserve, and as they may yet prove me to be mistaken in them, it will be prudent in me not to say as much to others.

I am now engaged upon the Bust of Col. R. M. Johnson,* whom I look upon as one of nature's Nobility. He is all kindness and benevolence, and his countenance is an index of his soul. Even those politically opposed to him here ascribe to him sincerity of heart and the best of intentions. His character needs no panegyric from me. His country will never forget his military services, and his Sunday Mail Report will stand like an imperishable rock against which all future religious usurpations in our country will be dashed to pieces.

He has suggested to me the propriety of taking notes on the conversations and personal appearances of conspicuous Persons whose likenesses I may have occasion to take now and hereafter, and says that in time I shall have a collection of interesting materials for a book. I think the hint a good one, for they will be interesting to myself at some future day, if not to others; and I have commenced accordingly with a short account of the sittings of the President, with which the Colonel appears to be highly pleased, and he encourages me to persevere.

It is my intention, if the Resolution above mentioned passes, first to collect the materials or copies of the best likenesses extant of the deceased Presidents, and then proceed to Italy and there execute them in marble. But if that fails I shall try my fortune for a while either in Philadelphia or Boston—altho' I have very little hopes of success in the latter place, from the disposition manifested thus far by its most conspicuous citizens, Mr. Everett and Mr. Webster. It is possible that they are reserving their patronage for Mr. Greenough, who I am sure by this time does not need it. Mr. Webster's likeness would be of immense service to me in Boston. His head is so remarkable, and did he know what a fine Bust it would make, I think he would be induced to condescend a little. I shall certainly never trouble him again upon the subject. The time may come when he will perhaps be willing to admit that the honor would have been as much received as conferred.

Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Calhoun are to sit for me soon, and I hope, by means of duplicates from what I have now, and theirs in plaster of Paris, to make something. I can afford them at ten Dollars each, and could I sell a few hundred, I shall be independent of any governmental assistance. Should everything else fail, I shall open a subscription in the eastern and western cities, after having exhibited a sample of each. I could sell a great many of the President's here, among the members, if I had them ready. But as that is impossible before the adjournment, I shall defer it until I see what will be done.

As soon as Congress adjourns, I shall return to Cincinnati and make arrangements for leaving there altogether. I should have done so long ago, but my pecuniary circumstances would not admit of it. Altogether, my success here exceeds by far my most sanguine expectations. I believe that Mr. Everett is the only person (among the hun-

* Senator from Kentucky 1819–29, M.C. 1829–37, Vice-President 1837–41.

dreds who have seen my work) to find any fault with it, or to criticise it at all. On the contrary, there seems to have been a disposition generally to say more for it than I think it deserves; and perhaps, after all, the fault he found was more of a compliment than otherwise—although unintentional.

Towards you, Doctor, I shall ever cherish the warmest feelings of friendship and gratitude, for you have been one among the first to encourage me to persevere, and now that I am started, you lend me your powerful influence and the cheering voice of your approbation.

I thank you for the offer of letters to Mr. Webster and Everett, but cannot think of misapplying the force of your recommendation. Letters from you to any one else will lay me under still further obligations to you, and I will let you know when I shall stand in need of them. I am not much accustomed to writing, and I hope you will overlook the many faults with which this letter abounds. I read yours to Col. Johnson, who stated that it was one of the most beautiful letters he ever heard read; and he kindly offered to send my reply to you under the sanction of his frank.

Yours truly,
H. POWERS.

II.

WASHINGTON CITY, February 15th, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR: It is with much pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter requesting some account of my early days. The request is indeed quite complimentary, and calls forth my sincere thanks for the flattering view which you take of my importance.

I am afraid that your generosity places me upon a standing which my humble abilities will fail to sustain. And in whatever you will say of me, I hope you will not anticipate too far what you wish me to attain, but leave me some chance of sustaining by my works the hopes of my friends. I had rather have less than I deserve said than more, for then I shall be spared the mortification of being behind their anticipations.

I am sorry I did not get your letter a few days sooner, as a Mr. B. B. Thatcher,* who is now here, has anticipated your kind purpose, and when I told him that you also had proposed the like, he said that as he had already commenced an article upon the subject, he hoped I would allow him to proceed with it. His object is the same as yours, and like you he has taken a warm interest in my behalf. He appears to be a scholar and a man of much taste. I need not say that I had much rather have intrusted the subject to your hands. I am well aware that a judicious notice of my efforts will serve to make me more known, and consequently avail me much good. And I had given him a short account of my life, a few days before I rec'd your letter. He had promised to confine himself to a general sketch. I proposed to write to you the same account which I had given to him, but he

* Author of several volumes about Indians, etc., and editor of "The Boston Book," 1837.

objected to it, on the ground that the story by him would probably be later than yours, and consequently a twice-told tale. I was surprised at his looking upon the subject as a matter of any consequence.

I am now engaged upon the Bust of Mr. Calhoun, and, as I think, shall make a better thing of it than of any heretofore. He has a noble head, and his eyes seem to burn in their sockets with all the surpassing restlessness and vigor of his soul. He has a very fine daughter, who with his niece (also a handsome girl) attended during his second sitting yesterday. The former paid me a very handsome compliment. She said that her father, in the Bust, appeared to be looking out of the obscurities which I was removing. Her father told her that she could not have expressed herself more poetically. He is very amiable, and there is no consciousness of superiority manifest in his manners.. He smiles in common conversation, but looks stern and thoughtful when silent. He has offered to give me some letters to his friends in South Carolina, whither it is my intention to go, some time within a year, to sell copies of his Bust.

Great numbers of persons visit my room daily, to see the famous Bust of the President, as they term it, and that of Col. Johnson, which is nearly done, and regarded by all who know him well as equal to that of the former. His face, however, is not very remarkable, and a person might see him once and not recognize him again. Mr. Calhoun's was thought to be quite striking after the first sitting. Mr. Van Buren has not sat yet, although he promises to do so. I have reason to believe however that he intends doing so. He appeared to be pleased when I requested him to sit.

You asked whether Mr. Webster made any excuse. Not any at all. He said, in answer to my request, "You will excuse me, Sir. But I will introduce you to any person with whom you may wish to be made acquainted." And he cast his eyes around the Senate chamber, as if to direct my attention to some one for that purpose. Mr. Clay was not present, and he being the only person I wished particularly to see, I answered him to that effect, and concluded by inviting him to my room. He bowed, but made me no answer, and returned to his seat. Subsequently Mr. Lytle saw him upon the subject, and told him that it was worth while to call and see what I had done, etc. Mr. Bradford* of Philadelphia also spoke to Mrs. Webster upon the subject. She call'd with some ladies, and appeared to be highly pleased. But not a word have I heard from Mr. Webster himself. I assure you, I shall not trouble him again; and my only regret consists in having addressed a respectful note to him after his refusal.

I have read, in that part of the Family Library relating to Nollekens the English sculptor, some remarks corroborative of Mr. Everett's views upon Busts. The Author, in speaking of the celebrated Busts of Fox and Pitt, finds fault with Nollekens for taking their likeness accurately, and says that he should have improved the forehead of one, and the cheeks of the other! What a beautiful study such *improved* Busts would make for a Phrenologist! Now that we

* Probably Thomas Bradford, printer to Congress, or his son Dr. Thomas.

know so much about the bumps upon the sconces of men, I think it would be well to represent Napoleon with the bumps of destructiveness and courage standing out like horns about his ears, and make a hollow groove in his head where benevolence should be. No matter what *his head was in reality.* It is the business of the artist (now that the above science shows him) to make him *as he ought to have been.* What a pity it was that poor Nollekens could not have had a few teachers like Mr. Everett and others. Then we should have had, instead of the real Portraits of these great men, Fancy Pieces *call'd* Pitt and Fox.—But enough of such nonsense. It makes me angry to hear men of talent advocating such absurd notions.

If I were to execute a fancy piece, then would I beautify and embellish to the utmost extent of my abilities; but in a portrait a million of Everetts will never cause me to deviate from the original further than I can help. I may adorn the hair, the drapery, etc., but nothing else.

The two heads you enquired about were, one of Dr. Bishop, the President of the Miami University, and the other of Mr. Longworth himself. The former was ordered by the Eurodelphian Society of that college, and gave unanimous satisfaction. The other Mr. L. has probably told you about.

Mr. Lytle's Resolution involves the Busts of all the Presidents of the U. S., to be executed in marble and placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol. The compensation is left to the discretion of the President. There seems to exist but little doubt (if other business does not push it out) of its passing.*

But I have already intruded too far upon your patience, and must conclude this faulty letter. I shall expect an answer as soon as your leisure will permit, and shall always esteem it a high privilege to account myself one of your admirers and most sincere Friends.

Your humble servant,

H. POWERS.

III.

WASHINGTON, March 19th, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have for some time past owed you a letter, but being desirous of writing something which might be interesting to you, have delayed until now; and even now I have nothing of importance to say, and write only to let you know that I leave here to-morrow with Mr. Lytle for Cincinnati.

I am sorry that my letters are such poor returns for yours, but you must take the will for the deed, and think that I would express myself towards you as warmly as I feel, if I could.

I have now five heads nearly finished, viz., the President's, Johnson's, Calhoun's, Chief Justice Marshall's, and my good friend Lytle's, which last is for his family and relations. I had but eight sittings from the Chief Justice, and think I have obtained as good a likeness of him as any of the others. He sat about half an hour each time,

* Apparently it did not pass.

but sat like an angel, as Hervieu used to say. I congratulate myself very much on the acquisition of his. Mr. Calhoun's is admired more than the others as a head, but not more so as a likeness. They call it a regular Grecian antique, and are lavish of their applause.

Though as yet I have gained no money, I have every prospect I could wish of doing so when I get casts out.

I took the liberty of showing Mr. Calhoun your letter. He read it with much interest, and appeared quite flattered at the remarks respecting himself and Daughter. He recollects you well, and bade [me] say in my answer to you that he felt flattered with your remarks, and returned his compliments and esteem, not only from himself but in behalf of his daughter. He has given me letters to McDuffie, Gov. Hamilton, and Hayne, and recommends me very highly, and says that if I will go to the South I shall have enough to do.

I am going for my wife and boy, who is now two years old and (excuse a parent) as fine a chap as you might wish to see. A month or more will elapse before I shall return. In the mean time I shall expect to hear from you: please direct to that place.

I have a scheme by which to get a job from the Government. I understand the construction of fountains and *jet-d'eaux*, having constructed one for the Museum in Cincinnati, which produced a variety of beautiful effects and delighted everybody who came to see it. There is much need of such apparatus for the Capitol decorations, and an abundance of water for a most brilliant display in a thousand different ways. I have mentioned the subject to a number of the members, and they are pleased with the suggestion, and say that there will be no difficulty next session in getting an appropriation for that purpose. I shall make a sample and put it in operation at the commencement of the session, and propose a Figure in the centre of a large basin, in a shrinking attitude, standing upon the back of a turtle or some other sea-monster at the surface of the water. It may represent Venus rising out of the sea: over her head there will be a sheet of water resembling a parasol, and above that revolving jets throwing several thousand streams twenty or thirty feet into the air. It would be impossible to describe the beautiful effect it would produce. The streams are so small that in the sunshine there will be a constant rainbow, and so smooth is the parasol that it looks like a convex mirror, and by its outward force will protect the figure entirely from the falling mist. I have endeavored to convey to you by a rude sketch the effect of the one I shall exhibit. You can suppose the figure under the umbrella, and holding the pent stalk, against which she will appear to be slightly leaning, with her head bent downwards. Is there any such thing at the Philadelphia water works? (Anything to raise the means of support in Italy.) If you think it worth while, I could exhibit it there, to the water company.

Yours truly,
H. POWERS.

P.S. I am really ashamed to send you this letter, it is so faulty in all respects, but have not time to write another.

His sketch of the proposed fountain extends from bottom to top of the large page, the jets crossing the written lines. The plan was carried out, I believe, at Washington.

This appears to have been the end of the correspondence on Mr. Powers's part. As fame and business increased, he doubtless learned that life is too short and too crowded for lengthy epistles. Two years later he went to Italy, and entered fairly on that career which is a familiar chapter in the history of modern art.

THE BUTTERFLY.

I.

HE found himself climbing night after night to the dirty wings of the "Casino."

And each ascent thereto was in some way a trial of his faith. Either the lantern on the basement stairs had been forgotten and he went up with barked shins, or some rope, sprawling in the dark across his pathway, proved a delusion and a snare, or the dust and turpentine of that awful region "behind the scenes," filling his country-bred nostrils, brought on paroxysms of coughing and sneezing. For there is dust behind the scenes in the Opera-House on C—— Street, and there is dust in the B—— Street Theatre, but the dust in the "Casino," where The Butterfly disported herself, was the heaviest, dirtiest, dustiest dust in town.

Still he braved these terrors. He stumbled up the stairs. He measured his length with the assistance of the rope. He strangled upon the pulverous matter of the atmosphere every night in the week. He anathematized these inconveniences with equal regularity. But he continued to come.

A half-hour with The Butterfly was worth it all. And she gave him a half-hour—full measure—before the cue came for her entrance. She had a favorite pose, her elbow upon the back of her chair and her chin in the pink palm of one little hand. The long silken skirts of her "butterfly gown" swept out in masses of light and shade, and rustled very near his feet. For he sat close to her, close enough to see the eyebrows that needed no charcoal, the eyes that scorned belladonna; close enough to see her dimples and her pure skin under those outrageous blotches of "water-color."

After the performance, when the moth had resolved itself into the sombre creation from which it came, he folded a threadbare cloak very gently over her shoulders, drew her arm through his, and brought her to her door, half a square away. Then, if the night happened to be Saturday,—and that was once a week,—he borrowed a couple of dollars from her until such time as he should be able to return them—which time, truth to tell, seemed long in coming.

They had met six months before; met, not in the very casual style

of other Bohemians, but met, if you please, with a formal introduction and a flourish of shattered English which ought to have called the shade of Noah Webster into Frau Hollanderger's "eating-house."

The eating-house was situated a little west of nothing and somewhat south of nowhere. It was a long distance, but The Butterfly went thither with great regularity, partly because the collations there were the cheapest in the city, partly because the Frau remembered her beautiful mother, who had herself been a "butterfly"—in a pinched waist and illusion skirts—some twenty years before.

He too had acquired the habit of dropping into the "eating-house;" for, if he had fifteen cents in his pocket and a hollow feeling below the heart, well and good, Frau Hollanderger fed him; and if he happened to have the hollow feeling without the accompaniment in specie, Frau Hollanderger fed him notwithstanding.

He "remintit" her of her only son, she told him,—was in fact his "ffery himage;" adding subsequently, with no thought of offence, that her son was a "wild dr-rinker," and had gone "most generally all ohfer to ze dhogs."

One morning The Butterfly was sitting alone in the eating-house and sipping coffee from a great white cup, which in its magnitude almost covered her little face. Except for herself and the fat proprietress, the room was empty.

Suddenly a quick, manly tread rang out on the stone step before the door, and The Butterfly, setting down her cup in a little flutter of astonishment, stole a first glimpse of him who afterwards became known behind scenes as "The Butterfly's Young Man," or "The Butterfly's Steady Comp'ny."

And because they were both young, and because they were unlike her other patrons, and gentle, and like one another, Frau Hollanderger seated him at the table with The Butterfly and introduced them on the spot: "Mees Feery, I pr-resent Meester Piker."

Miss Feery held out her hand and smiled. Mister Piker caught it in his own massive grip and smiled too. Afterwards Miss Feery secreted the agonized little member in her lap, and talked away to hide how much it hurt.

"I work at the 'Casino,'" she said,—"the Vaudeville Fun Co. I do the 'butterfly dances.' Are you professional?"

"No,—worse luck," he said. "I'm nothing, that I know of. I am employed just now in finding work. It's the hardest work I ever did in my life. I've been just a month in town."

"If you don't succeed you mean to go back?" asked The Butterfly.

He looked at her in amazement. "Go *back!* Let them say I couldn't get along? Not much. I am going to stay right here in town, if I have nothing in my pocket and less in my stomach—— Beg pardon, miss, I'm sure. You see, I haven't people of my own out there, and the others would never be done crowing it over me. No, I'm going to stay in town. I'm going to work."

"And you came with no money at all?" asked The Butterfly, conversationally.

"No, miss. But I might just as well. I came with one hundred

dollars cash. Lost it the first day. Buncoed. Some sharps with a fixed poker game. But it won't happen again. I'm not a bird to be taken twice in the same trap. Why, not a week ago a chap tried the life insurance policy business down in Washington Square. Thought he saw the hayseed under my hat, I suppose. He's now languishing in jail."

The Butterfly listened with interest. "How very, very clever you must be!" she said. "Now, I might be imposed on from month to month. I should never learn to be cautious."

"God Almighty didn't expect women to work for a living," replied Mr. Piker, in a tone of honest conviction. He stole a shy, admiring glance at her from under his bushy eyebrows, and said diffidently, "You are awfully young, too."

"Not so very," she answered. "I don't know how old, exactly. About seventeen, perhaps. Say eighteen, and make it full measure."

"I was nineteen last May. Call that twenty for good measure." And over this resplendent witticism they both laughed very merrily.

They left Hollanderger's together. The fat Frau, standing hands on hips, chuckled as she watched them down the street. The eating-house proprietress had once been very young herself. That was forty years ago. But is a woman's youth gone when she pulls her first gray hair?

He brought The Butterfly to her lodgings. And it was here, standing on the dirty door-step, that she gave him a fluttering invitation to come any night behind the scenes at the Casino.

"And, by the way," she added, struggling vainly to make the words unimportant, "I—I know it's rather an unusual thing to—to say,—but if—if you are out of work, you must need to borrow money. I happen to—I sometimes have a—a little I don't need right away. I wish you would borrow from me whenever you are—badly off."

"I will," he said, gratefully. "I am sometimes very badly off indeed."

"I—I happen to have a couple of dollars with—with me now," she said. "You are very, very welcome."

"Then I will take them. Thank you more than I can say." He folded the notes away in his pocket-book, pulled out a worn memorandum sheet, and made an entry in pencil.

The girl bounded up the long stairs to her attic with flushed cheeks and a beating heart.

That night, after the performance, she could not sleep. The attic was bitterly cold, but she pulled a coverlet from the bed and sat by her little window, enveloped in it, looking down upon the snow and the gaslight in the street.

"He came. I only invited him this morning, and he came. He asked me to call him Harry." And the blush that was lingering in her cheeks spread over her forehead and her white neck as well.

After that he came every night. He sat in the wings or in the men's stuffy dressing-rooms. Often he went forward to look out upon the house, but never while she was dancing. The thought of *her* with

those colored lights—scarlet and blue and green—turned upon her little person, of those thousands of curious human eyes following her every movement, maddened him. His hands would close convulsively till the nails bit the flesh.

The troop—The Vaudeville Fun Co., as bill-posters had it—were very friendly with him,—the tenor especially, a tall, flaxen-haired, broad-shouldered young fellow, very unlike tenors in general.

"You don't never go on front to watch The Butterfly," said this individual to The Butterfly's Young Man. "Don't you want to come now? They've got the green light on her. It's grand."

But the Butterfly's Young Man stepped back, twitching at the bare idea of it. "I think I won't go, thanks," he said. "I—I don't think I could stand seeing her there before all those people."

"No?" said the tenor, easily. "Well, some is prejudiced agen' it, of course. I don't wonder you feel that way about her. She ain't strong. I suppose you'll be for taking her off the stage when you're married?"

The Butterfly's Young Man twitched again, and a blush, redder, hotter, and more painful than The Butterfly herself had ever experienced, burnt its way slowly to his temples. He wondered what the tenor would say if he knew that *he*—The Butterfly's Young Man—had not a dime of his own in the world,—that he borrowed from her every pay-day.

But the tenor went on unconsciously. "I don't mind telling you," he said, filling his pipe with some very bad tobacco, "that I was once dead set on marrying The Butterfly myself. She always said there wasn't a gleam of hope, but I never give up for good and all till you come. I don't think I will ever like any girl like I liked her."

The Butterfly's Young Man could think of nothing appropriate, but he held out his hand, which the tenor took and shook. He liked The Butterfly's Young Man more than ever.

But Madam Fortune continued to pursue the country lad with the worst her capricious soul could devise. Since the first day they met, The Butterfly had never inquired how he was succeeding. As she had lent him money, such questions would be vulgar. Besides, all men paid what they owed, eventually, The Butterfly thought,—all men but theatrical troop managers. So she never asked Mr. Piker to render an account of himself. But he did it without the asking. Once it was a job at street-car driving—and the cables were established upon his line. Then rough carpentering for a joiner—and the joiner, unhappy man, died of pneumonia within five days. Then packing at a large warehouse—and the warehouse burned one night to its foundations.

After the warehouse episode, The Butterfly's Young Man was somewhat disheartened. "I feel as if some one had his d—d heel on my neck," he groaned out.

"It is desperately hard to make a good start," said The Butterfly.

Summer came without the "start" having been made, the time of dry bricks and remorseless sun and express companies' harvests. And early one July morning The Vaudeville Fun Co. left for New York *en route* for Europe. But The Butterfly's Young Man remained.

"Let me write to you," he said as they choked over their good-byes at the Broad Street Dépôt.

"I—I think it is better not. You are sure to know when I return. We will come to the Casino."

"I will be there your first night," said The Butterfly's Young Man.

II.

A first and a second twelvemonth passed without a further American appearance of the Vaudeville Fun Co. But in September of the third year, manifold variegated posters, in conspicuous places, announced the Company's advent and set forth its seductions:

!!! THE VAUDEVILLE FUN CO. !!!

Introducing in America

GEORGE BUTT AND HENRY KNOX

In their Unrivalled Heavy-Weight

SPARRING EXHIBITION.

Also

PROFESSOR PEABODY, Acrobat,

The Great Disprover of Centripetal Force.

And presenting The Fun Co.'s European Success,

MISS ARGENTINA FEERY,

In her World-Renowned Serpentine Dances.

And so on *ad libitum*.

And Miss Argentina Feery was none other than The Butterfly, a little taller, a little thinner, a little—if possible—more graceful.

There are men who can never forget her as she was that first night. The many-colored "butterfly" robes had been discarded with the "butterfly" dance, which was what the manager termed "done out." Now she wore green and gold with a spirited dash of red, the serpentine colors. The silk ran in its liquid folds. The lights and shadows leaped buoyantly within it. And the girl's face was the completion, tinged as it seemed with something less sadness than young experience and revelation. The house came down.

After the third *encore* she found some one awaiting her with a glass of wine and with a pleased look on his face,—the tenor.

"Here, drink this," he said. "And, say, there's a fellow back there that wants to see you very partikler."

The Butterfly felt her breath burn her lips. "Is it—is it——?" she asked. Then she stopped.

"Yes. It's him," replied the tenor. "I'm just as glad as you are."

The Butterfly's Young Man it was,—a little taller, a little stouter, and—as was very possible indeed with him—a little more graceful.

His neat dark clothes hung well, and there was a look of manliness—well-brushed, clean-shaven manliness—which put The Butterfly even a little in awe of him.

But, oh, that half-hour between her entrance cues! They talked, these two, of everything in their little worlds—except money. For even now, when the laurels of industry seemed dangling from his brows, she did not ask how he had succeeded. He was still in her debt to the amount of two hundred dollars, and—such questions would be vulgar. But, money or no money, they laughed there in the dirty wings, so that the tenor, and Professor Peabody, and Messrs. Butt and Knox, etc., laughed too, *sotto voce*, as if they also were young lovers after a separation.

He brought her to the same lodgings when it was over, and, standing on the still unwashed door-step, he said he had something to tell her.

The Butterfly gave her permission in a very low voice. There was something in those few words which sent the blood tingling to her cheeks, which made her feel as if she had just swallowed the contents of the tenor's wineglass.

The Young Man continued:

"I want a last loan from you. I am going to be married. I want to borrow enough for a wedding-ring."

The girl braced herself with one hand on the marble coping. "I shall be very glad to lend you anything—anything that I have," she said, steadily.

He looked up at her, and, meeting her eyes, dropped his own. "I wish you would come with me to-morrow to choose them,—the ring and some other trifles."

The Butterfly said, softly, "I shall be very glad to go."

"And is that all you have to say to me?"

"I think it is. Is there something you would like me to have said?"

"You might at least have hoped that my wife-to-be isn't hare-lipped or squint-eyed." And, raising his hat, he bolted down the steps without even the formality of a good-night.

The Butterfly climbed to her attic in utter bewilderment. Once there, she lighted a candle and sat with her face in her hands.

"No wonder!" she cried. "No wonder he is hurt to the quick. He is to be married, and I never asked her name. How could I forget it? Oh, how could I?"

He called for her early the next morning,—between eight and nine. His face had been so angry at their parting that now she did not look into it.

"I am afraid," she said to him on the way, "that you thought me very heartless last night."

"I did."

"I—I think I was tired—dancing. I am very sorry to have seemed that way. I wish you every happiness."

"Oh, thanks."

And The Butterfly walked on, more bewildered than ever.

The jeweller's clerk, a little wizened Irishman, grinned overpoweringly at the "young pair av thim inquirin' for weddin' rings." He brought out the glittering trays with great good will and loquacity.

After infinite debating, they made a choice.

"You had betther try it on, miss," the man suggested. "Sure one niver can tell how shmall a lady's finger is. And it's yourself wouldn't want it to be roulin' aff at the althar." He held out the little emblematic thing to her in the palm of his hand; but The Butterfly shrank back.

"No. I'd rather not, indeed," she said. The clerk laughed with a good-humored wink across his shoulder at The Butterfly's Young Man. "Herself thinks it will be time enough when the priesht comes," he said.

"Should you like me to try it on?" The Butterfly asked her Young Man, without looking at him.

"Yes, I should."

So The Butterfly tried it on.

While the clerk was wrapping the tiny parcel at the back of the shop, she drew out her purse. In so doing she found the Young Man's eyes bent upon her. She thought they had never looked so terrible. He caught her arm and thrust it back sharply. He paid the bill from his own pocket-book.

Afterwards they walked a long distance in silence. Then the Young Man said, gently,—

"How long is this going to last? Don't you think I've been on the rack long enough for one foolish savage little joke? You know I've always wanted to marry one girl. You know who that girl is. You know that I don't need to borrow now,—there's a thousand dollars at the National in your name. But last night, taking you home, the thought struck me, 'How unnatural it seems to have money in my pocket, taking her home! How like old times it would seem to ask her for money,—even money for the wedding-ring! How she would laugh!'"

"It was a very strange joke," she said, in a low voice.

"But if you realized what I have gone through to make that joke possible! Don't you know that nothing can be sorer to a man who is a man than to borrow from a woman,—that nothing goes against the grain in him like taking the money she slaves for? Do you think that any mouthful of your bread wouldn't have choked me, if I had not felt success in my blood?"

"How could I have understood?" The Butterfly said. "We've never been engaged."

"Engaged! Good Lord! We've been The Butterfly and The Butterfly's Young Man so long that I thought we were as much engaged as if you said yes every time the clock struck. But if I must tender myself formally, with a flourish of trumpets, I now do so. Dear Miss Argentina, will you marry me?"

"Oh, Harry!" said The Butterfly.

Mary Dawson.

WOMAN'S LOT IN PERSIA.

IT is a generally accepted truth that the position accorded to women by a nation gives a fair standard by which to measure its degree of civilization and morality. Judged by this test, the Persians are on a very low plane, even when compared with the "unspeakable Turk" and other glittering barbarians whose shibboleth is *Allah il Allah.*

So far as mere material existence, the grosser wants of our human nature, are concerned, it is true, woman in Persia does not suffer greatly. She is perhaps not so much the beast of burden, the household drudge, as is the poor wife of the factory employee, the laborer, the mechanic, in England, Belgium, France, Germany, nay, even America. Her life is not so entirely wasted away in frantic efforts to make both ends meet, to feed, clothe, and keep out of mischief the children who constitute her sole wealth; nor has she to exercise that degree of keen foresight, of prudence, of hard-grained economy, which is necessary for her poverty-stricken Western sister. Her thoughts do not have to turn exclusively in the narrow range of never-ending household cares, amid the mean and minute details which form a ceaseless purgatory for the poor woman of our civilization. But, while the latter is at least admitted into her husband's whole heart and confidence, her privileges as a wife and mother conceded, and her burden generally not more onerous than that of the man, in Persia the woman—girl, wife, and widow—is but a thing, a soulless piece of property, to be dealt with according to the man's whim. She does not share the man's higher aspirations, cares, and ambitions. If she has few duties, she has no rights. She is held in such low esteem that to speak about her is deemed indecent and indecorous. Her children are not hers to love, command, and keep. In short, she is in her youth solely a toy, and in her age a reproach and a nuisance. A more detailed picture will confirm this wholesale estimate.

The Persian woman is of medium size and good build. She is slender, with an unconscious grace of motion and carriage. Despite the tiny, inconvenient slipper, shaped about like two inverted V's joined at the base, which leaves the heel unsupported and threatens to drop off at every step, she walks lightly and with a pretty, mincing gait. She has two points without which no Venus of Milo could be constructed or imagined, fine eyes and fine hair. The latter she unfortunately twists into a dozen thin, long braids. The eyebrows generally meet in an arch over her long and well-shaped nose. The skin is brown, and betrays the large admixture of Tartar, Turcoman, and other Turanian blood, for even those parts of the body habitually covered show this bronze tinge. A fair skin is rare and much valued; when found, it is always due to Armenian, Georgian, or Circassian ancestors, imported when Persia included the Caucasus and brought fair slaves thence for its andarouns. Blond hair, however, is not, as in Mexico, thought beautiful; on the contrary, when not black by nature, powerful dyes are used to give it the dusky shade.

Tattooing is still much in vogue, although not so universally as up to fifty years ago. Designs of all kinds are indelibly punctured in red and blue on the arms, the thighs, and between the breasts, preferably the latter. One of the European physicians residing at Teheran, Dr. Albu, was employed for several weeks by one of the Shah's sisters, who was looking out for a third husband, in tattooing her most extensively; for the Persian's idea of superlative beauty includes some lively and startling patterns drawn on the form of his inamorata.

The Persian woman, unlike the women of Turkey and Circassia, does not incline to *embonpoint*. As long as youth lasts (and with her it is more fleeting than with most), she is slender and well proportioned; as soon as age creeps on, she becomes haggard, bony, and scraggy. She loves dress, intrigue, gossip, tobacco, and cheap jewelry. She often ruins her husbands by the endless acquisition of silk shalwars (wide flowing pantaloons), velvet jackets gold-braided and jewel-embossed, gauze chemises, turquoises, anklets, and similar baubles. Her stock of these things is often most extensive and varied. In the andaroun and garden she luxuriates only in a small but choice selection of very abbreviated skirts, a chemise of a thin transparent silk tissue, bespangled and ornamented, hanging down over her waist, and over that a jacket with shorter sleeves, often made of very costly material and handsomely decorated. The shalwar is worn only on special occasions; yet she often has many dozens piled up, and of tawdry jewelry a large supply. Two things in the jewelry line she makes it a point to have as fine and tasteful as her husband's means will admit. These are turquoises and chapraçt. The latter is the clasp which fastens her rouband (face-veil) behind her head to the chaddar (long, shapeless mantle enveloping her to the feet). This clasp generally consists of two large and beautifully engraved turquoises, of gold or silver coils, of diamonds or rubies, joined together by a hook and eyelet of precious metal. By looking at the chapraçt of a woman in the street one can usually, despite the uniformly cheap material of her chaddar, tell the rank and wealth of its owner's husband. Turquoises are held in very high esteem, and are worn by preference. The Persian word for turquoise is *firouz*, and means luck as well. Turquoises are believed to bring the greatest good fortune of all precious stones, and they are therefore used to embellish amulets of every species. But they are also highly valued on account of their intrinsic worth, and the Persian, male and female, is proud of nothing so much as of a fine turquoise, of the bright azure tint, without flaw and having stood the test of time.

The Persian woman is fond of intrigue,—intrigue of every kind. Custom allows her to leave her house unattended at any time, and to walk the streets unmolested, nobody daring to address a word to her. The chaddar, while it prevents her from displaying her form and makes her a hideous, shapeless object, serves as a thorough and effective disguise, so that she may pass her husband in the street and his jealous eye will not be able to detect or identify her. She, on the other hand, may make her presence known to anybody. She may drop her veil—by accident—just when passing the handsome youth on whom she has

centred her fickle affections; she may lift her rouband and dart a quick tell-tale glance at him—just to catch for a moment the fresh breeze, or the better to inspect a piece of goods, or to drink a bowl of the street vender's sherbet, or to do any one of many permitted things. It will readily be understood that the custom of going out veiled, while it is in some respects inconvenient to the respectable and virtuous, and is a real discomfort to all during the eight hot months of the year in a country like Persia, serves at the same time as a shield to intrigues and flirtations, and confers the whole year around the privileges of the Italian carnival season on the women, without granting corresponding rights to the men.

At home in the andaroun she uses all her ingenuity and wiles in intrigues of a different kind. If she be the sole wife, she will bend all her cunning to remain so. When she notices that her husband begins to waver in his devotion to her and has ascertained in which direction his amorous thoughts fly, she will try to forestall or circumvent him. She will employ the good offices of a professional match-maker—always an old woman—to marry the girl or widow in question to some other man before her husband pops the question. If that fails, she will try to disgust him with the woman. She will mention imaginary or real faults of body or character, and enlarge on them skilfully; she will depreciate the amount of her dowry, or insist that the girl's mayrieh (milk money,—*i.e.*, a considerable gift in money and valuables paid by the groom to the parents of his bride for her bringing up, her beauty and accomplishments) is larger than he can afford, and exhaust her stock of endearments and adjurations, besides plying all her siren artifices to bring him once more to her feet. If all these ruses remain bootless, her resources are by no means exhausted. Even if the marriage comes to pass, she will, by fair means or foul, instil a disbelief of his bride's innocence into her husband's mind; she will threaten, cajole, and browbeat them both to bring about a speedy disruption; and if all that prove of no avail, she will make her rival's life a torture and curse to her. But she will just as readily and ingeniously bring about a treaty of peace, if she once becomes convinced that she is powerless. Rivalries of lifelong duration, feuds of the most treacherous and insidious kind, are, however, very common in Persian andarouns, and acquire renewed intensity and bitterness according to the various bestowals of the husband's favor.

How is childhood passed in Persia? Alas, it is of brief duration and knows few joys. The child at its birth is fed exclusively on butter for three days, then up to the completed second or third year on the milk of the mother or nurse. Wealthy people employ nurses, generally chosen from among the Turcoman or nomad women, whose health is stronger and whose milk is more nourishing than that of the Persian city woman. The nurses receive great consideration on the part of the family, and lifelong affection from the child, and so do foster-brothers and sisters. Marriages between the latter are held incestuous and are forbidden by the religious law. The baby has a cradle, or else a hammock, to sleep in during the warm season, and something even worse than Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is given it

at regular intervals to insure sleep. This is an opiate syrup, called "sherbēte khash khash." In this way even the babies acquire a taste and longing for opium, and this explains why the Persian women cannot, any more than the men, get along without continually smoking the ghalyan, with its strong, fragrant, opium-scented tumbeki. Children of two years and unweaned eat rice and melons, and this, with a number of other grave breaches of hygienic laws and the trying climate, accounts for the prevalence of cholera infantum, which carries off two-thirds of the babies.

From the ninth year on, girls are always veiled when away from the andaroun. The average age at which they attain their maturity is eleven or twelve in the north and nine in the south of Persia. They often marry much earlier, especially among the poorer classes, with whom a girl is an unwelcome expense while unmarried, but becomes a source of revenue when off their hands and wedded. The mayrieh which the son-in-law gives to the parents differs of course greatly according to the beauty and accomplishments of the girl, but it is generally large enough to become the prime object in the parents' mind just about that time, one thousand tomāns (fifteen hundred dollars) or a village or estate being not infrequently paid by a rich man to even poor parents for a girl possessing more than usual attractions. Betrothals are made, as in India, at a very early age, often when the girl is still in her cradle, and this is especially the case among blood relations. Marriages between relatives are not only the rule in Persia, but are considered eminently desirable and respectable. Unions of cousins are usual, and the wife is then accorded the highest honors. She is styled daughter of the uncle, and has the first place awarded her in the andaroun. Strange to say, this system of breeding-in, so to speak, although of very ancient date, has had no appreciable deleterious effects, so far as the physical development of the race is concerned. Even in ancient times consanguinity was no bar against marriage.

The dispensation of a mollah, or priest, is necessary whenever a girl is married before she has reached maturity. When the certificate of her maturity cannot be brought, the mollah is told of the nature of the marriage she may contract if a dispensation is given, and he then grants the latter almost always, proportioning his fee to the amount of mayrieh the parents are to receive from the groom. Thus, even in the north, girls of seven to ten are often married to men of forty or more. As the education of woman is generally neglected in Persia, and physical charms, together with a knowledge of embroidery and, at most, ability to play on the Persian guitar, constitute all that is required of her, there are really no distinctions of rank or birth made in choosing second or third wives or seeghays (temporary wives). A beautiful girl, even if picked out of the gutter, may to-day, no less than in the days of King Cophetua, become the wife of the richest and highest.

Mothers with many children are held in the highest esteem in Persia. A princess with eight living children, a quarter of a century ago, was therefore the wonder and admiration of everybody, for, although the average number of children born to each Persian woman is six (according to the best available statistics), the average number

of those surviving their third year is less than two, an unwise system of diet, together with continual infractions of the sanitary code, being responsible for the appalling death-rate among infants.

The child-bearing age is very brief with Persian women, generally lasting only from the twelfth to the twentieth year, and in that short time the majority of them give birth to six or more children, of whom two-thirds generally die when weaned, or before. Persian women are astonished at nothing so much as at the large number of children European women residing there will rear. Of course the former have no idea of hygiene or correct sanitary principles, everything with them being a tissue of tradition and superstition.

Persia is *par excellence* the country where marriage is made easy, especially among the poor. For a mechanic, soldier, laborer, or servant it is no more expensive to maintain a family than to maintain himself. The paucity of the articles of furniture required, the scantiness of attire, the cheapness of the material used by the poor for clothing, and the low price of their usual fare, as bread, fruit, mutton, and chicken, all tend to make it very inexpensive to support a family. It is held a burning shame for a girl of sixteen not to be married, and old maids are practically unknown. One of the many sisters of the Shah never married, but she was for that reason a source of wonderment to the people.

Love in our sense is unknown among Persians. Even with the poets the term always carries with it the sense of animal passion. Boys attain the age of puberty at fourteen, and if of good family they get a seeghay and often a couple of slaves when sixteen or seventeen, some of them when even younger. Young fellows, if their fathers be influential, are often appointed to fat offices when but half grown. Thus, the son of the present minister of foreign affairs, when but fourteen years of age and standing barely five feet high, was made governor of Kaswin, an important and flourishing province, and had already a small but select andaroun. He was, it is true, more mature in body and mind than many an American boy of eighteen or twenty, and he did not administer the province worse than his predecessor, a man of sixty. When full grown, the young fellow takes a legitimate wife, usually chosen among his female cousins; the seeghays are then dismissed, but are often reinstated later. No attempt is made to conceal anything pertaining to the relation of the sexes from boys or girls, and parents discuss subjects of the most indelicate nature in the presence of their children without in any way violating customary propriety.

A slave ceases to be such when she bears a child to her master. The seeghay is a strange instance of lewdness brought to a system and rendered respectable. Such marriages (for a religious act is necessary to "seal" the woman to the man) are made between men and women of different rank, and are contracted to last all the way from one hour to ninety-nine years, the average time being probably about one month. A seeghay is, of course, not held in as high esteem as the wife proper, but she is considered perfectly reputable, even if she have changed hands a hundred times within a few years. She brings her husband no dowry, and her parents no "mayrieh;" her children do not follow

her, but remain with the father, if he can be ascertained. She is generally well treated, often much better than the legitimate wife, and was in most cases a divorced wife when she entered on her career as a seeghay.

The children of legitimate wives, temporary wives, and slaves are equally entitled to inherit, and the result of this is numerous heirs to every estate worth having. Complications continually arise in consequence, and pretended heirs often present themselves to claim a share in an inheritance many years after the death of the testator. It may be imagined how frequently cases of this kind occur as a result of the ambiguity of the laws on this subject and the facility with which any number of Persians can be hired to swear to anything. Men of high rank and large fortune often leave hundreds of heirs. When Feth Ali Shah, grandfather of the present ruler, died, he left the cognomen of "Adam-es-Sani" (Adam the Second) and over six hundred children. His descendants are to-day estimated at sixteen thousand. His case, of course, was an exceptional one, as there had never been a ruler in modern Persia with such an army of wives and concubines. In Persia, however, a much larger proportion of the people live in polygamy than in Turkey, China, or India. As the common run of wives are so easily satisfied, and as it takes so little to keep them, even poor men often have two or three. A shopkeeper with a daily income of two dollars, for instance, can and does afford to have his three wives or seeghays. The peasants, however, and the nomads (whose number is estimated at three millions) are uniformly monogamists in practice, and they, too, are much more moral, and entirely free from the unnatural vices which disgrace the denizens of the Persian towns.

To become the husband of a princess is not an unalloyed blessing. Custom, more powerful than law, obliges the man on whom a princess of the blood has cast the eye of favor to divorce all his other wives on the night of the wedding, and at least to keep out of her sight and hearing the seeghays and fair slaves whose society he may have enjoyed up to that hour. Although she always exacts the most rigid and comprehensive devotion from him, she may, and nearly always does, indulge herself in fancies not in exact accordance with conjugal duty. While she generally brings him a large dowry, he is obliged to return it to the last doit in case she ever becomes tired of him and insists upon a divorce. In fact, she has it pretty much her own way, and is in this respect a notable exception to her less fortunate and high-born sisters. A case in point is that of Malek Sadeh, once the favorite sister of the present Shah. When he in 1848 ascended the throne, she was only twelve years old, but she had already cast her eyes about and nearly made up her mind to marry a certain young man. Her brother forced her to wed Ameer Mirza Taghi, whom he had just appointed grand vizier, and whom he wished to attach closely to his then dawning fortunes by ties of affinity as well as of interest. The Ameer was fifty-two years old, and had a number of wives and children, whom he had to disown and put away. Malek Sadeh, against all expectation, fell in love with her somewhat elderly husband, and proved a faithful and devoted wife to him until the hour of his downfall. Even then she

followed him into banishment and sought to save him from the many pitfalls and murderous stratagems that had been devised for his destruction. He was, however, finally strangled in his bath by a servant bribed with the Shah's money. Malek Sadeh, heart-broken, returned to Teheran, but remained in a lonely and desolate state of widowhood, refusing all consolation and all medicine, material or spiritual. The Shah, however, made her yield to his urgent request to marry the son of his new premier, Kaseem Khan, and from that day she changed completely, so much so that the Shah often cynically referred to her as "the most public woman in Persia." When Kaseem Khan in his turn fell, and went into exile, he had to give up all that was claimed as her dowry,—*i.e.*, his whole fortune,—and retired a beggar. She, however, is very wealthy, owning hundreds of houses in Teheran and fine estates in the country.

Of courtship, in our sense, there is none in Persia. Matches are arranged after much haggling and endless preliminaries, and with due observance of the most prosaic and matter-of-fact details (the giving or refusing of an additional frying-pan or copper pot will make or unmake a marriage project), by female relatives and neighbors, or else by professional match-makers. Bride and groom never see each other till after the ceremony, and their opinions of each other rest entirely on the asseverations of interested parties. An agreement having been reached, the marriage ceremony—that is, the religious act—is performed. This is termed "akhd ennikāt," and is very simple. The girl, standing on the other side of the door behind which her future husband and the mollah are drawn up, is asked if she will have the man, and answers, "I yield myself to thee." This simple declaration, even in the absence of other witnesses, is sufficient to establish the legality of the marriage and render it binding. With the well-to-do, however, much pomp and ceremony are employed. Feasting and eating, fireworks and illuminations, music and other noises, are gone through with in large and continual doses for eight or nine days after the marriage act proper. The groom will go to the house of the bride's father, where the ceremony is concluded. The girl's father (or, in case of his death, a substitute), after a prayer, sits down and takes the right hand of his future son-in-law, and the mollah then pronounces aloud and repeatedly a stated number of Arabic phrases, showering blessings on the couple. Then the "salawāt" (Praise God and the Prophet!) is pronounced, and everybody present exclaims, "Mābarek lād!"—*i.e.*, "May this step be propitious!" The daughter of poor parents is led to the house of the husband the next night, while the rich keep up festivities for a week, spreading good cheer in plenty every day for the consumption of a new set of guests: first their nearer relations, then their superiors and patrons, again their poorer and more distant relations, then their clients and hangers-on, till everybody who is in any way allied to the family has had his turn and share. The young husband, meanwhile, must not see or speak to his bride. This, however, with enterprising young men, is evaded by a custom called "nāmzedbāzi" (caressing of the betrothed), which breach of etiquette is very often made possible (despite the many diffi-

culties in the way, such as locks, eunuchs, and guards) by the passive or active assistance of the bride's mother. Before going to her husband's house, the bride repairs to the public bath, accompanied by all her female playmates and friends. The groom sends a goodly supply of henna and other cosmetics, and in full sight of this array of satellites, forming the chief constellation in the firmament, the young woman bathes and undergoes a very minute and extensive process of renovation and embellishment. Then all her personal property and effects, her wardrobe and household utensils, are packed in peculiarly-shaped trunks covered with scarlet cloth and loaded on mules, one trunk on each side of the beast. Then, accompanied by her slaves and eunuch, her girl friends and playmates, with music and torches, she, on horseback, wends with this long procession her way to the groom's house. When she has been led by him to the bridal chamber, he must tear the veil from her face, she struggling against it; as he lifts it he exclaims, "Bismillah errahman errahim!" ("In the name of God, the All-Merciful!") Then another brief struggle takes place, as each one of the couple tries to step first on the other's foot; the successful one will, according to popular belief, lord it over the other during the term of their married life. Generally it is the man who thus first delicately salutes his bride. The women meanwhile, in a neighboring room, keep up a continual clatter and clapping of hands, screaming at the top of their voices, "Zoud bash!" ("Be quick!") The next morning relations and friends of the couple will come and present their congratulations.

As in all Oriental countries, the virginity of the girl is made very much of. The Hebrew test of the days of Jacob is still strictly applied, and not to be a maid in the fullest sense of the word is the greatest misfortune that can befall a girl in Persia. The mere assurance of the groom that he has been deceived suffices to send home the bride the following morning, and to brand her thus with an indelible mark of shame. This, it must be owned, is rarely done, the extreme youth of the woman generally insuring her purity.

Divorce is even more common in Persia than in Turkey. The law gives the husband ample power to cut loose from his wife at any time. He need assign no reason, but merely declare in the presence of two male witnesses that he has "divorced that woman." In point of fact, however, husbands divorce their wives generally for one of the three following reasons: marital infidelity (the Koran is so explicit and painstaking on this point that it is almost impossible ever to make this the stated reason); mutual agreement; or "bāde khadem" (literally, bad step), a term covering a multitude of sins, such as extravagance, hasty temper, quarrelsome disposition, inconvenient jealousy, approaching age, barrenness, or the knack of bringing her husband bad luck. When he divorces her for either of the latter reasons, he is held by the law to return the wife her dowry. In practice, however, this is seldom done. Generally the wife has to be satisfied with a portion of her dowry, often with nothing at all, as the law's uncertain ways hardly ever bring relief in such cases. The sympathy of the mollahs and of the whole community is nearly always with the hus-

band. For the wife there is but one sole ground on which to base a successful prayer for divorce,—the husband's neglect to fulfil his marital duties.

While thus woman, whether wife, seeghay, or slave, is to all intents and purposes the plaything of man, while her fate trembles daily in the balance, solely adjusted and held by him, she is in reality not so badly treated by him as one might be led to suppose. The sense of supreme power makes the man indulgent, while with her the consciousness of total subjection induces her to invent all sorts of tricks to cajole and enchant him. So far as active brutality is concerned, woman in Persia has not as much to complain of as in many a more civilized land. She is rarely beaten or maltreated by the husband, and in all his intercourse with her his native politeness makes him treat her with a certain kind of courtesy. Thus, the woman of rank is hardly ever addressed otherwise than as "Khanum," a title of honor, being the feminine form of "Khan:" even the wives of men in lower stations of life are habitually spoken of as "begoum," or "bādjee" (sister), and the laborer's wife is made happy with the title of "saïfa" (the weak one). Even the lowest of her kind, the strolling vagabond who becomes the companion of the wandering dervish, and the professional dancer, who stands at the foot of the social ladder, are treated with a degree of indulgence which this disgrace to womankind would hardly find elsewhere. They are not sent to jail or to houses of correction, but are allowed to beg or to ply their trade unmolested, and no blue-coated guardian of the peace will interfere with them. That the lower-class Persian woman knows how to make herself a nuisance will be confirmed by any one who has listened to her torrents of vituperation and abuse. Not the vilest man uses language so foul, violent, and venomous as she does when aroused. I once heard one of them, while standing in the middle of a street in Teheran, for twenty minutes empty such a shower-bath of abuse and invective over the head of another woman with whom she had picked a quarrel, as I never knew equalled.

The husband's privileges, the seclusion of andaroun life, and the inviolability of Moslem women are still very strictly enforced in Persia. Even at the present day that might happen again under similar circumstances which happened to the Russian legation fifty years ago. One of the attachés of that legation (it was under the reign of Mehmed Shah, a year or two before his death) had induced a Persian woman, a Mohammedan, to come to his lodgings at the legation buildings. She was reasoned with by a mollah, but persisted in her allegiance to her Feringhi lover. The priest, roused to anger, went into the bazaar, and there, by a strongly colored recital of the facts, so influenced the fanatical populace that they made an attack upon the legation, took it by sheer force of numbers, and massacred every one found within it, the Russian minister and the offending woman included, before help was sent by the Shah. Even to-day the law decrees death to the Moslem woman and her European gallant, but custom now gives him the choice of turning renegade, divorcing on the strength of his new faith his wife, if he have any, disowning his legitimate children, and

marrying the Moslem woman in question. Many an unbelieving libertine has found this law still in active operation, to his cost. Dr. Pekmiz, an American by birth, became a Moslem and a faithful subject of the Shah under stress of this sort; and there are living to-day in Teheran an Italian and a Frenchman, both of good family, who became converts to Islam for similar urgent reasons. A gentleman connected with one of the legations narrowly escaped a like fate not many years ago, and was obliged hurriedly to put a good many miles between himself and the Shah's wrath.

Life, on the whole, is a very stupid, dull, and uninteresting thing for the Persian woman. Besides what Goethe styles the mere joy of existence, there is little for her in this world. Of amusements she has only the bath, gossip, and dress. She smokes a great deal, and to her woes the weed proves a kind solace and ready comfort. The public bath, however, is probably what affords her the most unfailing source of enjoyment. True, the bath is filthy beyond conception, the water in the tanks, serving often for two hundred persons a day, being changed but twice a week, and the towels are never washed, only dried; but it is, for all that, the place where she is most free from restraint; where she can indulge her rough, playful humor and wagging tongue to the top of her bent; where she can hear all the scandal of the neighborhood and retail a bit of it herself; where she gives renewed brilliancy to her complexion, and an additional layer of henna to her hands and feet and finger-nails; and from which she finally emerges in such a state of languid loveliness as to inspire her with the hope that she will yet triumph over her rivals. But apart from this and the pleasure of donning new dresses as often as her husband furnishes her the means for it,—dresses which will be admired only by him and his nearest relations in the andaroun,—there is nothing for her. She knows not a mother's joys and responsibilities, and has no voice in the education of her children. She has no intellectual life, and is steeped in ignorance and gross sensuality. While young and good-looking, her vanity keeps her from feeling what an utterly base and useless thing she is; but as she ages very rapidly and is worn out and unattractive at a time when woman in more moderate climes is just reaching the summit of her charms and graces, her day is soon over. This, together with the slender tenure she holds on her husband's affections, and the ever-present uncertainty of her fate, serves to make the last half of her life as dark, profitless, and joyless as her worst enemy could have wished for her in the brief halcyon time of her youthful butterfly existence. Embroidery—which in Persia is a veritable art and is understood more or less by every woman—and the eating of insipid sweetmeats, with the stupefying hasheesh (bheng) and tumbeki, are all that is left her after passing her twenty-fifth year to make her forget that she ever ruled in the heart of the man whose flattering epithets and endearing phrases she now hears addressed to another. It is true that the constant debasement of centuries, dating ever since the time when Islam was first introduced with fire and sword into the land of her birth, has blunted the once fine susceptibilities of the Persian woman to such a degree that one of her ever-

recurring excuses, "Khar hasteem!" ("We are asses!") may justly be pleaded by her. That her lot is indeed unhappy, even when taking into consideration the fact that she but half feels its burdens, admits of no doubt.

The picture I have given above of the Persian women is not too sombre. Although the impression largely prevails that the average Persian woman is handsome, the reverse is true. There are pretty women in Persia, as there are even among the negresses of Africa, but they are few. If we estimate the number of good-looking ones among them at one per cent., we probably overstate the fact. And all of them lose their beauty after passing the twentieth year. A doctor practising in Teheran among the highest class of Persians told me he had never had a really pretty patient; and European ladies and physicians both, who had visited the Shah's andarouns and seen all his wives, seeghays, and slaves, held the concurrent opinion that there was not a single attractive one among them. As a matter of fact, the Shah's favorite wife was a woman of coarse build and features, and always bedaubed, bespangled, and dressed in a style which must be called decidedly "loud," even for a barbarian. The wife of a prominent European resident in Teheran told me that she had never been able to carry on a conversation with a Persian woman longer than five minutes, from sheer inability to talk about anything that would have interested her. The only questions they find to ask of their Western sisters, when they see one of them at rare intervals, refer to dress and to the most intimate relations between husband and wife, such as no decent woman in America or in Europe would dream of putting. With such women for mothers, sisters, and wives, what wonder that the Persian of to-day has become what he is,—a mean, cowardly, lying scoundrel?

There are now but a few thousands of Guebres, or Parsees, left in Persia. What has been said about the Persian woman does not at all apply to the daughters and wives of these. They are, without exception, monogamists, and the demoralization which has everywhere followed in the wake of Islam as a necessary consequence of the gross sensuality inculcated by Mohammed's precepts and practice, the gradual falling away from her former and better self which has been the lot of the Mohammedan woman in Persia since she has been made solely the instrument to satisfy man's animal instincts, are foreign to the Parsee woman. Just as she dresses, in-doors and out, decently and sensibly, does not wear in the seclusion of her apartments a costume devised specially to arouse lust, nor in the street one which will prevent her from seeing or being seen, so her face also is that of a rational, honest, decent being, instead of a shameless creature. The Guebre women are uniformly treated kindly by their husbands, are faithful to them, and are good, respectable wives and mothers, to whom may be applied the saying, "They are the happiest women about whom the least is said."

The Armenian women are also in most respects better off than the Persian woman proper. The Armenian colony in Persia has dwindled down to a bare fifty thousand at the present day. They are Christians,

and much more progressive in their ideas than the Mohammedans. The costume of the Armenian women is a peculiar one, and is rather graceful and pretty, especially their head-gear. They possess considerable charms while young, and there are among them many really beautiful girls. Like the Turks, Jews, and other Orientals, however, they incline to corpulence when once past their first youth. The Armenian women, on the whole, occupy nearly, if not quite, the position in the family which is accorded to woman by the rest of the Christian world. Respect for and blind obedience to their parents are their chief characteristics. A number of odd customs have survived among them, one of these being that the bride may not speak nor unveil her face in anybody's presence but that of her husband for one week after the wedding. Though there are more pretty women among the Armenians than among the Persians, the Armenian woman lacks the Persian woman's graceful carriage and walk.

In concluding this hasty survey of a subject so comprehensive and so difficult to deal with as woman must ever be, it is safe to say that the religion of Mohammed is in great degree responsible for the degraded moral and social status of the Persian woman. It has changed her once noble nature into something of such coarse fibre that even the man's nature seems fine by comparison with it. The Persian woman is very low, viewed from every point, even when measured by Napoleon's standard of a good woman,—viz., bearing the largest possible number of vigorous sons to the state. For centuries enslaved, and made a thing of flabby texture to bend to every whim of her bondmaster, man, the despised creature has terribly revenged herself by gradually remoulding the character of the whole nation into something so foul and despicable that even to the Turk, sodden as he is in Moslem licentiousness, the name of Persian seems a by-word and a reproach.

Wolf von Schierbrand.

THE DEFENDANT SPEAKS.

IS that you, Herbert? I have been waiting for you. Sit down here on the sofa beside me. Step softly; baby is asleep in her cradle, and I guess you can't see her in this dim firelight.

Does the room look cosy, dear? I have been piling on the logs, and drawing the curtains to shut out the snowy night. I arranged those roses just so that their perfume might reach you as you sat beside me. Here are your slippers,—for once I have admitted them to my snuggery,—and here is a steaming cup of Russian tea. Now, with each other and baby, and these cosy surroundings, what is to prevent our having an hour in Paradise before we dress for dinner and the world?

Why do you hesitate, Herbert? Won't you come? You seem uneasy: what is it? Oh, I know: you are thinking that certain

papers are to be served on me to-morrow, and you have come here for a business talk and to prepare me to receive them.

Your lawyer has been over-zealous. Here are the papers: they were served on me at noon to-day.

Don't draw back. I have quite recovered from the shock. I shall make you no scene. At first, I confess, I was troubled. I had not the slightest idea that you wanted to divorce me. I fancied that all was forgotten and forgiven between us, and it was like a bolt from a clear sky when the papers were handed to me. I could not understand it. You have been so kind and gentle to me through my sickness that I could not realize that you had really been hating me all this time and only waiting your opportunity to free yourself from me. It was a bitter moment to me. Then my eye fell on our darling's cradle, and I tried to see the noble motives underlying this apparent deceit of yours. You wished to spare me any shock or sorrow until I was well over my trouble and strong enough to bear it without any harm to myself or baby.

You have been thinking me unworthy, and yet you have loved me well enough to bear what you have imagined your shame until the knowledge of your intentions towards me should in no wise jeopardize my life.

It is for the sake of this great love which you have shown me that I meet you now as I do, for I should be touched to the heart by such devotion, even if I did not know myself to be wrong. Mind, I say wrong,—not guilty. I have deceived you, but I have not wronged you.

Poor boy, how you must have suffered, if such a mere straw of hope flushes your cheek and brightens your eye!

Come and sit down beside me, Herbert. It will do no harm to have heard me, whatever comes. There, that is better. Now your slippers. Here is your tea. Are not these roses lovely? The count sent them to me to-day.

Now, Herbert, you shan't start up in anger. I have read those papers from end to end. I know that you have named the count as co-respondent. Do you suppose that if I was guilty I would show you his flowers, or speak his name? You must think me a poor diplomat.

Herbert, this short hour is the turning-point of our lives. Things will never be the same again after it. We shall either enter on our future years with greater love and confidence in each other, or we shall part and be strangers. In this hour we have to decide whether we will give that innocent babe yonder the heritage of a blighted name, a tarnished honor.

Your face softens! You will hear me!

You know all about my cramped early life in the South; about the sale of our old home there; about my mother's going to live with an old aunt whose heiress she expected to be, while my father took me to Paris to educate me, as it was said.

Yes, I see I need not remind you of that. The mystery you wish to have cleared up is how I lived in Paris, what intimacy there existed

between me and the count, why I met him clandestinely after I had given you to suppose that he was a stranger to me, and what was the meaning of my lunching with him in a private room at the Brunswick, that dreadful day you found us together there.

I can explain everything; but to do so I must give your pride a shock from which it may never recover.

In Paris I was in the chorus of the Grand Opera.

Why were you not told of this before? Dear Herbert, I did try several times, and at last my father forbade me to mention it again. He said that it would only make useless trouble, that only two people in the world knew about it, himself and the count; that he would forget it, and the count would never be likely to cross our path again.

My mother to this hour is as ignorant of this matter as you were a moment ago. She sent us to Paris, imagining that people could live for a song there. We were to bury ourselves in the great city, live hermits on the money she could spare us, and when my aunt died and we had come into her money I was to be brought back, full of Parisian graces, to make a brilliant match. It was an impracticable scheme, and no one but my dear innocent old father would have tried to carry it out.

As it was, my father fell ill at the end of the first year. My aunt was still alive, and all the money we had was taken up for doctors and medicine.

Under these circumstances, Herbert, was I not right to get work to do?

Why did I take such work as that? Herbert, what could I do? All the knowledge I possessed was that I belonged to the best blood of the South. What could I do with that?

I could sing,—that was my one accomplishment,—and it has always been a pride in our family to speak the French tongue of our ancestors. After a year in Paris, then, it was easy for me to pass for a Frenchwoman.

Music in hand, I went boldly to the Grand Opera House and applied for a position in the chorus. It is about as easy to obtain an interview with any of those magnates there as it is to get speech with a queen. Twice, thrice, half a dozen times I went, always to be informed that no one could see me unless I brought an introduction. The last time I turned away hopeless, and my disappointment was so great that I drew into the shadow of the door-way and wept.

A gentleman was about to enter. He stopped and spoke to me.

"What ails thee, *petite?*" he asked.

Don't draw away from me, Herbert. Yes, it was the count. Hush, dear heart; what you say about speaking to strangers is true enough for me to-day, your wife, but not for the poor little hopeless girl in Paris three years ago. I answered the gentleman.

"I want work. In there they will not even try me to see if I am capable."

"Poor child! why do you want work?"

"My father is ill, our money is nearly all gone, and if I do not get work we shall starve."

He took me by the hand and led me inside the door I had so vainly tried to open.

Down a narrow stairway we passed to a dimly-lighted stage where a number of men and women, seated in rows, were singing some choruses under the direction of a sharp-eyed little man, who, baton in hand, seemed poised in readiness to swoop down on any one who sang falsely.

My new friend took me to him.

"What is your name?" he whispered, as we approached.

"Marguerite," I answered.

"Marguerite what?"

Something prevented my telling him my full name: I simply gave him my Christian names.

"Marguerite Rose."

"Good," he said, and presented me to the conductor.

"Beaumarchais," he said, "I have here a little friend of mine, Mlle. Rose, whom I would like you to put in your chorus, if you think she sings well enough."

Then I had to sing. Herbert, I have often wanted to tell you, when you praised my singing, that it had once stood between me and starvation, and saved me for you.

The conductor and my friend, who was addressed as Count de Meury, were charmed with my singing. I was engaged at once. And now, Herbert, even though you think you have cause for hating the count, you must do him justice and believe me. The moment he found I was engaged he came to me and congratulated me, and, though I often saw him going in and out of the Opera House, he never spoke to me, never gave me more than a little friendly nod, till long afterwards, and through all my acquaintance with him he has ever treated me with the utmost deference and respect.

One night, nearly a year later, as I was going home with my father, the count stopped us.

"Mlle. Rose," he said, "can you act?"

My father answered quickly for me. "Certainly; my daughter is a good actress."

"Then, monsieur, will you bring your daughter to this address to-morrow?"

The morrow revealed all to us. The count had written an opera; it was about to be produced; in me he saw the ideal of his heroine. He had watched me, believed me capable of exploiting this *rôle*, and asked me to accept it.

Herbert, can you not understand how impossible it was for me to refuse this offer? My mother wrote to us constantly of the power and position we should have when we came into our money, but in the mean while we were paupers, my father and I, and our only chance of being anything else hung on the caprice of an old woman who might outlive us all, or die and leave all her money to charity.

We talked it over; for we felt that, whether I succeeded or failed, the Mlle. Rose who made a *début* in the opera of a well-known society amateur could never again be quite the obscure person that Mlle. Rose

the *coryphée* had been. Still, Mlle. Rose had been the humble *coryphée* for a year, and it looked very much as if she might continue to be so for another ten years; and, believe me or not as you will, Herbert, we were often hungry. We had to economize our food to buy our clothes, and to economize our clothes to buy our food.

You press my hand, dear. Do you love me enough to let me tell you the rest of my story leaning on your breast? Herbert, I think you are beginning to believe I have a case.

What do you say? You wish you had known me then? I thank God you did not. I should have loved you then as I do now, but to you, in those days, I should have been nothing but a little chorus-girl. You would have broken my heart, forgotten me, and seen no harm in it. In such a position an innocent girl is a man's prey; only the hare that has been hunted knows how to cheat the dogs.

What was I telling you? Oh, yes. After some deliberation, we decided to accept the engagement with the count. The part suited me. Had I played it I should have been an actress, never a wife; but Fate willed it otherwise, Herbert, and Fate was kind when she brought me to you.

My father always went with me to rehearsal, and, though we had laid aside all thought of succeeding to my aunt's money, we never spoke of our private affairs to the count, and never let him know whence we came. My father was Monsieur Rose, I was Mlle. Rose, and there began and ended all the information that any one had about us.

Time went on. The night of the dress rehearsal came. As usual on the other side, all the critics were invited, and with them I made so great a success that the count came to my dressing-room and begged me to sign a contract with him for five years. It was a forfeit contract. He had somehow got the idea that we were merely waiting in Paris for some event to happen, and he put a clause in my contract that if I failed to appear I must pay him forty thousand francs. In my excitement I signed the paper, and never understood what this forfeit meant, until my father, half distracted, came to ask me why I had done such a foolish thing.

I thought it did not matter. I said so. We laughed over our good fortune, and, for the first time since we had been in Paris, took a carriage, and drove home full of anticipations of the morrow's triumph.

We ascended the stairs to our little apartment full of laughter and happiness, but our laughter died on our lips as we opened the door of our room, for there on the table beside the lamp lay a cablegram.

You guess the contents of it, Herbert. But six words. "Lesbia dead. Left Daisy the money."

We sank into each other's arms, laughing and crying.

"Good-by to poverty!" I cried. "Mother can join us now."

"Your mother will never join us," said my father.

"We must join her, then, as soon as we can."

"You are right. The sooner the better."

"If the opera doesn't run we can go in a month."
"We must go now."
"But the opera?"
"Is nothing to us henceforth."
"But my contract?"
"Must be broken."
"But the dear kind count?"
"We must forget him."
"But, father——"
"Listen to me, Daisy. You are now a great heiress: the position in which we find ourselves is a false one, and one from which we must extricate ourselves immediately. Immediately, do you understand me? To-morrow will be too late; you will then be an actress, even perhaps famous. To-night—now—this moment—you and I must slip away together, leave behind us every vestige of your theatrical life, forget it, and assume our rightful position."

With feverish haste we packed our few poor belongings; we had a little money by us, and when morning dawned we were already on our way to Havre to catch the next American-bound steamer.

When eight o'clock came and the count was scouring Paris for Mlle. Rose, Mr. Morgan and his daughter Daisy, in the steerage of the Normandie, were already losing sight of France.

When we got here, Herbert, we tried to tell my mother; but we had been separated from her for years, and she was cold and unsympathetic to us.

"If you have done anything low abroad," she would say, "don't mention it. I mean Daisy to marry well, and I don't wish to know anything that would prevent my making a good match for her with a clear conscience."

Do you remember the talk there was about the lost *prima donna*—how the papers rang with it for days? I often suspected that my mother had some slight inkling of the truth, for she would never let me sing. Don't you know how surprised you were after we were married when you found that I could sing?

We saw by the papers that the count had a terrible time to find some one to replace me, that the opera was postponed for three days and then failed, and we supposed that that ended it, until one day, two months after, we found that I had made myself liable to the law for my breach of contract, and that the count, expecting a great success with me, had bound me to sing for him in any and all countries, so that I was quite as much held in America as in France. The paragraph went on to say that the count imagined he had a trace of me in New York, and had determined to follow and find me.

I was frightened, for I had met you then, but my father laughed, and said the count would never look among the best people of New York for a runaway *coryphée*. I think, however, that my mother was a little bit disturbed, for she asked you so often to the house, and made so many delightful opportunities to throw us together.

What matter those little details, Herbert? I loved you, and when you spoke to me of your love for me I sought my father and asked

him if I must not confess all to you. He bade me do so. That very afternoon I tried. Do you remember what you said? You laughed, and said, "My dear, if you have any skeletons in your closet, please to double-lock the door and throw away the key."

I followed your advice. I double-locked my door, I threw away the key; but my skeleton crept out for all that.

We were married, Herbert. I was so happy; and you—you were happy too, until that fatal day when at your club you met the count. Ah, Herbert, nothing will ever efface from my recollection the memory of that moment when you came to me and told me that you had met an agreeable Parisian whom you had invited to lunch, and whom I recognized, by name and description, to be the count.

Twice he came; twice I feigned sickness. The third time you brought him unexpectedly to my tea-table one afternoon. He recognized me at once; I saw it.

You turned to hand your sister some tea.

"Mlle. Rose!" the count said.

"Be silent now, I implore. Let me explain."

"My hotel is the Brunswick."

"To-morrow."

I have no need to repeat this conversation to you. Your sister overheard it and repeated it herself.

Up to that moment, Herbert, I had never done one thing of which you could not heartily have approved: after that I became foolish.

The next morning I went to the Brunswick. What I had to say was of too important a nature to be openly discussed in the public parlors. The count had his own private sitting-room; at my own request he took me there.

I explained my position to him. He demanded the forfeit. I said I was willing to pay it. He smiled; he was not going to let me off so easily. I had ruined his opera, and he wanted revenge, not money. If I had been poor the money might have satisfied him; but as I was rich, and would not feel any discomfort in paying the forfeit, he pretended to be implacable, reminded me that I was still under contract to him, and threatened to produce his opera here and force me to play the title *rôle*. I pleaded with him; finally he said he would think the matter over, and let me know his decision the next day.

The next day he was still undecided. My father was ill, Herbert; my mother seemed suspicious and declined my confidence, and your sister began questioning me about my life in Paris. I was wrong, senseless, foolish,—what you will,—but I felt that the count must be silenced at any cost.

Day after day I went to see and plead with him. At last he came to terms. He would keep my secret and accept the forfeit, only he would spend the money in producing his opera in New York, and I must enact the title *rôle*.

Two days later he wrote me to come to luncheon with him and bring him the money. Your sister—how I do not know—found that note, read it, and told you of its contents, and of my almost daily

visits to the Brunswick, of which she was also aware. How she must have hated me, to wait so patiently for my downfall!

Ah, Herbert, shall I ever forget that terrible moment when, luncheon over, I was paying to the count the amount of the forfeit in full? The door was flung violently open, and you, pale and haggard, rushed into the room, to find your idolized wife, her wraps thrown aside, lunching in the private room of a man she professed to have met only once, and, above all, money passing from him to her, or from her to him!

Poor Herbert! I wonder now how you could have borne it so well. What a fool I was! I ought to have told you all then, but I was frightened, and forbade the count to explain anything. I never thought there was anything more to fear than your knowing the truth and hating me for deceiving you. It is difficult for the innocent to understand the fears of the guilty.

You were angry with me, and severe to me, but I thought it was because I refused to give you any explanation. I never dreamed that you thought such dreadful things of me and were silent only because I was so near my illness.

This morning this avalanche of papers came, and then I understood everything.

Herbert, would you not have done better to speak to me first?

Do you know what divorce means? That you and I, who love each other, must part; must die to each other, and die with angry, bitter feelings in our hearts, killing at one stroke all joy for each other, and poisoning with it love's greatest possession, its memories.

Herbert, had our places been reversed, had you been where I am, with circumstantial evidence as strongly against you as it is against me, what would you have expected me to do? To cry a little, to be upbraided for my jealousy, and then to kiss and make up. It would have shocked and enraged you if I had dared to drag your family honor through the mire for what to you would have seemed such a little thing.

Nay, Herbert, do not try to embrace me. I feel as though I did not want your kisses any more. One little fault that has no explanation stamped upon its face, and I am condemned and put away from you forever!

What is man's love, I wonder? Mere vanity, or acquisitiveness?

Listen, Herbert. I have told you the truth,—everything: you can prove me in every particular. I would like you to do this for baby's sake. And now I have something to say on my own account.

This cruel thing that you have done has stunned my love for you; it has received a shock that it will need time to recover from. I would like you to go away and leave me for a few months. While you are gone I will try and remember of you only that which is sweet to remember.

Do I forgive your suspicions? I will try to. You are a man; it is hard for you to be more generous. Now go, dear: it is time to dress for dinner. To-morrow you had better go away. Baby and I can do without you, and we will be better without you for a while.

What? You want one of the count's roses for your coat! And you will see the poor old fellow and tell him you understand the whole foolish trouble! Thank you, Herbert; that is kind. You do believe me, then?

See, I will bring you baby to kiss, and when you come back she will have learnt to lisp your name, and I will have forgotten everything.

Herbert!

Great God in heaven! Look at baby! her face is purple. Oh, Herbert, she is dying! Fetch some one!—oh, save her—save her!

* * * * * * * *

Husband! Dearest! Come and kneel beside me. See how placidly our little darling sleeps. Oh, Herbert, forgive me, for in that hour of agony when I feared we must lose her I learnt my duty, and I saw that I had been cold and hard to you. If you have done ill, I have done worse. Forgive me, as I forgive you. And, Herbert, just now I begged you to go away, and said that baby and I could do without you.

It was false! Take me back to your heart again, for only there is peace.

Genie H. Rosenfeld.

MY TORMENTOR.

YES, yes; at last I think I understand.
I have not strength to move the world. I see.
One simple task must be enough for me,
Not everything that seems to need my hand.

But there is that within me that defies
Me and my prudence, jeers us both to scorn,
Brings me great loads too heavy to be borne,
Offers me wings wherewith to tempt the skies.

It bursts upon me in my hours of rest;
It points where others toil at nobler tasks;
"Can it be possible?" it sternly asks.
"Are you content with what is not the best?"

It spoils my work; it steals away my peace;
I cannot choose but shudder at its call,
I fear it so; and yet, in spite of all,
I could not bear to live if it should cease.

Robert Beverly Hale.

THE WOMANLINESS OF LITERARY WOMEN.

I.

THE most significant result of the enfranchisement of woman's intellect is her extensive contribution to popular literature. It is estimated that about one-half of the material that feeds the printing-presses of this country is now furnished by women. This merely quantitative demonstration of the power of feminine intellect is a fairly conclusive answer to Colonel Higginson's question put to the public in such neat irony some years ago in behalf of honest doubters, "Ought women to learn the alphabet?" or to the clever German brochure of more recent celebrity, "Darf die Frau denken?"

The abstract principle of her "rights" has been conceded to woman, the privilege of freedom and equality is established; the only question remaining is as to the wisdom of her uses of freedom and of her interpretation of equality. In the democracy of letters she is admitted to full privileges; she goes to the polls in Bohemia, and she attends every caucus of the Muses. And we are now waiting with eager expectancy for the promised purification that is to be experienced by her presence and official activity among men.

Filled with the exuberant strength of her new-found freedom, woman has made rapid seizure of the opportunities of literature, and, far from hiding her talent in the traditional modesty of her sex, she has multiplied and divided it with infinite thrift, and displayed it with infinite diligence to the wide-eyed admiration of the world. It is not altogether surprising that she has romped a good deal in the delectable fields so suddenly opened, sometimes with startling unrestraint, like the hoidenish school-girl let loose from her tasks, and with dishevelled and breathless eagerness too frequently exposed her frailties to the unchastened winds. With youthful prodigality she has exercised her talent afield. She has gathered flowers indiscriminately and tossed them away ruthlessly to wilt into quick oblivion; she has sung snatches of many songs, bird-like often in freshness and passion, and bird-like also in incoherent melody. But the exhilaration of a new experience prohibits restraint and blinks at propriety. And then, too, are not the dash and daring of a reckless adventure generally accepted as an apology for its foolishness? It is an old saw, but too true,—Knowledge comes with striding and stumbling youth, but wisdom lingers for decorous and slow-footing age. Experience is as expensive as it is necessary.

Feminine genius is still in *déshabille;* there is yet a matutinal unpreparedness about it suggestive of toilet-table and slippers. It has occasionally appeared at the banquets of the arts gowned and graced with becoming honors. But there is a uniqueness and singularity about its presence doubtfully indicative of the intrinsic merit of artistic achievement. Indeed, some of its most complimentary receptions are like the receptions *en ruelle* of the seventeenth century exquisites, and not wholly in accord with the settled sense of the fitness of things literary

and social. The discovery of a literary function for woman is an awakening to half-revealed, purple-hued, shimmering possibilities that constitute an irresistible stimulus, and the eager enjoyment of its exercise becomes a kind of dissipation, in which freak and impulse run riotously over the established proprieties, liberty turns to license, freedom becomes disorderly and offensive. Impetuous in her enjoyment and careless of the dangers of an unexplored path, she often runs perilously near an indecent exposure of her exultant intellect.

Names are not necessary; we all know clever young women who publish fiction and poetry that they themselves could not calmly read and discuss in mixed company. When the screen of the printed page is removed, the blush of instinctive womanhood gives evidence of the unwarrantable temerity of permitting thoughts to run off the pen that would stain the tongue to utter. We wonder at the achievements of some of these young adventuresses, filled as they are with surprises of force, insight, and analysis, and evincing often a knowledge of good and evil too profound to be altogether compatible with innocence, one would think; but we wonder more at the common absence of feminine restraint, of any evidence or recognition of the differentiation of sex. The assumption of authorship appears to include immunity from the elemental responsibilities inherent in the fact of womanhood and sexhood. When feminine genius has become more thoroughly rationalized, and a steadier poise is secured, this fact will come to be regarded as a source of peculiar advantage and power; at present, however, it appears to be regarded as an awkward impediment that must be overleaped at a single bound, and without being too attentive to personal appearances and consequences.

In entering literature, woman, like the young Bacon, has taken all knowledge for her province. For establishing her rights and liberties she demands "as large a charter as the wind." With imperial jealousy she blots out the boundaries of her own dominion and lays claim to every province in the possession of men. She scorns the term *feminine*, and with fatuous determination sets about proving to the world that it is a name and not a fact. Here lies the fatal mistake, in attempting, not to work out the truth that belongs to the geniture of her own genius, but to graft into her genius every essentially masculine element. So she disfigures and distorts her nature, poses and swaggers like a vaudeville performer, and stalks up and down the avenues of the profession, attracting a gaping crowd with her unfeminine attire. Like Atalanta, she is running a race with men, and she may be picking up golden apples in the course, but is she winning the race? There is something inevitably uncanny and unnatural about such a contest; it is mythologic and monstrous, and, however exciting it may momentarily become, one can never feel at ease in viewing it and accept it as a part of the Almighty's final intentions about women.

The consensus of cultivated humanity determines certain lines and centres of activity which belong distinctively to women as women and from which any material departure is a departure from the right line of progress in civilization, and certain qualities which collectively constitute femininity as opposed to masculinity, of which to be ignorant

or oblivious argues a crude culture or a coarse nature. The materialistic student may by the Baconian process of exclusion reduce the distinction to one of mere sex. But it does not matter, the distinction remains, and the difference between a narrow and a broad definition of sex limitations, between simple and complex qualities, primitive undisciplined emotions and refined spiritual graces, is a difference between low culture and high culture. The laws of conduct are doubtless largely conventionalisms, but conventionalisms based upon intuitions of eternal fitness; and wisdom, if not truth, lies in conformity. Only simple school-girls rebel against the necessity of parting the hair in the middle, and only squaws and "dress-reformers" insist upon the privilege of riding a horse as men ride.

The beauty, delicacy, ideality, and grace of femininity are as necessary in literature as in society, and as a revealer of herself and her sex, as a preacher of the beatitudes of moral and spiritual refinement, as a prophet of the ideal regions of exalted womanhood and manhood, woman possesses in literature the possibility of a masterful influence upon life. She may view all life, but she must write about it from the view-point of the woman, not of the man. The vantage-ground of her art can be held only through the sustained feminine attitude in all disclosures and judgments of conduct and character.

But the literary woman has a mortal dread of being thought weak, assuming that femininity and weakness are synonymous in the general judgment of mankind. So she would make her writing strong, like the writing of men. She brings forth her gifts, the wine and meat of her sacrifice, and they are strong,—so rank at times they smell to heaven. It does not matter that she possesses

> The heart to see with, past man's brain and eyes.

Whatever man has done with head or hand, that she would do likewise. Realism is strong, so she cultivates realism, and proves that she can Zolaize her pages with the best of the realists when she tries. She braces her nerves to the unnatural task until nothing repels or intimidates her. She determines to explore the remotest depths of truth, and with the intrepidity of the "best swimmer" at a fashionable resort makes her reckless plunge and comes up with her fair form splotched with the slimy ooze of the bottom. The men standing by applaud her daring, but it is not the applause of genuine admiration. Landor came upon some of these female realists in his period, and called them, with a justice somewhat Rhadamanthine, "swans of the cesspool." Beauty may possibly be found in the low levels of human thought and passion, but the region is malarious, and the necessity for the exposure of woman in seeking it out does not yet exist.

This exhibition of literary impudence is neither womanly nor beautiful; it may be momentarily interesting, but is ultimately hideous. It is false and libellous; it lacks the decorum of an honest intention. It is at best a *décolleté* literature that commends itself mainly to gaslight judgments and invites the Tartuffian protest, "Couvrez ce sein que je ne saurais voir." The literary débutante who would use Phryne's

methods of charming should remember that no admirer of Phryne would choose to have her for a sister.

A reputation based upon the ability to be cleverly shocking and to mention the unmentionable with an ingenious amplitude of detail is not a reputation calculated to give dignity and seriousness to woman's candidature for the high places of honor in literature. If the "eternal feminine" is to continue the influence it has maintained through the centuries on the side of grace, beauty, purity, reverence, romance, and ideality, the supreme opportunity of letters must be secured. It would be a calamity of wide-reaching effect if woman's entrance into literature should be found to mark the beginning of the decay of this peculiar differentiating influence upon social and individual life. When one reflects upon the grand possibilities afforded by literature for propagating the ideals and establishing the standards of culture most consonant with refined womanhood, one can hardly view without a shudder the indifference of brilliant women who trail their intellects in the dust and dirt of the profession, satisfied with the responsive gusto and guffaw of the vulgar throng. The high-priest of modern realism has sneered at the conservatism of decorous restraint as a principle of "academic æsthetics." It is devoutly to be hoped that the women of literature at least will not feel bound to accept as a finality the logic of this sneer.

II.

It is somewhat singular that the most eminent author among women has apparently exercised little influence in this matter of determining the feminine attitude in literature. The works of George Eliot have been a mighty force among men and women alike; her art and philosophy have been studied with conscientious care, and her methods have been analyzed and imitated with seriousness, and often with fatal faithfulness. But one of the best models she gave to art has been generally overlooked; her special message to her own sex has been misinterpreted or missed altogether. Many writers, like the author of "The Story of Avis," have fallen temporarily under the spell of her creations, but it was the spell of Guendolen's "dynamic glance" rather than of Dorothea's tears. They have accepted her realism as a working theory, but have preferred "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" to "Adam Bede" as a type for imitation and reproduction. They have failed to discover or to feel the force of the immanent womanhood of her works, and therefore have missed one of the lessons that she especially sought to teach.

Early in her career of authorship George Eliot formulated a literary creed which was thoroughly exemplified in her works. In one of her first essays she wrote, "It is an immense mistake to maintain that there is no sex in literature. Science has no sex; the mere knowing and reasoning faculties, if they act correctly, must go through the same process, and arrive at the same results. But in art and literature, which imply the action of the entire being, in which every fibre of the nature is engaged, in which every peculiar modification of the individual makes itself felt, woman has something specific to contribute."

The same idea appears again in an essay generally attributed to George Eliot, but probably written by her husband: "To know life you must have both sides depicted. Let [man] paint what he knows. And if you limit woman's sphere to the domestic circle, you must still recognize the concurrent necessity of domestic life finding its truest expression in the woman who lives it. . . . To write as men write is the aim and besetting sin of women; to write as women is the real office they have to perform." And in a pungent essay on "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists" she adds, in her own person, "Happily we are not dependent on argument to prove that fiction is a department of literature in which women can, after their kind, fully equal men."

Here we have, clearly defined, woman's specific function in literature, as George Eliot conceived it at the outset of her career; and it is, perhaps, her peculiar glory to have held so consistently to this theory and realized so thoroughly this ideal, to have "fully equalled men" in her literary work, but "after her kind."

It is easy to say that George Eliot's genius was masculine, as it is to say that her face was masculine. Both statements, however, are hasty generalizations, unwarranted by an examination of details. Besides, it may be incidentally noted that it is somewhat arrogant to assume that the power of intense thinking, of inductive reasoning, of the scientific habit of mind, is distinctively a masculine power. In her unflinching adherence to physical facts, in her unwavering appeal to cold logic for her judgments, in her apparently unemotional analysis of the human heart and soul, she may at times seem to be an example of intellect without sex. In her enthusiastic pursuit of the molecule she was sometimes betrayed into unwholesome corners of thought where a woman seems out of place. But her instincts were never at fault. Her rigid mind was always tempered by a woman's heart. The qualities of grace, beauty, tenderness, and sympathy were her most natural and personal forms of expression. In her art as in her life her first desire was to be womanly. Says Mr. Cross, in the concluding chapter of his biography, "It was one of the most distinctly marked traits in her character that she particularly disliked everything generally associated with the idea of a 'masculine woman.' She was, and as a woman wished to be, above all things, feminine."

It is a significant fact that while George Eliot took a keen and active interest in the higher education of women, being one of the earliest contributors to Girton College, she never gave support or countenance to the so-called "woman question." Tennyson thought it worth while to write one of his greatest poems in ridicule of it; with a clear perception of the force of an argument of silence, George Eliot simply ignored it.

In her recognition of the value and propriety of restraint she presents a strong contrast to Mrs. Browning, who defaced her grandest poem with coarse, swaggering language and indelicate passages, lest perchance her delicacy should be construed into a confession of femininity. It would hardly be possible to find in all George Eliot's works an essentially vulgar word. It was the touch of feminine delicacy and the finely shaded feeling in the early stories that led Dickens to detect

almost immediately the woman behind the pseudonyme "George Eliot." Writing in acknowledgment of a copy of the "Scenes from Clerical Life," he said, "If they originated with no woman, I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself mentally so like a woman since the world began." Similarly Mrs. Carlyle wrote that she conceived the author to be "a man of middle age, with a wife from whom he has got those beautiful *feminine* touches in his book."

Grace and amenity of intellect, rather than massive strength, are the self-revelations of the true George Eliot. But a more important revelation is the deep-welled sympathy of her nature. Sympathy, searching, tender, all-pervading sympathy, is the basis of her artistic as well as ethical creed. "If art does not enlarge men's sympathies," she says, "it does nothing morally." "The greatest benefit we owe to the artist, whether painter, poet, or novelist, is the extension of our sympathies." And again, "Information is the raw material of culture, sympathy its sublimest essence." No moral element so intimately pervades her writing as this. It quickens her analytical perception, it intensifies her emotions, it is the regenerating influence in the lives of her greatest characters. It is the one sublime element that relieves the barrenness of her philosophy and everywhere urges its tender protest against the ruthlessness of law and Nemesis. It so filled her life and thought as to take the place of a religion. The yearning for sympathy was the soul-devouring passion of Maggie Tulliver. The impulse of sympathy was the key-note of Dorothea's wounded, suffering aspirations. In that powerful scene with Rosamond Vincey she exclaims, "How can we live and think that any one has trouble—piercing trouble—and we could help them, and never try?" This is the voice of George Eliot's own heart. In a letter written the year before going to London she says, "The only ardent hope I have for my future life is to have given to me some woman's duty—some possibility of devoting myself where I may see a daily result of pure, calm blessedness in the life of another." Impelled by this feeling as her whole being was, she could neither live without it nor withhold it from others.

The method of her analysis was scientifically impartial, and the purpose of her work was to present the fundamental truth of life in its broadest aspects, yet in all her best delineations of character the feminine bias of her genius is clearly traceable. Her best characters are women, just as Shakespeare's best characters are men. One feels certain that in studying the problems of life she had a preference for tracing the springs of action in the life of woman; to this her psychology was naturally diverted. Such a preference is implied in the prelude to "Middlemarch," although that is the most general and impartial of her books in the treatment of the several characters. In respect to strength, vividness, and truth of characterization compare her leading figures, the impossible Deronda with Guendolen, the sophomorish Ladislaw with Dorothea, Tom Tulliver with Maggie. Felix Holt, who should have been one of her strongest characters, is one of the weakest. The two manliest of all her men, Adam Bede and Caleb Garth, were modelled after her own father; and even in the figure of

Adam, Henry James thinks, though "meant to be every inch a man, there are several inches lacking." Everywhere in the character-drawing her subtile perception penetrates a little deeper into the being of her women, and by the miraculous touch of genius these creations of the brain are endowed with true life. Even Tito Melema, one of her most remarkable creations, possesses no such vital force as Romola. The character is negative in its effects, neither attracting nor repelling, leaving merely the impression of a marvellous piece of moral mechanism, set in motion for the delectation of the philosophical reader. On the other hand, the character of Romola is a perpetual and irresistible appeal, intensely and astonishingly real in its embodiment of that mysterious mingling of feminine qualities, the strength to endure like steel, and the frailty to be crushed like Venetian crystal.

George Eliot's heroines are objective realities, beings of flesh and blood, whose moral struggles are expressed in throbbing hearts and aching nerves like our own. For this reason they live with us from day to day as Hamlet and Desdemona live with us. Compare her heroines with those of any man you will outside the circle of Shakespeare,—with Tennyson's airy fairy Lilians and moonshine Madelines, or Scott's romantic abstractions, or Thackeray's society portraits,—and the lofty uniqueness of her work is at once recognizable. Moreover, no one will venture to maintain that her genius was limited or weak because its freest exercise was found in the expression of woman's life. Her pictures of the masculinity of coarse and vulgar life are strangely real and powerful, but this power was adventitious, and she never exercised it at the sacrifice of decorum. By a confident instinct and a clear judgment she kept her work within her womanhood, and in the end it was a pure-toned woman's voice that joined "the choir invisible" whose music is forever the gladness of the world. She won that immortality for which her spirit yearned, the enduring presence in the lives of others,

> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
> And with their mild persistence urge man's search
> To vaster issues.

George Eliot's achievement is the grandest yet reached by a woman, an achievement which placed her among the greatest of men of letters. But she reached this distinguishing fame, not through the clever mockery of a false and strident voice, nor through an emulous effort to establish the identity of man's and woman's genius, but through an honest and full-willed effort to establish a plane of equality for men and women in art, such as exists in life. Parallelism, not identity, was the basis of her theory and practice. She estimated womanhood at its full value, and, conscious of coequal powers, she utilized the special advantages of womanhood in securing her rights among men. The more one studies her work and penetrates to its deepest and fullest import, the more thoroughly one recognizes the conclusiveness and broad significance of the demonstration it affords of her early theorem, "Women can, *after their kind*, fully equal men."

J. W. Abernethy.

Books of the Month.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Variorum Edition, Vol. X. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Ph.D., LL.D., L.H.D.

Among the few permanent contributions to literary scholarship which this country has thus far produced is the great Variorum Edition of Shakespeare which through the last twenty-four years has been appearing from the Lippincott press in the name of Horace Howard Furness, Ph.D., LL.D., L.H.D. The exhaustive and inspired work of this noble critic and editor who is himself a creator has taken its place at the head of the long column of Shakespeare criteria which in our day has poured from the presses of England, Germany, and America, and is the acknowledged standard in a field which before its advent was thought to be exhausted. But, as with Dr. Bartlett's recent *Concordance*, there was one possibility of monumental intelligence and industry left, and Dr. Furness has accepted the task, has performed it with the enthusiasm born of genius, and has made his generation at once proud of and thankful for his enormous labors.

In discussing the editor of a poet there are two important factors to be taken into account: Is he a scholar? and, Is he a man of sentiment? That he is a scholar only is by no means sufficient, as is proved by the wreckage of textual criticism which strews the shores of all the coast of Bohemia. That he is a man of sentiment and poetic impulse, a dreamer and an idealist, is also not sufficient, as the rubbish of many a book-bin too plainly shows. He, in truth, must possess judgment, learning, industry, patience,—all the attributes of the scholar,—but tempered by a sense of humor, a love of nature, a trait of observation, fancy, and imagination,—the potential gifts of a true poet.

All these Dr. Furness in sterling abundance has. Reason, humor, practical views that can live in happy union with intuitions and airy dreams, are his. He is the embodiment of the foreordained editor of a great poet, and we his contemporaries—ay, his fellow-townsmen—rejoice that in an age of shallow carping and superficial views he has come to his own and is the acknowledged leader of the army of Shakespearian critics.

The volume just issued is number ten of the series, and is devoted to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is difficult to condense into a brief phrase the inexhaustible nature of such a book; but the few who are still unfamiliar with the edition will best realize its comprehensive character if we quote *Blackwood's Magazine* upon a previous volume: "The editor combines with the patience and accuracy of the textual scholar an industry which has overlooked nothing that has been written about Shakespeare." Indeed, so full is each volume that even the references too silly or tasteless to demand notice are given their place and accorded their line of comment.

The text is that of the First Folio, and has been collated with forty other texts, so that each page is a composite, so to speak, of twoscore versions by as many authorities. It is inconceivable that human ingenuity in learning could farther go than this, and the advantage to the student is incalculable. Each page has its allotment of textual notes, often twinkling with the sane humor of the editor which throws an instant light upon some commentator's denser mood; and an Appendix supplies a wealth of matter upon the date of composi-

tion of the play, the sources of the plot, criticisms, duration of the action, costumes, notable performances, and a list of the sources whence material for the volume has been drawn.

It is when Dr. Furness speaks out in his own genial but authoritative voice that, to us, the book possesses the greatest interest and value, and he is not too much occupied with the opinions of others to remain silent when a word from him is opportune. Upon the subject of fixing the date he characteristically says, "Many of my superiors assert that this subject, to me so jejune, is of keen interest. . . . To this decision, while reserving the right of private judgment, I yield, at the same time wishing that these, my betters, would occasionally go for a while 'into retreat' and calmly and soberly, in seclusion, ask themselves what is the chief end of man in reading Shakespeare;" and in a more serious vein we have, "There is abroad a strange oblivion, to call it by no harsher name, among the readers of Shakespeare, of the exquisite nicety demanded at the present day in emending Shakespeare's text,—a nicety of judgment, a nicety of knowledge of Elizabethan literature, a nicety of ear, which alone bars all foreigners from the task, and, beyond all, a thorough mastery of Shakespeare's style and ways of thinking, which alone should bar all the rest of us."

Those who read Dr. Furness's Preface with the delighted enthusiasm which in us it spontaneously excites will note this very trait exemplified in many sentences and turns of phrase. So saturated is he with the influences of the great man at whose shrine he bends that unconsciously he speaks his very speech, we had almost said, thinks his very thoughts.

Urinalysis. Including Blanks for Recording the Analysis and Microscopic Examination of the Urine. By Joseph C. Guernsey, A.M., M.D.

The multiplication of good books devoted to medical practice is an augur of long life and freedom from disease to this generation and to posterity. The J. B. Lippincott Company is always forward in this praiseworthy work, and their list is an index of the intellectual needs of an energetic practising physician.

For those who have especially to do with diagnosis and prognosis—and what doctor has not?—there has just been issued a volume of signal importance, entitled *Urinalysis*, by Dr. Joseph C. Guernsey. It is addressed to "Medical Practitioners, Life Insurance Examiners, and Specialists," and carries with it a series of blanks for recording the analysis and microscopic examination of the urine upon a system of great convenience, accuracy, and clearness, which has been evolved by Dr. Guernsey from his own extensive practice in this branch of medicine.

This book is quite unique, and undoubtedly supplies a want of the profession. It will take its place at once as a standard and become a necessity to those who accept it as a convenience. The manner of using the blanks, which register the various stages of a patient's ailment, is fully and lucidly explained in the text.

The Banishment of Jessop Blythe. By Joseph Hatton.

A stirring romance is *The Banishment of Jessop Blythe*, by Mr. Joseph Hatton, an English novelist who has done some notable work, but nothing so strong and life-like and new as this. He has gone, as have Hardy and Hall Caine and the Hon. Emily Lawless, to a picturesque quarter of Britain, which, being untouched by the blight of travel, and before unrecorded in fiction, possesses in itself an element of extreme attraction to American readers.

The immediate scene of the book is a great cave in the Peak, approaching in size nearly to that of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It is called God's Factory by the rope-makers who inhabit it,—a free community of seven masters with their numerous dependants,—because, though within the limits of the Duke of Devonshire's estate, the cave has been immemorially exempt from taxation or rent. In this cave and in the village of Cavedale at its mouth the story proceeds. It begins with the banishment of Jessop Blythe for idleness and drunkenness, and carries us over to the mining districts of our own West. This is but briefly touched upon, for Jessop Blythe wins a fortune and finally goes back to his native town, where the currents of life have flowed on for twenty years and love has grown up in the heart of his adopted son, Tregarron, for his daughter, Adser Blythe,—love not returned, but deep and true.

Mr. Lathkill, a roving traveller of wealth, comes by accident to see the cave, and is guided through it by Adser Blythe. Love at first sight is the upshot, with the despair of Tregarron, and the narrative hurries on to its tragic close with no cessation of the acute portrayal of character and no loss of force in incident or *dénouement*. It is entirely safe to predict a wide popularity for this book, which the J. B. Lippincott Company has done wisely to add to its *Series of Select Novels*.

A Forgotten Debt. Translated from the French of Léon de Tinseau by Florence Belknap Gilmour.

English novels that begin in the old country and terminate in the new are not uncommon. *The Banishment of Jessop Blythe*, noticed above, is, indeed, a typical and excellent example. But it is a rare thing to find a French novelist dealing with our great West and making it the background for a story of Gallic manners. The conditions are so unusual that the intrinsic interest of such a tale is enhanced by curiosity to learn how the experiment will turn out.

Here in *A Forgotten Debt,—Dette Oubliée* in the original,—just put forth by the Lippincotts, we have such a novel. Mademoiselle Chantal de Monestier is the heroine, a French girl whose life has been spent in a convent, and who at an early age is married to a young noble of idle habits and inferior intellect in order that his parents may be saved the pain of the worse consequences to which these traits are likely to lead. Before many years go by, Chantal is set adrift by this spendthrift husband, and her son is alienated from her by his machinations. Maxime de Bernaz himself, the descendant of a noble house, falls into the clutches of one Antonin Fischel, a charlatan inventor, who fleeces him of the little that is left of his patrimony, and Chantal finally flies to America for refuge. She becomes a governess at an outpost fort in the West, and falls into the good hands of Colonel Burton and his daughter Logan, who finally, through circumstances which seem very real, comes into contact in Paris with Chantal's son. It is the unfilial conduct of this child to his mother which gives the name to the story; but all ends happily, as it should do in a novel written, as this one palpably is, to divert and entertain.

The writer shows qualities rare in French fiction. He dwells more on domestic life than is usual with his fellow story-tellers, and he is free from the remotest taint of unhealthiness or bad taste. The authorized translator is to be congratulated upon the spirited manner in which the essence of the original is reproduced in an alien tongue.

The Adventures of Roderick Random. By Tobias Smollett. Edited by George Saintsbury. Illustrated by Frank Richards. In Three Volumes.

One of the books from which little David Copperfield drew his fund of bedside stories for the beguilement of Steerforth was the perennial *Roderick Random;* and no wonder, for the good old rollicking tale is fresh enough yet to keep many generations of readers out of bed till the cock crows. It would be an offence to its fame to attempt to praise such a classic; but it will be welcome news to many who have already obtained the Dent-Lippincott reproductions of English masterpieces in fiction, that Smollett is now to receive the same careful and artistic treatment accorded the others.

Roderick Random, in three volumes, has just been issued as the first instalment of this edition of Smollett, and its handsome appearance promises that the twelve volumes to which it is intended to extend the set will serve as an ornament to the shelves of any library, while their pocketable shape and pleasant type render them just the companions for a holiday afoot or a tour by railroad. The illustrations by Mr. Frank Richards and the introduction from the learned and facile pen of Mr. George Saintsbury are in entire keeping with the excellence of the edition, which does extreme credit to the houses of Lippincott and Dent, whence it proceeds.

A Text-Book of Chemistry. By Samuel P. Sadtler, Ph.D., F.C.S., and Henry Trimble, Ph.M.

It is so rare a thing for a writer on a professional subject to recognize the limitations of the student and layman that the following sentences from the introduction to this monumental work, just published by the Lippincotts, should give the reader pause and win his approval and admiration: "An experience of some seventeen years as teachers in a professional school where chemistry is considered one of the foundation-stones upon which young men must build a technical education, has convinced the authors that the subject must be taught in a way that, while thoroughly scientific, is yet distinctly adapted to the ultimate uses of the students."

From this it is plain that an undertaking now so absolutely necessary as the preparation of this comprehensive study of chemistry in accordance with the United States Pharmacopœia could not have fallen into more efficient hands than those of Professors Sadtler and Trimble. They are the acknowledged heads of their specialty, they are practised authors, and, more than even this, they are men wise enough to sympathize with and to penetrate to the needs of the young candidates in their profession.

The large, well-made and well-looking volume contains nine hundred and fifty pages; and, as the standard works up to this time in pharmaceutical and medical chemistry have been from abroad, this exhaustive treatise will naturally find an instant demand among the native physicians and druggists now using the United States Pharmacopœia.

The subdivisions of the book are as follows. I., Chemical Physics. II., Non-Metallic Elements, including Chemical Theory. III., The Chemistry of the Metals. IV., Organic Chemistry. V., Analytical Chemistry and Pharmaceutical Assaying. "As a work of reference, as a text-book, as a guide to the practising pharmacist, and as a statement of the most recent discoveries in the important science of chemistry," the work has been justly said to be without equal. There are abundant illustrations where these are needed, and a full index.

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Mrs. ELLEN H. RICHARDS, Instructor of Chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says: "Baking powders prepared from soda and cream of tartar chiefly are, when put up in tin cans with the maker's name and label, much more reliable than any other form of bread-raising preparation."

MISS PARLOA says: "It seems to me that the Royal Baking Powder is as good as any can be. I have used it a great deal and always with satisfaction."

MARION HARLAND says: "I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best in the market. It is an act of simple justice, and also a pleasure, to recommend it unqualifiedly to American housewives."

SAVED BY GOLD.—I got the gold up at El Paso, Texas, but in some way one of the beggarly crew at the hotel in Oaxaca saw that I was carrying something in the small of my back, and the result of that was I was followed when I set out for Tehuantepec. They allowed me to go on unmolested until I was within a day of San Carlos, and then one of them seems to have taken a short cut through the mountains and concealed himself in the brush until I passed. Then he gave it to me with a shot-gun loaded with slugs of lead, and I caught it in the small of the back.

The force of the blow knocked me down over the pommel of the saddle. When there, I had presence of mind enough to keep on falling slowly, as if entirely done for. Meantime, I got one of your American navy revolvers in my hand and cocked it.

The beggar that had shot me, seeing me fall, came running from the brush, machete in one hand and gun in the other, while his partner appeared around the mountain, with his horse on the gallop. They yelled at my horse to stop and my guide to go on, and both obeyed promptly. I was still clinging to my horse's neck, and could see them through its mane very well. I let them get within ten feet of me, and then dropped to my feet on the ground and took my turn at shooting. They were so close I couldn't miss, but luckily, as I think, one caught his bullet in the knee and the other in the fleshy part of the arm, while their horse was killed outright by a bullet in the head.

Seeing them both down and begging for their lives, I had a mind to kill them for their cowardice, but I let them off with a good kicking apiece, and then called back the guide and had him carry water and wash and dress the wounds as well as possible. Then I gave the man with the hurt arm a stiff horn of brandy and sent him back for help, while I continued my journey. The slugs had hit the gold pieces,—three of them. I had a lame back for a week or so, but I was otherwise unhurt. What became of them? I afterward met the one that caught it in the knee. He was going about the market in Oaxaca on a peg leg, peddling rebozos and telling people he had lost his leg in a fierce encounter with highwaymen. He said his partner was on a journey, but I fancy that meant he had been detected in some rascality and sent to prison.—*New York Sun.*

THRIFTY MR. TURNER.—Turner always had a sitting-room and bedroom provided for him at Farnley, and Mr. Fawkes gave orders that he was to be received in them even if he himself were absent. This consideration on the part of Mr. Fawkes did not seem to develop corresponding generosity in Turner. On one occasion, when Mr. Fawkes and his son Major Fawkes were going out shooting, they overtook Turner going out with a sketching-stool and folio in his hands. They all walked a little way together and came to a place where a dead buck was lying. The keepers had shot it, and they and their firelocks made a striking group.

Mr. Fawkes said, "Turner, I wish you would make a note of that for me. It is very picturesque." Turner pulled a tiny sketch-book from his waistcoat pocket and quickly made what Mr. Fawkes desired. At night Mr. Fawkes said, "Mind, Turner, don't forget to give me the sketch you made for me to-day." Long afterwards, when Major Fawkes was looking through his father's papers after his death, he found a note which showed that Mr. Fawkes had paid Turner ten guineas for it.—W. L. LEITCH, in the *Athenæum.*

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There are many makes of perfume, and all of them have a more or less pleasant odor, but, if you wish those that are true to the fragrance of the flowers, and suited to a cultivated, refined taste,

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SAT ON THE HOT RAILS.—"For real hot-weather stories you want to go to a hot-weather country," says W. F. White, passenger traffic manager of the Santa Fé Railroad. "Now, you can find hot weather that is hot weather in New Mexico and Arizona. It's one thing to go through that country now on a train which carries the conveniences for keeping cool, but it was quite another thing when the railroad was being built and there was nothing between you and the sun but fiery alkali dust.

"The Atchison road reached Deming, New Mexico, in 1881, and it was a hot summer. It had been hot right along for days in that steady, energetic fashion that would make a man wish for an hour in a Bessemer steel mill to cool off. The first construction train pulled into Deming on a day that was so scorching as to stand out even among those other blistering days. The train was made up of a long line of flat cars, and along the centre of the cars ran a pile of steel rails a foot high. The rails had been in the full glare of an unblinking sun until they were about as hot as when they first came through the rolls of the mill.

"When the train came into Deming, it was, of course, an object of great interest, and no one was more interested than a lot of Apache Indians. They were peaceful enough, and filled with curiosity, and were quick to assert the birthright of the American Indian to ride free on a railroad train. The conductor in charge was something of a joker, and saw an opportunity for some fun. He urged the Indians all to climb up on the flat cars and have a ride. The engineer was in the scheme, and as soon as the Indians were up on the cars he backed his engine with a jerk. They could ride a bucking pony under any condition of unsteadiness, but this motion was new to them, and the entire party sat down on the rails.

"Now, you must remember the summer costume of an Apache can be cut out of a pocket handkerchief, with cloth to spare. Well, my idea of Indian stoicism was shattered. There were shrieks that added new notes to the regulation war-whoop, and the Apaches left that train and started off across the hot sands in a way that would have turned us all gray if they had been coming toward us instead of running away. They undoubtedly to this minute remember that as the hottest day they ever knew."—*Chicago Tribune.*

AN EGYPTIAN BANQUET.

A crowded life, where joy perennial starts
 The boy's pulse beating 'mid experience sage,
 Wild thirst for action time could ne'er assuage,
Countless sad secrets learned from weary hearts,
New thresholds gained as each full hour departs,
 Long years read singly, each an opened page,
 Love's blissful dreams and friendship's priceless gage,
A name grown famous through the streets and marts,
Knowledge advancing, thoughts that climb and climb,
 Aims that expand, new pinions that unfurl,
Age that outstrips all promise of its prime,
 Hopes which their prayers at utmost heaven hurl,—
Till in an instant, in a point of time,
 Death, the Egyptian, melts and drinks the pearl.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

GENIUS.

Webster gives as one of the definitions of genius—"A superior power of invention or origination of any kind, or of forming nice combinations."

The originator of Scott's Emulsion may truly be called a genius, as the great value of this remarkable preparation is due to the nice or happy combination of two of the most remarkable constructive and flesh-forming agents known in medical science, namely: Cod-liver Oil emulsified or made easy of digestion and assimilation, and the Hypophosphites (or Phosphorous) which are so important in the development and growth of the osseous or bone and nerve systems.

The perfection of the combination has given the medical world not only a most nourishing and palatable food, much more effective than the plain oil, but a remedial agent of great power in all diseases where wasting or loss of flesh is manifested, notably Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia and the various wasting diseases of children. It also has magical effect in the cure of ordinary coughs and colds.

Don't let the dealer try to talk you into something else that he says is "just as good." Tell him you know what you want, and that is, Scott's Emulsion.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

FIGHTING FISH IN SIAM.—The two fish are placed in the same bottle. They proceed to take each other's measure, shoulder up to each other in school-boy fashion, and back and push around the "ring," the small fins vibrating rapidly all the time, and each little being quivering with excitement and wrath. This goes on for some minutes, until, as the spectators are growing impatient, one fish suddenly flips his head around, makes a dart, and a considerable dent in his adversary's tail shows at once that he has got home. Henceforth there is no hesitation until one or the other cries "peccavi." In regular fish fights on which money depends the battle is continued until one fish turns tail and is chased around the bottle by the other. But this is usually an affair of an hour, and frequently of three or four.

The pluck and determination of the fighters are wonderful. The ordinary stream fish do not evince nearly so much as those that have been bred and reared for the purpose. The tail is the part which shows most damage, for it is very easily torn, but a good grip on a side fin is more effective. When one pins the other by the nose a very exciting struggle takes place, the two lying fastened together like professional wrestlers, and then shaking each other backward and forward with might and main. They often seem extremely exhausted, but still fight on bravely, and sometimes it is a matter of difficulty to part them. They display considerable agility in evading their opponent's mouth, and also in suddenly twisting around and taking a piece out of his tail. In twenty minutes or so these appendages, which looked so brave and bright as they went into the fray, are torn to ribbons.

The fish's general appearance after the fight suggests that of a sailing-ship emerging from a hot action, with her canvas hanging in streamers, her top-masts shot away, and her crew gasping for breath, but still ready to fight again. The combatants sometimes succumb to a long contest, but generally they only take superficial damage and are immediately ready to feed. After a match they are always rested a week or longer, according to the extent of their injuries, and most of the rents and cuts are repaired by nature. Enthusiastic owners often wager six or seven pounds or more on their favorites, and many people earn a little money in this way by breeding fighting fish and then backing them against others.—*London Field.*

A CURIOUS COLLECTION.—A well-known Leeds banker possesses an immense number of different bank-notes issued at various times by banks that have come to grievous smash and which have involved thousands of persons in their ruin. Not alone are bank-notes included in this curious collection of relics of broken banks, which must start a world of painful reflections in a commercial community, but also bonds relating to celebrated undertakings which have proved sources of immense loss to speculators, these including "script" of the South Sea bubble, of many of the schemes of Hudson, the railway king, and of the Tichborne bond enterprise. So far as the bank-notes are concerned, it is astonishing to see what a large number of establishments they refer to, and the whole collection represents the names of schemes which have drained the investing public of hundreds of millions sterling. The collector relates that on several occasions visitors who have seen the collection have, on coming to some particular note, burst into tears, for they have been directly connected with the ruin wrought by the crash indicated by that same note.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Cleveland's Baking Powder,

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has been in use for twenty-five years in thousands of homes all over the country. Those who have used it longest praise it most.

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The best test, however, is in the kitchen, and that shows that Cleveland's baking powder is always uniform and reliable, it does the most work and the best work.

No other article of food has ever received so many commendations from teachers of cookery and writers on Domestic Science, among whom we may name:

Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer,
Principal Philadelphia Cooking School.

Mrs. Carrie M. Dearborn,
Late Principal Boston Cooking School.

Marion Harland,
Author "Common Sense in the Household."

Miss Fannie M. Farmer,
Principal Boston Cooking School.

Miss Kate E. Whitaker,
Prin. Normal Cookery School, San Francisco.

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing,
Principal Chautauqua School of Cookery.

Mrs. D. A. Lincoln,
Author of "Boston Cook Book."

Miss C. C. Bedford,
Sup't New York Cooking School.

Marion A. McBride,
"*The Cottage Hearth.*"

Mrs. Eliza R. Parker,
Author of "Economical Housekeeping."

Over fifty teachers of cookery have contributed to our receipt book, copy of which will be mailed free on receipt of stamp and address.

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ENGLISH CLERGY, A.D. 1000.—During the first half of the eleventh century there is good reason for believing that the secular clergy, including the parish priests, in England, had never before been so numerous; not only so, but that relatively to the rest of the population they have never since been so rich or occupied so strong a position. In the Domesday Survey hardly more than seventeen hundred churches are mentioned, but it is agreed on all hands that this represents very inadequately indeed the whole number that must have been in existence at the time of the Conquest. That number must certainly have run into thousands. Every one of these churches had its endowments in the shape of tithes and offerings. Every one had its glebe.

On the other hand, the monasteries had by no means recovered from the devastation wrought by the Danes. Many of the smaller houses had been entirely blotted out, and it may be doubted whether there were forty monasteries worth mentioning that were at this time in working order from the Tyne to the Exe. It may, indeed, almost be said that at this time the parish priests had it all their own way; and I am afraid that these clergy were none the better for their prosperity, rather that their riches had done them harm in more ways than one.

Soon the fashion began of founding new monasteries. The cry was raised that only by the revival of the stricter religious life of the cloister could the priests and people be reformed. The tide turned against the seculars. The monasteries rapidly became wealthy corporations, enriched by lands and manors. In many instances the ownership of these manors carried with it the patronage of the churches upon those manors,—*i.e.*, the advowsons of many parishes passed into the hands of the abbeys and priories. Then we begin to hear of a very odious form of trading in these benefices. The rectors were in many cases compelled to pay an annual rent, or pension, to the monastery, the compact being made with the incumbent conditionally upon his being admitted to his cure. Protests were made against these simoniacal bargains, and councils legislated against them, but it still went on.—*Nineteenth Century.*

"HE SNIFFETH THE EARTHQUAKE."—It is a well-known fact that horses can hear sounds that are not perceptible to human ears. For days previous to the great earthquake in the Riviera the horses of that locality showed every symptom of abject fear, which continued without change of character (unless it was in the direction of greater frenzy) till the fury of the great convulsion broke forth. Not until a few seconds, however, before the earth began to tremble did human beings hear the subterranean rumblings. One writer from the scene says that in his opinion the horses knew that the great quake was on the way from seventy-two to one hundred hours before their masters heard or felt the first jar.—*St. Louis Republic.*

AN AUTHOR AND HIS CHILDREN.—George W. Cable was entertained at a private house not long ago in the course of his public readings from his works. He spent the night with his hosts, and then tarried on into the following day. Finally he withdrew to the guest-chamber and stayed there for some hours. When he reappeared, it was found that he had finished a story which had been hanging fire in his mind for some time. He confessed that he embraced the time of quiet discovered in this orderly household to do this bit of literary work. "I have such a houseful of noisy youngsters at home," he explained.—*Philadelphia Press.*



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"Nearly died."
"Long sickness?"
"Six weeks."
"You look bad?"
"Can't get strong."
"Yes you can."
"How?"
"Take "Best" Tonic."
"What's that?"
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SUPREME AWARD WORLD'S FAIR

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A NEW WORD AND ITS DERIVATION.—The next revised edition of Murray will contain the word "larrikin." Its significance is peculiar and its derivation amusing. A "larrikin" is an Australian tough boy or gamin. He is of the peculiar strain of depravity sure to be found in a land like Australia, the logical offspring of the convict outcasts and the women who follow in their train. He is said to have peculiarities not to be found in any other tough boy, and physical characteristics which would identify him wherever found by a student of the human race. For example, the shape of his head is unmistakable. He is plentiful in Australia. He is depraved, lacking alike in mental and in moral health. He was until lately without any individual cognomen, but not long ago one of the class was in court in Melbourne, and the Irish officer who had him in charge, being asked by the judge what his offence was, replied, "He was a larrking, yer 'onor," with such a rolling of the *r* that the judge misunderstood for a moment and thought the word was a term applied to the boy. Ever since in Melbourne the street gamin has been spoken of as a "larrikin," and the word has passed into the vernacular of Australia.—*Melbourne Correspondent.*

FEMININE CULTURE.—"People lift their eyebrows," says William Morris, the English poet, "over women mastering the higher mathematics. Why, it is infinitely more difficult to learn the details of good housekeeping. Anybody can learn mathematics, but it takes a lot of skill to manage a house well."—*Boston Transcript.*

"A GUDE CONCEIT."—We hear much of the Scotchman's thrift, his caution, his perseverance, his dogged resolution, his faculty for pushing his way in the world, and undoubtedly these are strong representative constituents in his composition. But I think it may be asserted without fear of challenge that the keystone of his mental structure and disposition is self-esteem. The Scot's primary form of prayer has been waggishly described as "O Lord, gie us a gude conceit o' oorselves," and the answer to the petition, when put up, is, it must be confessed, seldom denied. The thing may be hidden in reserve, overlaid by shyness, dignified under gravity of demeanor, but all the same it is there, a sort of inward conviction of that superiority in mundane affairs we have just noted.

You may soften it down by naming it self-possession or self-confidence, if you will, but draw a Northern Briton into conversation in any rank of life below the gentle, and the strength of the sentiment will soon make itself apparent. The history of his country, his sanguinary and patriotic struggles against the hated Southern in days of yore, his extraordinary success in every quarter of the globe, the roll of great statesmen, distinguished viceroys and proconsuls, soldiers, divines, literati, merchant princes, he is entitled to boast of,—all these are so many bays in the garland of laurel he is ever ready to entwine round the national brow, to minister to his own self-satisfaction.—*Scottish Review.*

BEANS IN BOSTON.—Some one has figured out that in forty-six years the proprietor of the Parker House, Boston, has paid to Faneuil Hall Market $8,188,906 for provisions. Of this princely sum it is said that not over one hundred thousand dollars went for beans. This will surprise many people who have an idea that beans form the principal article of food in Boston.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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Will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots, or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white, and as soft as a baby's. It will positively do all this if properly used. It is *not a cosmetic*, but simply an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring and washed off in the morning. It is put up in dainty little pots. One pot should last two months. Invaluable in the nursery, for yachtsmen, for gentlemen after shaving, etc. *Full instructions with every jar.*

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THE REASON WHY it is **best** from a sanitary point of view, is because of its absolute purity.

" " " it is unscented, is because nothing is used in its manufacture that must be hidden or disguised.

" " " it is cheapest to use, is because it is harder and dryer than ordinary soap, and does not waste away; also because it is not filled with rosin and clay as make-weights.

" " " no boiling of clothes is needed, is because there is no adulteration in it—being absolutely pure, it can do its own work.

" " " it leaves clothes washed with it whiter and sweeter than any other soap, is because it contains no adulteration to yellow them.

" " " it washes flannels without shrinking, bringing them out soft, white, and fleecy, is because it is free from rosin, which hardens, yellows, and mats together all woollen fibres, making them harsh and coarse.

" " " three bars of it will make a gallon of elegant white soft-soap if simply shaved up and thoroughly dissolved by boiling in a gallon of water, is that it contains pure and costly ingredients found in no other soap.

" " " it won't injure the finest lace or the most delicate fabric, is that all these ingredients are harmless.

" " " we paid $50,000 for the formula twenty-five years ago, is that we knew there was no other soap like it.

" " " so many millions of women use it, is that they have found it to be the best and most economical, and absolutely unchanging in quality.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Send your full name and address to Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by return mail, and get, *free of all cost*, a coupon worth several dollars, if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention. Mention *Lippincott's Magazine.*

GAMBLING IN ENGLAND.—Private roulette-tables have become common in cultivated society, and are openly sold by fashionable furniture-dealers. Both sexes assiduously cultivate the "bucket-shop," sometimes making money, but in too many instances making fearfully wry faces when they find that they have to settle up their little differences with their outside brokers. The "play" has become emphatically "the thing," although in a sense far different from that intended by the Prince of Denmark.

Substantial business men find it irksome to make a railway journey of an hour and a quarter without producing a pack of cards and getting up a nice, quiet game of whist, and it can scarcely be said that there is a single section of society outside the strictly religious classes that is not in some form or another addicted to gambling. The incitements thereto, goodness knows, are numerous and exciting enough, from gold-mines in the Mountains of the Moon to tickets in the German lotteries.

Everybody is panting for the unearned increment. Everybody yearns to eat, drink, and be merry, to wear fine clothes, and to sparkle with jewels, to be bought with money for which no work has been done. There is gambling in the highest and gambling in the lowest of our *couches sociales.*—*London Telegraph.*

A GREAT REFORM.—The Eastern visitor had arrived in the energetic and enterprising Southwestern town that evening at supper-time, and after he had eaten his vesper meal he was talking with the landlord.

"You've got a good town here, haven't you?" he said.

"We think so," replied the landlord, diplomatically.

"Business seems to be lively."

"Yes, we're enjoying a boom."

"It appears to be improving rapidly."

"That's what!"

"You don't have any lynchings here, do you?"

"Not like we used to."

"I've heard that it was once very bad in that line."

"Well, yes, we used to have a hanging now and then, but it's been a mighty long time now since we had one."

"When was the last one?"

The landlord studied a moment and counted on his fingers.

"I ain't shore," he said at last, "but I think it will be two weeks day after to-morrow."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEN THE FIGHT BEGAN.—An old woman living some distance from Manchester, Kentucky, was summoned as a witness to tell what she knew about a fight at her house several nights before, in which three or four people were killed. She mounted the stand with evident reluctance and many misgivings, and when questioned by the court as to what she knew about the matter said, "Well, jedge, the fust I knowed about it was when Bill Sanders called Tom Smith a liar en' Tom knocked him down with a stick of wood. One of Bill's friends then hit Tom with a knife, slicin' a big piece out of him. Sam Jones, who was a friend of Tom's, then shot the other fellow, en' two more shot him, en' three or four others got cut right smart by somebody. That naturally caused some excitement, jedge, en' then they commenced fitin'."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Springs 1 and 2.—For Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration, &c.

Dr. William A. Hammond, *of Washington, D.C., Surgeon-General U.S. Army (retired), Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc., referring to Spring No. 2:*

"I have for some time made use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in cases of affections of the Nervous System, complicated with **Bright's Disease of the Kidneys** or with a **Gouty Diathesis.** The results have been eminently satisfactory. Lithia has for many years been a favorite with me in like cases, but the **Buffalo Water certainly acts better than any extemporaneous solution of the Lithia Salts,** and is, moreover, better borne by the stomach."

Dr. John H. Tucker, *of Henderson, N. C., President of the Medical Society of North Carolina, Member of the American Medical Association, referring to Spring No. 1, says:*

"I have obtained excellent results from **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in **Gout, Rheumatism,** and other affections dependent upon a **Uric Acid Diathesis,** especially for pale, feeble, and anæmic subjects—indeed for patients of this class, my experience teaches, that the Water of Spring No. 1 is more efficient than that of No. 2, and for such conditions I have no hesitancy in saying that it is a remedy of great potency."

Wm. O. Baskerville, M.D., *Oxford, N. C., referring to Spring No. 1, writes:*

"**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** Spring No. 1, is a powerful tonic to the **Nervous System as well as to the blood.** I have known it to produce **magical effects in Nervous Prostration,** resulting from overwork, prolonged mental strain, etc., and convalescents from adynamic diseases have been restored to health in a surprisingly short time, the water being **a direct blood producer, a valuable heart tonic** and a physiological diuretic."

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles $5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

Thomas F. Goode, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

CORRECTLY INFORMED.—A lady who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that as the ship was leaving the harbor of Athens a well-dressed lady passenger approached the captain, who was pacing the deck, and, pointing to the distant hills covered with snow, asked, "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?" "That is snow, madam," answered the captain. "Now is it, really?" remarked the lady. "I thought so; but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."

OFFENDED DIGNITY.—An American traveller relates that, alighting at a hotel in Granada, a man at the door put out his hand toward him. The traveller supposed that the man was the porter of the hotel, and offered him his valise. The man stepped back, tossed his head, and frowned scornfully. "*Caramba!*" he exclaimed; "do you take me for a porter? I would have you understand that I am no porter." "Indeed? Then may I ask you, señor, what you are?" "I am a beggar, sir, and asked you for alms."

WOMEN AND FLOWERS.—The two best things that the Creator allowed to escape from heaven to gladden earth! How natural to think of the two together, and how in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that the most successful grower of flower-seeds in America should be a woman! Have you seen her catalogue? Her? Why, of course; we mean Miss C. H. Lippincott, of 319 Sixth Street, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

A MUCH TRANSLATED BOOK.—Of "Don Quixote" it may be said, saving only the Bible, it has been translated oftener and into more languages than any other book. A recent Spanish editor, Don Lopez de Fabra, enumerates one hundred and fifty editions of the Spanish masterpiece in foreign languages. That computation is certainly short of the truth.

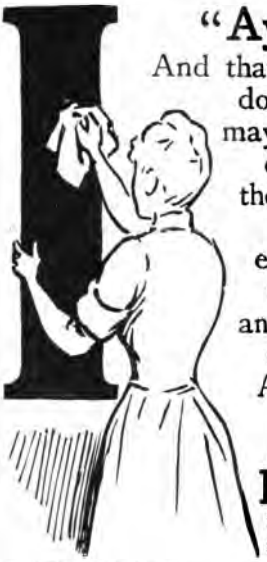
Not only are there more translations in English of "Don Quixote" than in any other language, but it is England which from the first has done more honor to the author's work than any other country. The first critical edition of "Don Quixote" in Spanish, with the first life of Cervantes, by Mayans y Siscar, was published in London in 1738, more than forty years before the Spaniards had aroused themselves to do honor to their greatest writer.

This edition, in four handsome volumes, was printed sumptuously in all the glory of the Tonson press under the auspices of Lord Carteret at an age when "Don Quixote" was still appearing in his native country on filthy ballad-paper in execrable type, uncorrected and unadorned, says *Notes and Queries*.

ARMENIAN WOMEN.—The Armenian women are excellent housekeepers. Their houses are models of neatness and cleanliness. They are good cooks also. Besides the household work and the care of the family and domestic animals, the manufacture of the family clothing devolves upon them. With the help of the simple instruments needle and spindle, they make, with admirable skill, fine woollen and cotton cloth, shawls, carpets, and silk embroidery. In all the public schools of Armenia manual training occupies an honorable place.

Armenian women, like all other Orientals, are fond of bright colors. Red and yellow are common in their costumes. They wear a long garment of red, yellow, or blue, an apron of red or yellow, and yellow shoes without heels. Their hair falls in two braids on the breast, which is adorned with gold and silver jewelry and with pinks and other flowers. They wear a cap embroidered with silk and silver. The forehead of a married woman is adorned with strings of gold or silver coins. In some provinces they wear on their arms a long row of silver pendants, which jingle when they walk. The beauty of the Armenian women is praised throughout the Orient.—*Jabberwock*.

MRS. O'LEARY AND CHICAGO.—Mrs. O'Leary, whose cow kicked over the lamp and set fire to Chicago in 1871, has always been very indignant at the way in which her name has been connected with that unfortunate occurrence. Her family physician, Dr. Wayne Wickersham, says the old lady emphatically affirms that she was in bed asleep when the fire broke out, and the blaze was occasioned by her tenants, the Laughlins, who were breaking into her stable and attempting to milk her cow. That she has been substituted for the Laughlins she attributes to the Chicago press, for which she entertains the bitterest hatred.—*Philadelphia Press*.



"Aye! There's the rub!"

And that ought to be enough in itself to seal the doom of bar soap. This rubbing with soap may get clothes clean, if you work hard enough, but can't you see how it wears them out?

Follow the directions that come on every package of **Pearline**, and you'll find that you not only do away with the hard and ruinous work of rubbing—but that you save time, and actually get better results. At every point **Pearline** is better than soap. But the mere fact that **Pearline** saves the rubbing—that ought to settle it.

BEWARE Peddlers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled. If your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 463

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Safe Investments. Low Rate of Mortality. Low Expense Rate.

Unsurpassed in everything which makes Life Insurance reliable and moderate in cost.

Has never in its entire history contested a death loss.

STERILIZED MILK is the only safeguard against the many diseases insidiously promulgated by ordinary milk. You may rest assured that the contents of every can of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream are thoroughly sterilized.

KEPT A SECRET.—Wife.—"Think I can't keep a secret, do you?"

Husband.—"Yes, I do."

Wife.—"Well, I've worn an old hat trimmed over for the past two months, and I haven't told a soul yet, so there!"—*New York Weekly.*

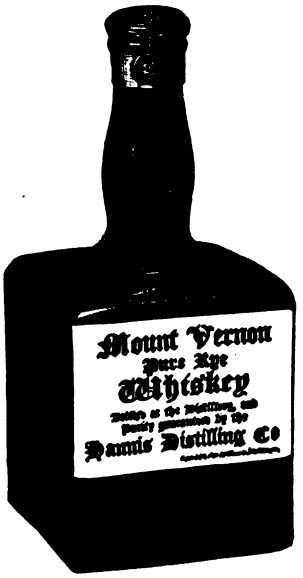
THE MOON OF ROMANCE.—The novelists will not let "the young moon" or the "crescent moon" alone, and three times out of four they contrive to get it into the wrong place. How to explain the conviction that haunts the minds of so many of them that the crescent moon may be seen almost any fine evening rising gracefully in the east is altogether beyond us. The point seems to be one for psychologists. Here is a thing that never was seen since the world began, and yet a number of otherwise sane gentlemen are firmly persuaded that it is a regularly recurring natural phenomenon.

Surely the philosophy of this hallucination deserves investigation. The last case that has come under our notice is a well-written story called "A Comedy of Masks," by Ernest Dawson and Arthur Moore. Two friends are sitting out one summer evening looking over the Thames, and the story goes on, "By this time the young moon had risen, and its cold light shimmered over the misty river." A novelist need not be an astronomer, but he should at least try to draw from nature, and should not pretend to have seen the young moon rising at the hour when it was being packed off to bed.

Some day perhaps a little acquaintance at first hand with the broadest facts of nature will be thought a requisite for writing a good novel, but the time is not yet. Meantime, if our novelists would try to bear in mind that the young moon, like other young things, goes to bed early, that nature does not trust it out late at night, they might get into the way of seeing it at the right time and in the right places, and not treat us to "cold shimmers" that are only moonshines in the least favorable sense of the term.

A singular blunder occurs in an article entitled "Notes from a Marine Biological Laboratory," written by a man of science and a college professor and printed in a recent number of this magazine. It reads as follows: "It was a beautifully clear and starry night when we sailed into Windward Passage. The gray mountains of Cuba outlined against the northern horizon were slowly fading from view, where the crescent moon rose out of the waves in the east."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

PERILOUS MINING.—The Carrara marble quarries, which are four hundred or five hundred in number, are situated far above the town, in the midst of the grandest and most savage scenery. The soft aerial hues which distance lends to the mountains disappear on nearer approach. The great peaks stand up against the sky in fantastic forms. No trees or verdure clothe their naked sides, no flowers grow, no water flows to fertilize that soil. The six thousand quarrymen who are busy here appear as ants crawling on the vast hill-sides. The marble is quarried by dynamite. Every moment explosions rend the air, and huge fragments fly up as if expelled from a volcano. Often the mine has to be placed in the perpendicular face of a precipice. Then the workman is lowered by a rope and hangs suspended, "like the samphire gatherer, 'twixt earth and heaven,—dreadful trade." About one hundred and sixty thousand tons of marble are annually exported, of which most goes to America. The quantity is inexhaustible.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*



Mount Vernon

At times we all need a stimulant, either to restore strength after illness, to ward off the effects of chill or cold, and to tone up the system, when from too close attention to business, exposure, or other causes, the vitality is below par.

The kind and quality of the stimulant to be so used are of much importance.

Our best physicians prescribe, for our climate, American whiskey, and those who have made an exhaustive study of the subject pronounce **whiskey made from rye the best for medicinal use, as not possessing the heating effects of Bourbon or other whiskeys made from all or part corn.**

Naturally the inquiry comes, "What brand and in what shape can a rye whiskey be obtained that the physician or consumer may feel is strictly pure and reliable?" Upon thorough investigation, the

Mount Vernon Pure Rye Whiskey,

bottled at the distillery with an absolutely satisfactory guarantee of purity and original condition, will be found to answer this inquiry.

The distillery bottling may be known by its square-shaped bottle bearing the guarantee label of purity.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



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THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—Roughly speaking, the British empire extends over one continent, one hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, one thousand lakes, two thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands. The Assyrian empire was not so wealthy, the Roman empire was not so populous, the Persian empire was not so extensive, the Spanish empire was not so powerful, is the way the Briton sings.—*Toronto Mail.*

LIFE IN THE COLORADO DESERT.—Salton had one of the largest salt-works on the Pacific coast. All the proprietors had to do was to scrape the salt from the surface of the soil and clean it. Few white men could do the work, as the temperature was sometimes as high as 125° in the shade and 145° in the sun. Says a man who has been there,—

"If a man makes the least exertion, perspiration pours from him like water. You cross the room, and your clothes will be wringing wet, yet in ten minutes all this water has evaporated. To keep yourself alive you are forced to drink water by the gallon. If you have no water, your tongue swells, you suffer the torments of the damned, and if water does not reach you in twelve or fourteen hours you will perish miserably. The Indians can stand the heat much longer without water. The custom is to keep a small pebble in the mouth and only take an occasional swallow of water. In this way they will travel forty or fifty miles in a day, going on a dog-trot. The Indians are very extravagant, and those who work at the salt-mill, though they earn good wages, never have anything. They spend all on canned fruit and other costly articles, as well as on gaudy clothing for themselves and their squaws."

THE DRUM.

Rataplan! Rataplan!
In the forefront of the van
'Tis a little beardless drummer-boy that leads the bearded man.
See the limping veteran
Keeping step as best he can
To the little beardless drummer-boy's commanding rataplan.
Rataplan!

How old recollections come,
At the beating of the drum,
Of the battle's mad fantasia, the throbbing and the hum
Of the rifles' rataplan
In the forefront of the van,
Where the drum-stick was a bullet and the parchment was a man!
Rataplan!

Boston Transcript.

EARLY TIMEKEEPERS.—The clepsydra, or water-clock, was used at Babylon at a very early date, and was introduced at Rome by Scipio Nasica about the year 158 B.C. Toothed wheels were added to it by Ctesibius about 140 B.C. Some writers aver that they were found to be in use in Britain by Cæsar in the year 55 B.C. The only clock in the world at that time is said to have been sent by Pope Paul I. to Pepin, King of France, in A.D. 760.—*St. Louis Republic.*

"He that dies pays all debts."—*Shakespeare.*

In the sense in which it was intended, this is true. An audacious BUT may be allowed to qualify and, to a degree, negative the statement. Let us see. When a man takes unto himself a wife he assumes certain grave responsibilities; he contracts debts which it is his duty to pay. There is no element of drudgery in labor exerted for home and family. It is his happiness, his very life, to provide suitably and comfortably for the loved ones. While life lasts he affectionately pays the debts of love and duty; but he DIES,—and if then his widow and children are without pecuniary resources his greatest obligation is unpaid. He has not fulfilled his responsibilities; his labors have been incomplete.

"He that dies pays all debts" only when his family is insured against want.

How may this be done? The ways in which it is ATTEMPTED are as many as the sands upon the shore. All effort, labor, every trade or industry or profession, bear witness to the struggle to accumulate, and statistics tell the result. While health and strength continue to the bread-winner, the family has average provision—not much, but enough to satisfy the barest needs and meagre comforts—and then—pitiful conclusion to a life of struggle and sacrifice—at his death, nothing, absolutely nothing, in ninety-seven cases out of one hundred, UNLESS HE IS INSURED.

This is the why and the wherefore of life insurance.

And the Company? Any good one—preferably

THE Penn Mutual Life INSURANCE COMPANY,

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CHILDREN TEETHING

For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE FOR THE TEETH.

THE BEST TOILET LUXURY AS A DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD,

TO CLEANSE AND WHITEN THE TEETH,

TO REMOVE TARTAR FROM THE TEETH,

TO SWEETEN THE BREATH AND PRESERVE THE TEETH,

TO MAKE THE GUMS HARD AND HEALTHY,

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE.

Price, Twenty-Five Cents a Jar. **For Sale by all Druggists.**

ABSURD CHINESE MILITARY IDEAS.—In the bulk of the Chinese army (I except the Tien-Tsin Army Corps) an officer still only has to qualify by passing a standard in archery, in fencing with swords, and in certain gymnastic exercises. To the same deeply embedded fallacy must be attributed the collateral opinion that a civilian must be much better fitted to command a battalion than a military man, because he is supposed, in the course of his studies, to have read something of the art of war.

And when we examine what this art, in its literary presentation, is, we find that the standard military works in China are some three thousand years old, and that the authority in highest repute, Sun-tse by name, solemnly recommends such manœuvres as these: "Spread in the camp of the enemy voluptuous musical airs, so as to soften his heart,"—a dictum which might have recommended itself to Plato, but would hardly satisfy Von Moltke.

The British army could not be worse—nay, it would be far better—led were the commander-in-chief compelled to be a senior wrangler and the generals of division drawn from the senior classes. It cannot be considered surprising that the Chinese officers, so recruited and thus taught, destitute of the slenderest elements either of military knowledge or scientific training, should earn the contempt of their followers. Their posts are usually acquired either by favoritism or by purchase.

When it is added that they are also, as a rule, both corrupt and cowardly, that they stint the men's rations and pilfer their pay, and that when an engagement takes place they commonly misdirect it from a sedan-chair in the rear, we have the best of reasons for expecting uniform and systematic disaster.—HON. G. M. CURZON: *Problems of the Far East.*

THE late Leconte de Lisle, the French poet and Academician, was more remarkable than for his poetry as the author, in collaboration with Anatole France, of the famous "Dictionary of the Culinary Art" which bears the name of Alexandre Dumas (the elder) and is commonly attributed to him. It was written when De Lisle was the romancer's secretary. The deceased poet was long regarded as one of the handsomest men in France, and his flowing white hair and tall frame made him a picturesque figure in his old age.—*New York World.*

A FOUR-FOOTED BIRD.—That there are still numerous chances for the indefatigable student and investigator to make new discoveries may be judged from the fact that the only known species of four-footed bird has been discovered quite recently.

This curious anomaly, which could very properly be styled an "Avis paradoxalis," is a native of the Amazon River country, its principal habitat being the islands of Marajo. It is only during the period of incubation, at which time the little embryo's extra legs and feet are seen at their best, and early birdhood, that the four-footed feature is at all observable. Like the baby frog, which either "sheds" or absorbs its tail, the four-footed bird rids itself of its useless legs in the same manner, chicks six weeks of age usually being perfectly free from any signs of the extra members. The ornithologists profess to believe that this curious creature is a survival of some past geological epoch. Its scientific name is *Opisthocomus cristatus.* The natives call it the "hoactzin," which means the "evil-smelling bird." It is also claimed that there is not a carnivorous animal known that will taste its flesh.—*St. Louis Republic.*



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65 Broadway, NEW YORK—78 Monroe St., CHICAGO—45 Franklin St., BOSTON.

STAGE DOGS.—We regret that the nature of the book prevents the appearance of Shakespeare's two stage dogs, who played their parts with the others, as his best tribute to their qualities,—Launce's delightful little possession and the "this dog, my dog" of Pyramus and Thisbe. The present writer once saw the latter part performed by an animal who got by far the best applause of the day. He was a little terrier who in private life belonged to the actor who played Pyramus, and came on with him at a matinée. He looked at the audience and wagged his tail. Then he turned to his master and watched him as he declaimed the famous fustian with due exaggeration. His opinion was soon formed,—that that master was making a fool of himself. He yapped once shortly and contemptuously, turned his back on him, and faced the audience again in a sitting posture, which he retained. The contempt was perfect. But stage dogs should have a volume to themselves.

One very fine fellow was wont to come on the stage with his mistress during a very long run. He grew so accustomed to his work that he missed it like an unemployed player when the play was withdrawn, and after a vain period of restlessness he pined and died. Mr. Irving is credited with the possession of a shrewd beast that knows all his master's characters and what he is going to play when he begins to dress. Some he watches from the wings; others he abandons at particular points which offend him. Some, like Hamlet, for instance, nothing will induce him to "sit out" at all. He stays in the dressing-room under the sofa.—*London Spectator.*

MR. THOMAS B. MOSHER, of Portland, Maine, is issuing this year a monthly "bibelot" of poetical selections. It is a pretty little pamphlet of twenty-four pages or thereabouts, with an air uncommonplace and *chic:* the opening numbers draw on William Blake, François Villon, and Mediæval Students' Songs.

THE Bridgewater (Dakota) *Democrat* says, "Near Yankton is the most remarkable family on this continent,—perhaps in the world. It consists of father, mother, and twenty-four children, and the mother of the brood is not yet thirty. She is a Norwegian, and her husband is a Hoosier. The children were born triplets, and the oldest of the lot is under twelve years of age. All of them are boys but three, one set of triplets being girls."

THE RIGHT KIND.—He was an Englishman with a title, and he was a gentleman in all that the term implies. He was a busy man, however, and until he came to America society had seen little of him. When he came to New York, he was grabbed at by the best society of that town and his life almost made a burden to him.

"Ah," exclaimed a fashionable woman to whom he had said something of his trials, "you don't like this? You astonish me."

"I am scarcely accustomed to it, madam," he said, apologetically.

"And you don't cultivate society? All the people you will meet here do, and you should."

"It doesn't need cultivation where I live," he explained; and the explanation went.—*Detroit Free Press.*

POSTED.—Mistress (trying on one of her new gowns).—"Norah, how does this dress fit?"

Norah (without looking up).—"Not very well, ma'am. I found it a little tight under the arrums."—*London Answers.*

BUYING A HORSE.—They say when a man goes to selling horses he can no longer be honest,—at least in respect to horses; and yet "they say" may be mistaken. At least it occurred to me so one day as, riding along a pleasant road, I met a man on horseback.

"Want to buy a horse?" he inquired.

"What do you want for him?" said I.

"Forty pounds," said he.

"What do you ask for him?" said I.

"Thirty pounds," said he.

"What will you take for him?" said I.

"Twenty-five pounds," said he.

"What will you get for him?" said I.

"Twenty pounds," said he.

"What did you give for him?" said I.

"Ten pounds," said he.

"What is he worth?" said I.

"A fiver," said he. "I reckon you don't want to buy a horse, mister." And he rode into the yard of a big establishment I could see through the trees.

"What's that building?" I asked of a man a hundred yards farther on.

"Lunatic asylum," he replied, curtly, and I steered in the other direction. —*London Tit-Bits.*

HAD HEARD THEM ONCE.—Deacon Heavyweight.—"We are getting up a subscription of one dollar each contributor to print Pastor Somnole's sermons. Two dollars will entitle you to a free copy of them when published."

Parishioner (hastily).—"Put me down for one dollar."—*New York Herald.*

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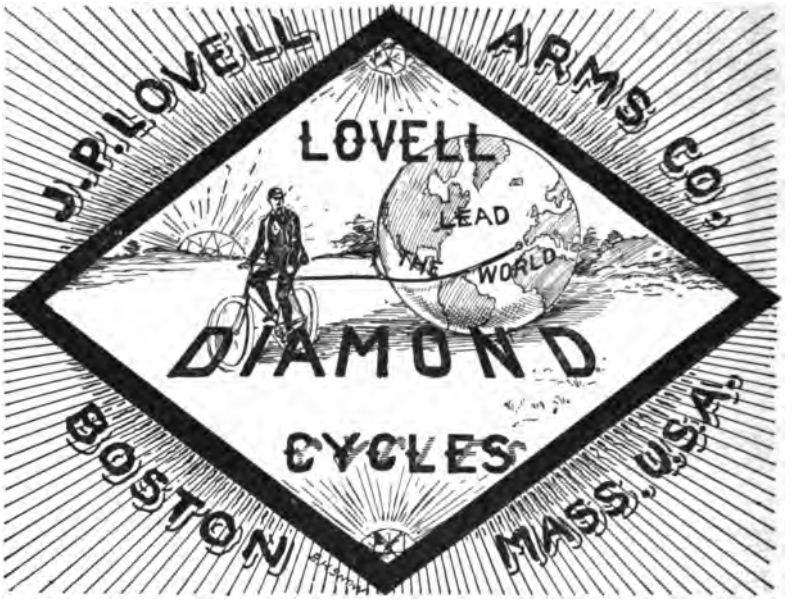
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THERE was nothing uncommon in Gooseberry Grange
Requiring particular mention,
Outside of the russet and wrinkle which change
Seams over the face of convention.
Still it rose on an emerald billow of ground,
And the trees in abundance were scattered around,
With the whole by a cincture of masonry bound,
Like the cardinal's line of prevention.

So it may have been partly its weather-worn look
From the scars of tempestuous battles,
Or the skeleton mullions which Boreas shook
With clattering, clamorous rattles,
Which hurried a scutcheonless monarch of trade
To purchase its gloom and its glamour and shade,
And thither proceed, when the bargain was made,
With his household, his manes and chattels.

* * * * * * * *

Now, the cook was the first to discover the thing,
And she fell down the stairs in confusion:
She protested it came from the furthermost wing
And asked of her, "Why this intrusion?"
She declared it had shape that you couldn't divine;
You could see through its ribs, and its eyes were ashine,
And it paled into air in a tremulous line
Till it—— "Bah!" said the master, "delusion!"

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THE HAUNTED GHOST.—Continued.



Then the butler averred, he was just on his way
To the room of his money-made master,
That he saw it himself, and the wines on his tray
Went crashing to sudden disaster.
He declared you could glance through the thing to the door,
That it trailed like an eddy of dust on the floor,
But it couldn't run much,—which was curious, or
It may be that he could run faster.

Then the gossiping nurse and the chambermaid, who
Seemed bound by one scandalous tether,
Caught a glimpse of this horror diaphanous, too,
And they fell in a spasm together.
Still the master maintained they were every one mad,
Or else it might be that the drainage was bad,
Which could summon up spectres so hauntingly sad
They could shrivel a conscience of leather.

However, the climax was yet to appear:
As the master was sipping his toddy
One evening, the servants with shivering fear
Respectfully came in a body.
The butler presented their troublesome case:
"They couldn't remain with that thing in the place:
As for him," he remarked, with a sickly grimace,
"He'd dispense with his uniform gaudy."



What is Duplicate

WHIST?

It consists in playing several deals as in ordinary Whist, and then shifting the cards and playing them over again, with the hands reversed, so that in the end each side of opponents has held the same cards. Each player's cards are kept separate by the use of the

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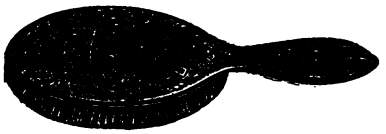
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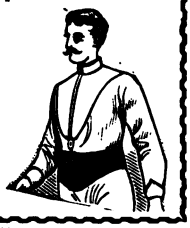
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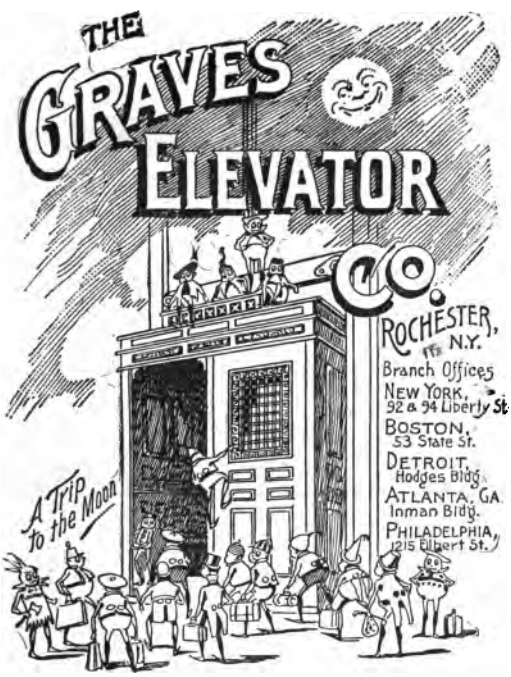
THE HAUNTED GHOST.—Continued.



"Well!" the master exclaimed, when the butler had spun
All the threads of his bugaboo story,
"It appears that you're cravenly minded to run
And leave me alone in my glory.
Now, you all may be wrong, or perhaps may be right,
But I give you all leave to retire for the night,
And I'll wager I'll settle this troublesome fright,
Be it horrid, or haggard, or hoary."

At the very last booming of clamorous twelve,
Out sallied this curious master:
All he heard was the mice in the wainscoting delve,
And the death-watch a-tick in the plaster.
Not a murmuring else; not a snap in the floor;
Not a creaking complaint from a gust-shaken door;
Not a boding suggestion of horror in store
To make his pulse beat any faster.

Not a—— Stay! what is this that glides down through the hall,
Intent on a ghostly endeavor
The venturesome master to chill or appall,
To no tangible purpose whatever?
For the only known figures the master could see
Were the figures related to one, two, and three;
But the ghost couldn't know this could possibly be,
Though this ghost was especially clever.



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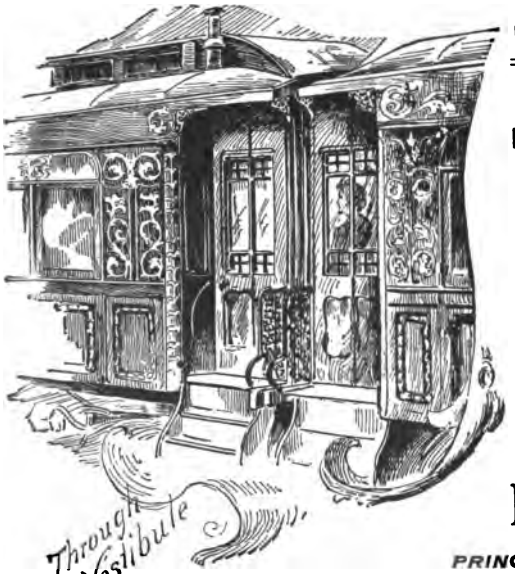
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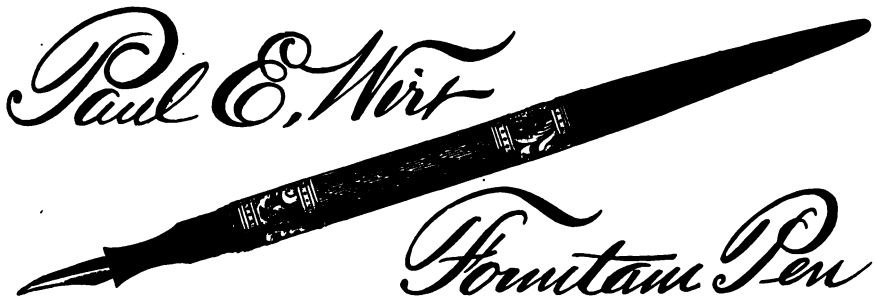
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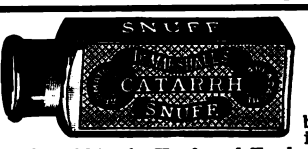
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THE HAUNTED GHOST.—Continued.



Then it laid its cold hands on his rubicund face;
Not a sign did it see of a shiver;
Then it wrapped his whole frame in a chilly embrace,
Without the response of a quiver.
But the ghost didn't know that at last it had found
A man whose digestion was hearty and sound,
For goblins and spectres and nightmares abound,
As a rule, with an overworked liver.

Then to startle with moaning it fruitlessly tried
This mortal so senselessly stolid;
But the master believed 'twas the tempest outside,
And the mansion he knew to be solid.
And he wasn't disturbed at the hidden-from-view,
As his dollars and cents made the lore that he knew,
For his fancy was starved from the days when it grew
In an atmosphere barren and squalid.

There was never disgust like this scandalized ghost's,
As it went through its répertoire antic,
Whose very appearance had terrorized hosts
Of menials to gibberings frantic.
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THE HAUNTED GHOST.—Continued.

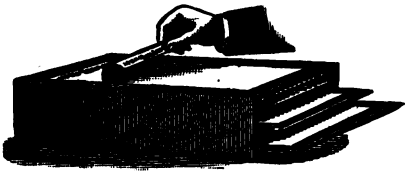


No respectable ghost is contented to cry
Without being well represented,
With an obvious film through the measuring eye,
To the consciousness semi-demented.
It depends on the senses of hearing and sight,
And if either is missing it cannot affright;
And here was a spectre, and here was a plight,
Of the same contradiction invented.

But still the old fellow kept nosing around,
And never the slightest impression
Did he get, by a touch, or a sight, or a sound,
That he headed a silent procession.
But he compassed the end of that troublesome shade,
And his servants need never again be afraid,
For the master's phlegmatic indifference made
Of the ghost an unconscious possession.

Of a sudden his chanticleer heralded dawn,
And the master turned sleepy and weary,
As the ghost, with a quivering emphasis drawn
From emptiness chilly and dreary,
Slipped away to recline in the darkness perverse,
For the servants were free from its shivering curse,
And the butler might still chuck the chin of the nurse
In the hall-way and call her his deary.

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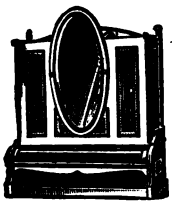
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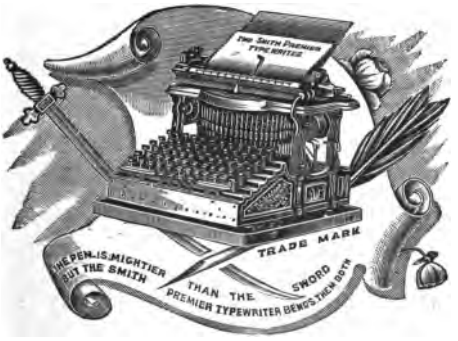
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THE HAUNTED GHOST.—Concluded.



For the ghost from that hour was obliged to remain
By the side of the master, unwitting,
A vapid, intangible, pithless, inane
Nonentity, fruitlessly flitting.
For it never could glare in another man's face,
Or give the maid-servants a chattering chase,
Till it quitted itself of its present disgrace
In a style the occasion befitting.

So it blew down his back, and it breathed on his cheeks,
And it sat on his chest as he slumbered,
As the days shadowed by into profitless weeks
And the weeks into seasons were numbered.
But the man never knew of each antic or prank,
For the air was to him but a tenantless blank,
So he slept, and he woke, and he ate, and he drank,
Unaware of the shade that encumbered.

And never again was a worm-eaten shroud
In the face of the terrified flaunted,
Nor the spiritless heart of the servitor cowed,
Or the guest in his slumberings daunted.
For the master, unable the spectre to scan,
Unwitting imprisoned it under a ban,
And thus it was not this unfanciful man
But the scandalized ghost that was haunted.

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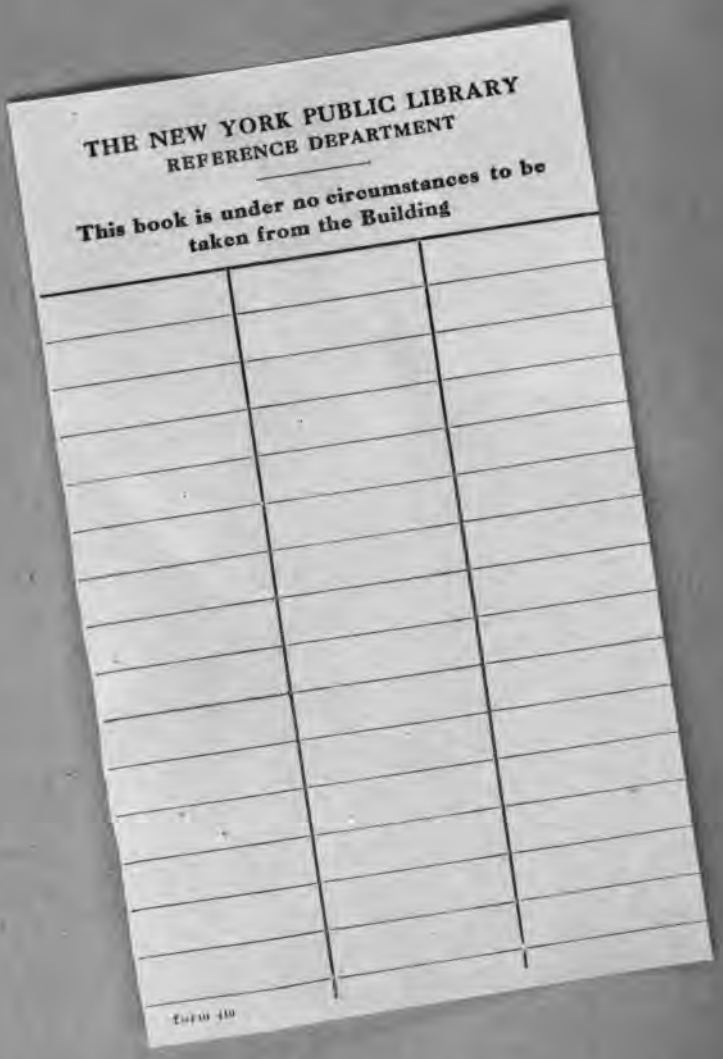
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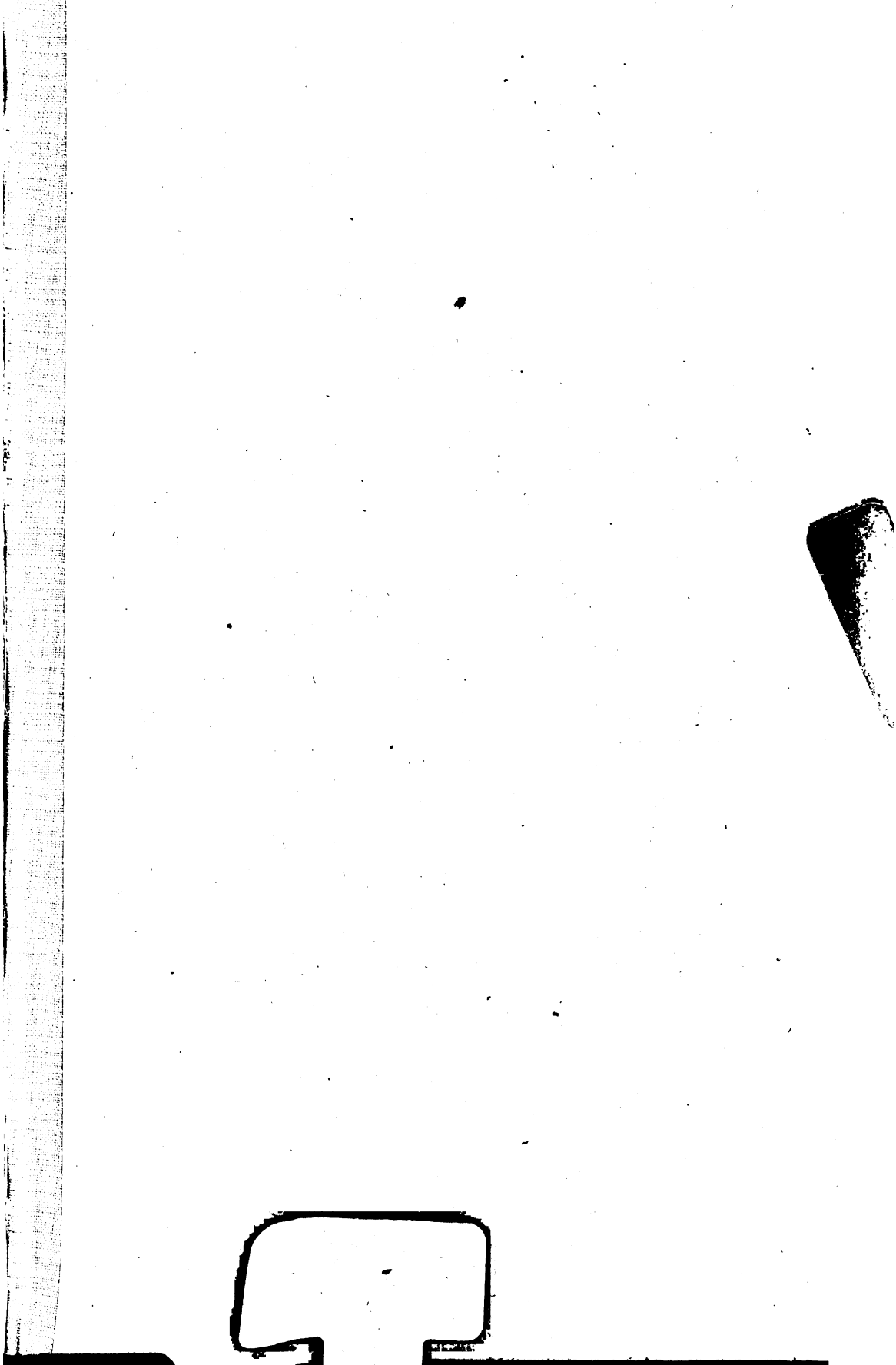
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